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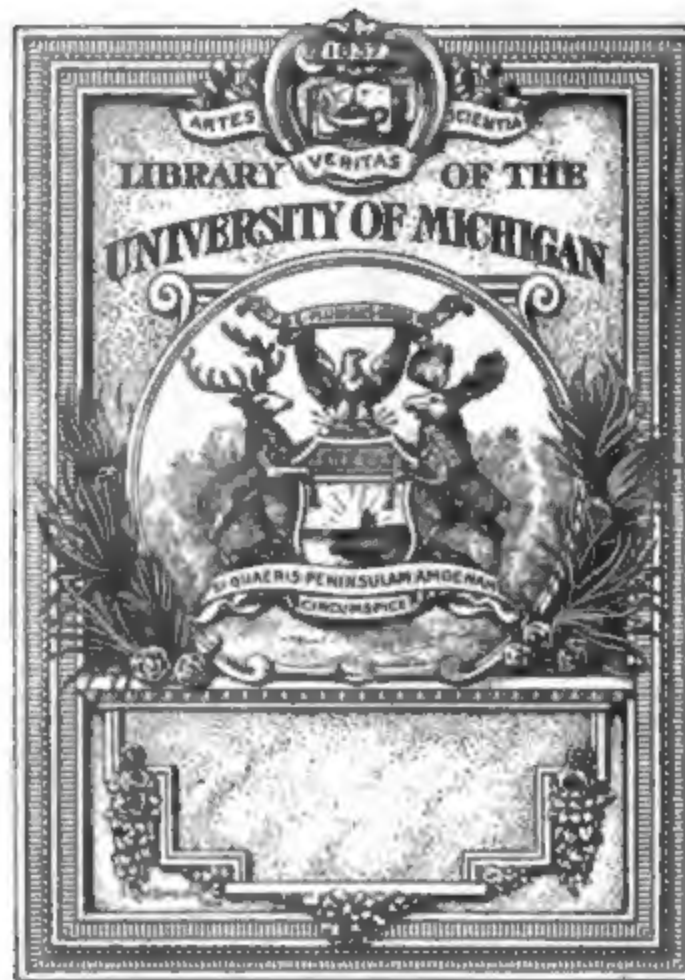
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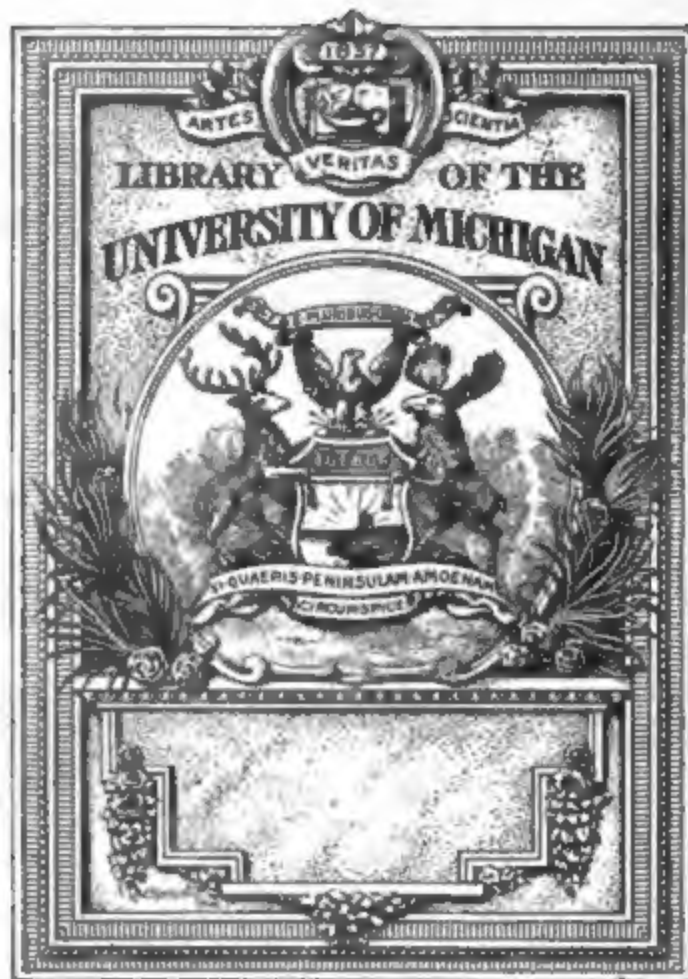


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R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. to XLV., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—270.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

LIII.

It was not with surprise, it was with a feeling which in other circumstances would have had much of the effect of joy, that as Isabel descended from the Paris mail at Charing Cross, she stepped into the arms, as it were—or at any rate into the hands—of Henrietta Stackpole. She had telegraphed to her friend from Turin, and though she had not definitely said to herself that Henrietta would meet her, she had felt that her telegram would produce some helpful result. On her long journey from Rome her mind had been given up to vagueness; she was unable to question the future. She performed this journey with sightless eyes, and took little pleasure in the countries she traversed, decked out though they were in the richest freshness of spring. Her thoughts followed their course through other countries—strange-looking, dimly-lighted, pathless lands, in which there was no change of seasons, but only, as it seemed, a perpetual dreariness of winter. She had plenty to think about; but it was not reflection, nor conscious purpose, that filled her mind. Disconnected visions passed through it, and sudden dull gleams of memory, of expectation. The past and the future alternated at their will, but she

saw them only in fitful images, which came and went by a logic of their own. It was extraordinary the things she remembered. Now that she was in the secret, now that she knew something that so much concerned her, and the eclipse of which had made life resemble an attempt to play whist with an imperfect pack of cards, the truth of things, their mutual relations, their meaning, and for the most part their horror, rose before her with a kind of architectural vastness. She remembered a thousand trifles; they started to life with the spontaneity of a shiver. That is, she had thought them trifles at the time; now she saw that they were leaden-weighted. Yet even now they were trifles, after all; for of what use was it to her to understand them? Nothing seemed of use to her to-day. All purpose, all intention, was suspended; all desire, too, save the single desire to reach her richly-constituted refuge. Garden-court had been her starting-point, and to those muffled chambers it was at least a temporary solution to return. She had gone forth in her strength; she would come back in her weakness; and if the place had been a rest to her before, it would be a positive sanctuary now. She envied Ralph his dying; for if one were thinking of rest, that was the most perfect of all. To cease

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

utterly, to give it all up and not know anything more—this idea was as sweet as the vision of a cool bath, in a marble tank, in a darkened chamber, in a hot land. She had moments, indeed, in her journey from Rome, which were almost as good as being dead. She sat in her corner, so motionless, so passive, simply with the sense of being carried, so detached from hope and regret, that if her spirit was haunted with sudden pictures, it might have been the spirit disembarassed of the flesh. There was nothing to regret now—that was all over. Not only the time of her folly, but the time of her repentance seemed far away. The only thing to regret was that Madame Merle had been so—so strange. Just here Isabel's imagination paused, from literal inability to say what it was that Madame Merle had been. Whatever it was, it was for Madame Merle herself to regret it; and doubtless she would do so in America, where she was going. It concerned Isabel no more; she only had an impression that she should never again see Madame Merle. This impression carried her into the future, of which from time to time she had a mutilated glimpse. She saw herself, in the distant years, still in the attitude of a woman who had her life to live, and these intimations contradicted the spirit of the present hour. It might be desirable to die; but this privilege was evidently to be denied her. Deep in her soul—deeper than any appetite for renunciation—was the sense that life would be her business for a long time to come. And at moments there was something inspiring, almost exhilarating, in the conviction. It was a proof of strength—it was a proof that she should some day be happy again. It couldn't be that she was to live only to suffer; she was still young, after all, and a great many things might happen to her yet. To live only to suffer—only to feel the injury of life repeated and enlarged—it seemed to her that she was too valuable, too capable, for that. Then she

wondered whether it were vain and stupid to think so well of herself. When had it ever been a guarantee to be valuable? Was not all history full of the destruction of precious things? Was it not much more probable that if one were delicate one would suffer? It involved then, perhaps, an admission that one had a certain grossness; but Isabel recognised, as it passed before her eyes, the quick, vague shadow of a long future. She should not escape; she should last. Then the middle years wrapped her about again, and the grey curtain of her indifference closed her in.

Henrietta kissed her, as Henrietta usually kissed, as if she were afraid she should be caught doing it; and then Isabel stood there in the crowd, looking about her, looking for her servant. She asked nothing; she wished to wait. She had a sudden perception that she should be helped. She was so glad Henrietta was there; there was something terrible in an arrival in London. The dusky, smoky, far-arching vault of the station, the strange, livid light, the dense, dark, pushing crowd, filled her with a nervous fear and made her put her arm into her friend's. She remembered that she had once liked these things; they seemed part of a mighty spectacle, in which there was something that touched her. She remembered how she walked away from Euston, in the winter dusk, in the crowded streets, five years before. She could not have done that to-day, and the incident came before her as the deed of another person.

"It's too beautiful that you should have come," said Henrietta, looking at her as if she thought Isabel might be prepared to challenge the proposition. "If you hadn't—if you hadn't; well, I don't know," remarked Miss Stackpole, hinting ominously at her powers of disapproval.

Isabel looked about, without seeing her maid. Her eyes rested on another figure, however, which she felt that

she had seen before ; and in a moment she recognised the genial countenance of Mr. Bantling. He stood a little apart, and it was not in the power of the multitude that pressed about him to make him yield an inch of the ground he had taken—that of abstracting himself, discreetly, while the two ladies performed their embraces.

"There's Mr. Bantling," said Isabel, gently, 'irrelevantly, scarcely caring much now whether she should find her maid or not.

"Oh yes, he goes everywhere with me. Come here, Mr. Bantling!" Henrietta exclaimed. Whereupon the gallant bachelor advanced with a smile—a smile tempered however by the gravity of the occasion. "Isn't it lovely that she has come?" Henrietta asked. "He knows all about it," she added ; "we had quite a discussion ; he said you wouldn't ; I said you would."

"I thought you always agreed," Isabel answered, smiling. She found she could smile now ; she had seen in an instant, in Mr. Bantling's excellent eye, that he had good news for her. It seemed to say that he wished her to remember that he was an old friend of her cousin—that he understood—that it was all right. Isabel gave him her hand ; she thought him so kind.

"Oh, I always agree," said Mr. Bantling. "But she doesn't, you know."

"Didn't I tell you that a maid was a nuisance?" Henrietta inquired. "Your young lady has probably remained at Calais."

"I don't care," said Isabel, looking at Mr. Bantling, whom she had never thought so interesting.

"Stay with her while I go and see," Henrietta commanded, leaving the two for a moment together.

They stood there at first in silence, and then Mr. Bantling asked Isabel how it had been on the Channel.

"Very fine. No, I think it was rather rough," said Isabel, to her companion's obvious surprise. After

which she added, "You have been to Gardencourt, I know."

"Now how do you know that?"

"I can't tell you—except that you look like a person who has been there."

"Do you think I look sad? It's very sad there, you know."

"I don't believe you ever look sad. You look kind," said Isabel, with a frankness that cost her no effort. It seemed to her that she should never again feel a superficial embarrassment.

Poor Mr. Bantling, however, was still in this inferior stage. He blushed a good deal, and laughed, and assured her that he was often very blue, and that when he was blue, he was awfully fierce.

"You can ask Miss Stackpole, you know," he said. "I was at Gardencourt two days ago."

"Did you see my cousin?"

"Only for a little. But he had been seeing people ; Warburton was there the day before. Touchett was just the same as usual, except that he was in bed, and that he looks tremendously ill, and that he can't speak," Mr. Bantling pursued. "He was immensely friendly all the same. He was just as clever as ever. It's awfully sad."

Even in the crowded, noisy station this simple picture was vivid. "Was that late in the day?"

"Yes ; I went on purpose ; we thought you would like to know."

"I am very much obliged to you. Can I go down to-night?"

"Ah, I don't think *she*'ll let you go," said Mr. Bantling. "She wants you to stop with her. I made Touchett's man promise to telegraph me to-day, and I found the telegram an hour ago at my club. 'Quiet and easy,' that's what it says, and it's dated two o'clock. So you see you can wait till to-morrow. You must be very tired."

"Yes, I am very tired. And I thank you again."

"Oh," said Mr. Bantling, "we were certain you would like the last

news." While Isabel vaguely noted that after all he and Henrietta seemed to agree.

Miss Stackpole came back with Isabel's maid, whom she had caught in the act of proving her utility. This excellent person, instead of losing herself in the crowd, had simply attended to her mistress's luggage, so that now Isabel was at liberty to leave the station.

"You know you are not to think of going to the country to-night," Henrietta remarked to her. "It doesn't matter whether there is a train or not. You are to come straight to me, in Wimpole Street. There isn't a corner to be had in London, but I have got you one all the same. It isn't a Roman palace, but it will do for a night."

"I will do whatever you wish," Isabel said.

"You will come and answer a few questions; that's what I wish."

"She doesn't say anything about dinner, does she, Mrs. Osmond?" Mr. Bantling inquired jocosely.

Henrietta fixed him a moment with her speculative gaze. "I see you are in a great hurry to get to your own. You will be at the Paddington station to-morrow morning at ten."

"Don't come for my sake, Mr. Bantling," said Isabel.

"He will come for mine," Henrietta declared, as she ushered Isabel into a cab.

Later, in a large dusky parlour in Wimpole Street—to do her justice, there had been dinner enough—she asked Isabel those questions to which she had alluded at the station.

"Did your husband make a scene about your coming?" That was Miss Stackpole's first inquiry.

"No; I can't say he made a scene."

"He didn't object then?"

"Yes; he objected very much. But it was not what you would call a scene."

"What was it then?"

"It was a very quiet conversation."

Henrietta for a moment contemplated her friend.

"It must have been awful," she then remarked. And Isabel did not deny that it had been awful. But she confined herself to answering Henrietta's questions, which was easy, as they were tolerably definite. For the present she offered her no new information. "Well," said Miss Stackpole at last, "I have only one criticism to make. I don't see why you promised little Miss Osmond to go back."

"I am not sure that I see myself, now," Isabel replied. "But I did then."

"If you have forgotten your reason perhaps you won't return."

Isabel for a moment said nothing, then—

"Perhaps I shall find another," she rejoined.

"You will certainly never find a good one."

"In default of a better, my having promised will do," Isabel suggested.

"Yes; that's why I hate it."

"Don't speak of it now. I have a little time. Coming away was hard; but going back will be harder still."

"You must remember, after all, that he won't make a scene!" said Henrietta, with much intention.

"He will, though," Isabel answered gravely. "It will not be the scene of a moment; it will be a scene that will last always."

For some minutes the two women sat gazing at this prospect; and then Miss Stackpole, to change the subject, as Isabel had requested, announced abruptly—

"I have been to stay with Lady Pensil!"

"Ah, the letter came at last?"

"Yes; it took five years. But this time she wanted to see me."

"Naturally enough."

"It was more natural than I think you know," said Henrietta, fixing her eyes on a distant point. And then she added, turning suddenly: "Isabel Archer, I beg your pardon. You

don't know why? Because I criticised you, and yet I have gone further than you. Mr. Osmond, at least, was born on the other side!"

It was a moment before Isabel perceived her meaning; it was so modestly—or at least so ingeniously, veiled. Isabel's mind was not possessed at present with the comicality of things; but she greeted with a quick laugh the image that her companion had raised. She immediately recovered herself, however, and with a gravity too pathetic to be real—

"Henrietta Stackpole," she asked, "are you going to give up your country?"

"Yes, my poor Isabel, I am. I won't pretend to deny it; I look the fact in the face. I am going to marry Mr. Bantling, and I am going to reside in London."

"It seems very strange," said Isabel, smiling now.

"Well yes, I suppose it does. I have come to it little by little. I think I know what I am doing; but I don't know that I can explain."

"One can't explain one's marriage," Isabel answered. "And yours doesn't need to be explained. Mr. Bantling is very good."

Henrietta said nothing; she seemed lost in reflection.

"He has a beautiful nature," she remarked at last. "I have studied him for many years, and I see right through him. He's as clear as glass—there's no mystery about him. He is not intellectual, but he appreciates intellect. On the other hand he doesn't exaggerate its claims. I sometimes think we do in the United States."

"Ah," said Isabel, "you are changed indeed! It's the first time I have ever heard you say anything against your native land."

"I only say that we are too intellectual; that, after all is a glorious fault. But I *am* changed; a woman has to change a good deal to marry."

"I hope you will be very happy. You will at last—over here—see something of the inner life."

Henrietta gave a little significant sigh. "That's the key to the mystery, I believe. I couldn't endure to be kept off. Now I have as good a right as any one!" she added, with artless elation.

Isabel was deeply diverted, but there was a certain melancholy in her view. Henrietta, after all, was human and feminine, Henrietta whom she had hitherto regarded as a light keen flame, a disembodied voice. It was rather a disappointment to find that she had personal susceptibilities, that she was subject to common passions, and that her intimacy with Mr. Bantling had not been completely original. There was a want of originality in her marrying him—there was even a kind of stupidity; and for a moment, to Isabel's sense, the dreariness of the world took on a deeper tinge. A little later, indeed, she reflected that Mr. Bantling, after all, was original. But she didn't see how Henrietta could give up her country. She herself had relaxed her hold of it, but it had never been her country as it had been Henrietta's. She presently asked her if she had enjoyed her visit to Lady Pensil.

"Oh yes," said Henrietta, "she didn't know what to make of me."

"And was that very enjoyable?"

"Very much so, because she is supposed to be very talented. She thinks she knows everything; but she doesn't understand a lady-correspondent! It would be so much easier for her if I were only a little better or a little worse. She's so puzzled; I believe she thinks it's my duty to go and do something immoral. She thinks it's immoral that I should marry her brother; but, after all, that isn't immoral enough. And she will never understand—never!"

"She is not so intelligent as her brother, then," said Isabel. "He appears to have understood."

"Oh no, he hasn't!" cried Miss Stackpole, with decision. "I really believe that's what he wants to marry me for—just to find out. It's a fixed idea—a kind of fascination."

"It's very good in you to humour it."

"Oh well," said Henrietta, "I have something to find out too!" And Isabel saw that she had not renounced an allegiance, but planned an attack. She was at last about to grapple in earnest with England.

Isabel also perceived, however, on the morrow, at the Paddington station, where she found herself, at two o'clock, in the company both of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling, that the gentleman bore his perplexities lightly. If he had not found out everything, he had found out at least the great point—that Miss Stackpole would not be wanting in initiative. It was evident that in the selection of a wife he had been on his guard against this deficiency.

"Henrietta has told me, and I am very glad," Isabel said, as she gave him her hand.

"I dare say you think it's very odd," Mr. Bantling replied, resting on his neat umbrella.

"Yes, I think it's very odd."

"You can't think it's so odd as I do. But I have always rather liked striking out a line," said Mr. Bantling, serenely.

■ LIV. ■

ISABEL'S arrival at Gardencourt on this second occasion was even quieter than it had been on the first. Ralph Touchett kept but a small household, and to the new servants Mrs. Osmond was a stranger; so that Isabel, instead of being conducted to her own apartment, was coldly shown into the drawing-room and left to wait while her name was carried up to her aunt. She waited a long time; Mrs. Touchett appeared to be in no hurry to come to her. She grew impatient at last; she grew nervous and even frightened. The day was dark and cold; the dusk was thick in the corners of the low brown rooms. The house was perfectly still—a stillness that Isabel remembered; it had filled all the place

for days before the death of her uncle. She left the drawing-room and wandered about—strolled into the library and along the gallery of pictures, where, in the deep silence, her footstep made an echo. Nothing was changed; she recognised everything that she had seen years before; it might have been only yesterday that she stood there. She reflected that things change but little, while people change so much, and she became aware that she was walking about as her aunt had done on the day that she came to see her in Albany. She was changed enough since then—that had been the beginning. It suddenly struck her that if her Aunt Lydia had not come that day in just that way and found her alone, everything might have been different. She might have had another life, and to-day she might have been a happier woman. She stopped in the gallery in front of a small picture—a beautiful and valuable Bonington—upon which her eyes rested for a long time. But she was not looking at the picture; she was wondering whether if her aunt had not come that day in Albany she would have married Caspar Goodwood.

Mrs. Touchett appeared at last, just after Isabel had returned to the big uninhabited drawing-room. She looked a good deal older, but her eye was as bright as ever and her head as erect; her thin lips seemed a repository of latent meanings. She wore a little gray dress, of the most undecorated fashion, and Isabel wondered, as she had wondered the first time, whether her remarkable kinswoman resembled more a queen-regent or the matron of a gaol. Her lips felt very thin indeed as Isabel kissed her.

"I have kept you waiting because I have been sitting with Ralph," Mrs. Touchett said. "The nurse had gone to her lunch, and I had taken her place. He has a man who is supposed to look after him, but the man is good for nothing; he is always looking out of the window—as if there were anything to see! I didn't wish to move,

because Ralph seemed to be sleeping, and I was afraid the sound would disturb him. I waited till the nurse came back; I remembered that you know the house."

"I find I know it better even than I thought; I have been walking about," Isabel answered. And then she asked whether Ralph slept much.

"He lies with his eyes closed; he doesn't move. But I am not sure that it's always sleep."

"Will he see me? Can he speak to me?"

Mrs. Touchett hesitated a moment. "You can try him," she said. And then she offered to conduct Isabel to her room. "I thought they had taken you there; but it's not my house, it's Ralph's; and I don't know what they do. They must at least have taken your luggage; I don't suppose you have brought much. Not that I care, however. I believe they have given you the same room you had before; when Ralph heard you were coming he said you must have that one."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Ah, my dear, he doesn't chatter as he used!" cried Mrs. Touchett, as she preceded her niece up the staircase.

It was the same room, and something told Isabel that it had not been slept in since she occupied it. Her luggage was there, and it was not voluminous; Mrs. Touchett sat down a moment, with her eyes upon it.

"Is there really no hope?" Isabel asked, standing before her aunt.

"None whatever. There never has been. It has not been a successful life."

"No—it has only been a beautiful one." Isabel found herself already contradicting her aunt; she was irritated by her dryness.

"I don't know what you mean by that; there is no beauty without health. That is a very odd dress to travel in."

Isabel glanced at her garment. "I left Rome at an hour's notice; I took the first that came."

"Your sisters, in America, wished

to know how you dress. That seemed to be their principal interest. I wasn't able to tell them—but they seemed to have the right idea: that you never wear anything less than black brocade."

"They think I am more brilliant than I am; I am afraid to tell them the truth," said Isabel. "Lily wrote me that you had dined with her."

"She invited me four times, and I went once. After the second time she should have let me alone. The dinner was very good; it must have been expensive. Her husband has a very bad manner. Did I enjoy my visit to America? Why should I have enjoyed it? I didn't go for my pleasure."

These were interesting items, but Mrs. Touchett soon left her niece, whom she was to meet in half an hour at the midday meal. At this repast the two ladies faced each other at an abbreviated table in the melancholy dining-room. Here, after a little, Isabel saw that her aunt was not so dry as she appeared, and her old pity for the poor woman's inexpressiveness, her want of regret, of disappointment, came back to her. It seemed to her she would find it a blessing to-day to be able to indulge a regret. She wondered whether Mrs. Touchett were not trying, whether she had not a desire for the recreation of grief. On the other hand, perhaps, she was afraid; if she began to regret, it might take her too far. Isabel could perceive, however, that it had come over her that she had missed something, that she saw herself in the future as an old woman without memories. Her little sharp face looked tragical. She told her niece that Ralph as yet had not moved, but that he probably would be able to see her before dinner. And then in a moment she added that he had seen Lord Warburton the day before; an announcement which startled Isabel a little, as it seemed an intimation that this personage was in the neighbourhood and that an accident might bring them together. Such an accident would not be happy; she had not

come to England to converse with Lord Warburton. She presently said to her aunt that he had been very kind to Ralph; she had seen something of that in Rome.

"He has something else to think of now," Mrs. Touchett rejoined. And she paused, with a gaze like a gimlet.

Isabel saw that she meant something, and instantly guessed what she meant. But her reply concealed her guess; her heart beat faster, and she wished to gain a moment. "Ah yes—the House of Lords, and all that."

"He is not thinking of the Lords; he is thinking of the ladies. At least he is thinking of one of them; he told Ralph he was engaged to be married."

"Ah, to be married!" Isabel gently exclaimed.

"Unless he breaks it off. He seemed to think Ralph would like to know. Poor Ralph can't go to the wedding, though I believe it is to take place very soon."

"And who is the young lady?"

"A member of the aristocracy; Lady Flora, Lady Felicia—something of that sort."

"I am very glad," Isabel said. "It must be a sudden decision."

"Sudden enough, I believe; a courtship of three weeks. It has only just been made public."

"I am very glad," Isabel repeated, with a larger emphasis. She knew her aunt was watching her—looking for the signs of some curious emotion, and the desire to prevent her companion from seeing anything of this kind enabled her to speak in the tone of quick satisfaction—the tone, almost, of relief. Mrs. Touchett of course followed the tradition that ladies, even married ones, regard the marriage of their old lovers as an offence to themselves. Isabel's first care therefore was to show that however that might be in general, she was not offended now. But meanwhile, as I say, her heart beat faster; and if she sat for some moments thoughtful—she presently forgot Mrs. Touchett's observa-

tion—it was not because she had lost an admirer. Her imagination had traversed half Europe; it halted, panting, and even trembling a little, in the city of Rome. She figured herself announcing to her husband that Lord Warburton was to lead a bride to the altar, and she was of course not aware how extremely sad she looked while she made this intellectual effort. But at last she collected herself, and said to her aunt—"He was sure to do it some time or other."

Mrs. Touchett was silent; then she gave a sharp little shake of the head. "Ah my dear, you're beyond me!" she cried, suddenly. They went on with their luncheon in silence; Isabel felt as if she had heard of Lord Warburton's death. She had known him only as a suitor, and now that was all over. He was dead for poor Pansy; by Pansy he might have lived. A servant had been hovering about; at last Mrs. Touchett requested him to leave them alone. She had finished her lunch; she sat with her hands folded on the edge of the table. "I should like to ask you three questions," she said to Isabel, when the servant had gone.

"Three are a great many."

"I can't do with less; I have been thinking. They are all very good ones."

"That's what I am afraid of. The best questions are the worst," Isabel answered. Mrs. Touchett had pushed back her chair, and Isabel left the table and walked, rather consciously, to one of the deep windows, while her aunt followed her with her eyes.

"Have you ever been sorry you didn't marry Lord Warburton?" Mrs. Touchett inquired.

Isabel shook her head slowly, smiling. "No, dear aunt."

"Good. I ought to tell you that I propose to believe what you say."

"Your believing me is an immense temptation," Isabel replied, smiling still.

"A temptation to lie? I don't recommend you to do that, for when

I'm misinformed I'm as dangerous as a poisoned rat. I don't mean to crow over you."

"It is my husband that doesn't get on with me," said Isabel.

"I could have told him that. I don't call that crowing over *you*," Mrs. Touchett added. "Do you still like Serena Merle?" she went on.

"Not as I once did. But it doesn't matter, for she is going to America."

"To America? She must have done something very bad."

"Yes—very bad."

"May I ask what it is?"

"She made a convenience of me."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Touchett, "so she did of me! She does of every one."

"She will make a convenience of America," said Isabel, smiling again, and glad that her aunt's questions were over.

It was not till the evening that she was able to see Ralph. He had been dozing all day; at least he had been lying unconscious. The doctor was there, but after a while he went away; the local doctor, who had attended his father, and whom Ralph liked. He came three or four times a day; he was deeply interested in his patient. Ralph had had Sir Matthew Hope, but he had got tired of this celebrated man, to whom he had asked his mother to send word that he was now dead, and was therefore without further need of medical advice. Mrs. Touchett had simply written to Sir Matthew that her son disliked him. On the day of Isabel's arrival Ralph gave no sign, as I have related, for many hours; but towards evening he raised himself and said he knew that she had come. How he knew it was not apparent; inasmuch as, for fear of exciting him, no one had offered the information. Isabel came in and sat by his bed in the dim light; there was only a shaded candle in a corner of the room. She told the nurse that she might go—that she herself would sit with him for the rest of the evening. He had opened

his eyes and recognised her, and had moved his hand, which lay very helpless beside him, so that she might take it. But he was unable to speak; he closed his eyes again and remained perfectly still, only keeping her hand in his own. She sat with him a long time—till the nurse came back; but he gave no further sign. He might have passed away while she looked at him; he was already the figure and pattern of death. She had thought him far gone in Rome, but this was worse; there was only one change possible now. There was a strange tranquillity in his face; it was as still as the lid of a box. With this, he was a mere lattice of bones; when he opened his eyes to greet her, it was as if she were looking into immeasurable space. It was not till midnight that the nurse came back; but the hours, to Isabel, had not seemed long; it was exactly what she had come for. If she had come simply to wait, she found ample occasion, for he lay for three days in a kind of grateful silence. He recognised her, and at moments he seemed to wish to speak; but he found no voice. Then he closed his eyes again, as if he too were waiting for something—for something that certainly would come. He was so absolutely quiet that it seemed to her what was coming had already arrived; and yet she never lost the sense that they were still together. But they were not always together; there were other hours that she passed in wandering through the empty house and listening for a voice that was not poor Ralph's. She had a constant fear; she thought it possible her husband would write to her. But he remained silent, and she only got a letter, from Florence, from the Countess Gemini. Ralph, however, spoke at last, on the evening of the third day.

"I feel better to-night," he murmured, abruptly, in the soundless dimness of her vigil; "I think I can say something."

She sank upon her knees beside his

pillow; took his thin hand in her own; begged him not to make an effort—not to tire himself.

His face was of necessity serious—it was incapable of the muscular play of a smile; but its owner apparently had not lost a perception of incongruities. "What does it matter if I am tired, when I have all eternity to rest?" he asked. "There is no harm in making an effort when it is the very last. Don't people always feel better just before the end? I have often heard of that; it's what I was waiting for. Ever since you have been here; I thought it would come. I tried two or three times; I was afraid you would get tired of sitting there." He spoke slowly, with painful breaks and long pauses; his voice seemed to come from a distance. When he ceased, he lay with his face turned to Isabel, and his large unwinking eyes open into her own. "It was very good of you to come," he went on. "I thought you would; but I wasn't sure."

"I was not sure either, till I came," said Isabel.

"You have been like an angel beside my bed. You know they talk about the angel of death. It's the most beautiful of all. You have been like that; as if you were waiting for me."

"I was not waiting for your death; I was waiting for—for this. This is not death, dear Ralph."

"Not for you—no. There is nothing makes us feel so much alive as to see others die. That's the sensation of life—the sense that we remain. I have had it—even I. But now I am of no use but to give it to others. With me it's all over." And then he paused. Isabel bowed her head further, till it rested on the two hands that were clasped upon his own. She could not see him now; but his far-away voice was close to her ear. "Isabel," he went on, suddenly, "I wish it were over for you." She answered nothing; she had burst into sobs; she remained so,

with her buried face. He lay silent, listening to her sobs; at last he gave a long groan. "Ah, what is it you have done for me?"

"What is it you did for me?" she cried, her now extreme agitation half smothered by her attitude. She had lost all her shame, all wish to hide things. Now he might know; she wished him to know, for it brought them supremely together, and he was beyond the reach of pain. "You did something once—you know it. Oh Ralph, you have been everything! What have I done for you—what can I do to-day? I would die if you could live. But I don't wish you to live; I would die myself, not to lose you." Her voice was as broken as his own, and full of tears and anguish.

"You won't lose me—you will keep me. Keep me in your heart; I shall be nearer to you than I have ever been. Dear Isabel, life is better; for in life there is love. Death is good—but there is no love."

"I never thanked you—I never spoke—I never was what I should be!" Isabel went on. She felt a passionate need to cry out and accuse herself, to let her sorrow possess her. All her troubles, for the moment, became single and melted together into this present pain. "What must you have thought of me? Yet how could I know? I never knew, and I only know to-day because there are people less stupid than I."

"Don't mind people," said Ralph. "I think I am glad to leave people."

She raised her head and her clasped hands; she seemed for a moment to pray to him.

"Is it true—is it true?" she asked.

"True that you have been stupid? Oh no," said Ralph, with a sensible intention of wit.

"That you made me rich—that all I have is yours?"

He turned away his head, and for some time said nothing. Then at last—

"Ah, don't speak of that—that was not happy." Slowly he moved his face

toward her again, and they once more saw each other. "But for that—but for that—" And he paused. "I believe I ruined you," he added softly.

She was full of the sense that he was beyond the reach of pain; he seemed already so little of this world. But even if she had not had it she would still have spoken, for nothing mattered now but the only knowledge that was not pure anguish—the knowledge that they were looking at the truth together.

"He married me for my money," she said.

She wished to say everything; she was afraid he might die before she had done so.

He gazed at her a little, and for the first time his fixed eyes lowered their lids. But he raised them in a moment, and then—

"He was greatly in love with you," he answered.

"Yes, he was in love with me. But he would not have married me if I had been poor. I don't hurt you in saying that. How can I? I only want you to understand. I always tried to keep you from understanding; but that's all over."

"I always understood," said Ralph.

"I thought you did, and I didn't like it. But now I like it."

"You don't hurt me—you make me very happy." And as Ralph said this there was an extraordinary gladness in his voice. She bent her head again, and pressed her lips to the back of his hand. "I always understood," he continued, "though it was so strange—so pitiful. You wanted to look at life for yourself—but you were not allowed; you were punished for your wish. You were ground in the very mill of the conventional!"

"Oh yes, I have been punished," Isabel sobbed.

He listened to her a little, and then continued—

"Was he very bad about your coming?"

"He made it very hard for me. But I don't care."

"It is all over, then, between you?"

"Oh no; I don't think anything is over."

"Are you going back to him?" Ralph stammered.

"I don't know—I can't tell. I shall stay here as long as I may. I don't want to think—I needn't think. I don't care for anything but you, and that is enough for the present. It will last a little yet. Here on my knees, with you dying in my arms, I am happier than I have been for a long time. And I want you to be happy—not to think of anything sad; only to feel that I am near you and I love you. Why should there be pain? In such hours as this what have we to do with pain? That is not the deepest thing; there is something deeper."

Ralph evidently found, from moment to moment, greater difficulty in speaking; he had to wait longer to collect himself. At first he appeared to make no response to these last words; he let a long time elapse. Then he murmured simply—

"You must stay here."

"I should like to stay, as long as seems right."

"As seems right—as seems right?" He repeated her words. "Yes, you think a great deal about that."

"Of course one must. You are very tired," said Isabel.

"I am very tired. You said just now that pain is not the deepest thing. No—no. But it is very deep. If I could stay——"

"For me you will always be here," she softly interrupted. It was easy to interrupt him.

But he went on, after a moment—

"It passes, after all; it's passing now. But love remains. I don't know why we should suffer so much. Perhaps I shall find out. There are many things in life; you are very young."

"I feel very old," said Isabel.

"You will grow young again. That's how I see you. I don't believe—I don't believe——" And he stopped again; his strength failed him.

She begged him to be quiet now.

"We needn't speak to understand each other," she said.

"I don't believe that such a generous mistake as yours—can hurt you for more than a little."

"Oh, Ralph, I am very happy now," she cried, through her tears.

"And remember this," he continued, "that if you have been hated, you have also been loved."

"Ah, my brother!" she cried, with a movement of still deeper prostration.

LV.

HE had told her, the first evening she ever spent at Gardencourt, that if she should live to suffer enough she might some day see the ghost with which the old house was duly provided. She apparently had fulfilled the necessary condition; for the next morning, in the cold, faint dawn, she knew that a spirit was standing by her bed. She had lain down without undressing, for it was her belief that Ralph would not outlast the night. She had no inclination to sleep; she was waiting, and such waiting was wakeful. But she closed her eyes; she believed that as the night wore on she should hear a knock at her door. She heard no knock, but at the time the darkness began vaguely to grow grey, she started up from her pillow as abruptly as if she had received a summons. It seemed to her for an instant that Ralph was standing there—a dim, hovering figure in the dimness of the room. She stared a moment; she saw his white face—his kind eyes; then she saw there was nothing. She was not afraid; she was only sure. She went out of her room, and in her certainty passed through dark corridors and down a flight of oaken steps that shone in the vague light of a hall-window. Outside of Ralph's door she stopped a moment, listening; but she seemed to hear only the hush that filled it. She opened the door with a hand as gentle as if she were lifting a veil from the face of the dead, and saw Mrs. Touchett sitting motionless and upright beside the couch of her

son, with one of his hands in her own. The doctor was on the other side, with poor Ralph's further wrist resting in his professional fingers. The nurse was at the foot, between them. Mrs. Touchett took no notice of Isabel, but the doctor looked at her very hard; then he gently placed Ralph's hand in a proper position, close beside him. The nurse looked at her very hard too, and no one said a word; but Isabel only looked at what she had come to see. It was fairer than Ralph had ever been in life, and there was a strange resemblance to the face of his father, which, six years before, she had seen lying on the same pillow. She went to her aunt and put her arm round her; and Mrs. Touchett, who as a general thing neither invited nor enjoyed caresses, submitted for a moment to this one, rising, as it were, to take it. But she was stiff and dry-eyed; her acute white face was terrible.

"Poor Aunt Lydia," Isabel murmured.

"Go and thank God you have no child," said Mrs. Touchett, disengaging herself.

Three days after this a considerable number of people found time, in the height of the London "season," to take a morning train down to a quiet station in Berkshire and spend half an hour in a small gray church, which stood within an easy walk. It was in the green burialplace of this edifice that Mrs. Touchett consigned her son to earth. She stood herself at the edge of the grave, and Isabel stood beside her; the sexton himself had not a more practical interest in the scene than Mrs. Touchett. It was a solemn occasion, but it was not a disagreeable one; there was a certain geniality in the appearance of things. The weather had changed to fair; the day, one of the last of the treacherous May-time, was warm and windless, and the air had the brightness of the hawthorn and the blackbird. If it was sad to think of poor Touchett, it was not too sad, since death, for him, had had no violence. He had been

dying so long; he was so ready; everything had been so expected and prepared. There were tears in Isabel's eyes, but they were not tears that blinded. She looked through them at the beauty of the day, the splendour of nature, the sweetness of the old English churchyard, the bowed heads of good friends. Lord Warburton was there, and a group of gentlemen unknown to Isabel, several of whom, as she afterwards learned, were connected with the bank; and there were others whom she knew. Miss Stackpole was among the first, with honest Mr. Bantling beside her; and Caspar Goodwood, lifting his head higher than the rest—bowing it rather less. During much of the time Isabel was conscious of Mr. Goodwood's gaze; he looked at her somewhat harder than he usually looked in public, while the others had fixed their eyes upon the churchyard turf. But she never let him see that she saw him; she thought of him only to wonder that he was still in England. She found that she had taken for granted that after accompanying Ralph to Gardencourt he had gone away; she remembered that it was not a country that pleased him. He was there, however, very distinctly there; and something in his attitude seemed to say that he was there with a complex intention. She would not meet his eyes, though there was doubtless sympathy in them; he made her rather uneasy. With the dispersal of the little group he disappeared, and the only person who came to speak to her—though several spoke to Mrs. Touchett—was Henrietta Stackpole. Henrietta had been crying.

Ralph had said to Isabel that he hoped she would remain at Gardencourt, and she made no immediate motion to leave the place. She said to herself that it was but common charity to stay a little with her aunt. It was fortunate she had so good a formula; otherwise she might have been greatly in want of one. Her errand was over; she had done what she left her husband for. She had a husband in a foreign city, counting the hours of her

absence; in such a case one needed an excellent motive. He was not one of the best husbands; but that didn't alter the case. Certain obligations were involved in the very fact of marriage, and were quite independent of the quantity of enjoyment extracted from it. Isabel thought of her husband as little as might be; but now that she was at a distance, beyond its spell, she thought with a kind of spiritual shudder of Rome. There was a deadly sadness in the thought, and she drew back into the deepest shade of Gardencourt. She lived from day to day, postponing, closing her eyes, trying not to think. She knew she must decide, but she decided nothing; her coming itself had not been a decision. On that occasion she had simply started. Osmond gave no sound, and now evidently he would give none; he would leave it all to her. From Pansy she heard nothing, but that was very simple; her father had told her not to write.

Mrs. Touchett accepted Isabel's company, but offered her no assistance; she appeared to be absorbed in considering, without enthusiasm, but with perfect lucidity, the new conveniences of her own situation. Mrs. Touchett was not an optimist, but even from painful occurrences she managed to extract a certain satisfaction. This consisted in the reflection that, after all, such things happened to other people and not to herself. Death was disagreeable, but in this case it was her son's death, not her own; she had never flattered herself that her own would be disagreeable to any one but Mrs. Touchett. She was better off than poor Ralph, who had left all the commodities of life behind him, and indeed all the security; for the worst of dying was, to Mrs. Touchett's mind, that it exposed one to be taken advantage of. For herself, she was on the spot; there was nothing so good as that. She made known to Isabel very punctually—it was the evening her son was buried—several of Ralph's testamentary arrangements. He had told her every-

thing, had consulted her about everything. He left her no money; of course she had no need of money. He left her the furniture of Garden-court, exclusive of the pictures and books, and the use of the place for a year; after which it was to be sold. The money produced by the sale was to constitute an endowment for a hospital for poor persons suffering from the malady of which he died; and of this portion of the will Lord Warburton was appointed executor. The rest of his property, which was to be withdrawn from the bank, was disposed of in various bequests, several of them to those cousins in Vermont to whom his father had already been so bountiful. Then there were a number of small legacies.

"Some of them are extremely peculiar," said Mrs. Touchett; "he has left considerable sums to persons I never heard of. He gave me a list, and I asked then who some of them were, and he told me they were people who at various times had seemed to like him. Apparently he thought you didn't like him, for he has not left you a penny. It was his opinion that you were handsomely treated by his father, which I am bound to say I think you were—though I don't mean that I ever heard him complain of it. The pictures are to be dispersed; he has distributed them about, one by one, as little keepsakes. The most valuable of the collection goes to Lord Warburton. And what do you think he has done with his library? It sounds like a practical joke. He has left it to your friend Miss Stackpole—'in recognition of her services to literature.' Does he mean her following him up from Rome? Was that a service to literature? It contains a great many rare and valuable books, and as she can't carry it about the world in her trunk, he recommends her to sell it at auction. She will sell it of course at Christie's, and with the proceeds she will set up a newspaper. Will that be a service to literature?"

This question Isabel forbore to answer, as it exceeded the little in-

terrogatory to which she had deemed it necessary to submit on her arrival. Besides, she had never been less interested in literature than to-day, as she found when she occasionally took down from the shelf one of the rare and valuable volumes of which Mrs. Touchett had spoken. She was quite unable to read; her attention had never been so little at her command. One afternoon, in the library, about a week after the ceremony in the churchyard, she was trying to fix it a little; but her eyes often wandered from the book in her hand to the open window, which looked down the long avenue. It was in this way that she saw a modest vehicle approach the door, and perceived Lord Warburton sitting, in rather an uncomfortable attitude, in a corner of it. He had always had a high standard of courtesy, and it was therefore not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he should have taken the trouble to come down from London to call upon Mrs. Touchett. It was of course Mrs. Touchett that he had come to see, and not Mrs. Osmond; and to prove to herself the validity of this theory, Isabel presently stepped out of the house and wandered away into the park. Since her arrival at Garden-court she had been but little out of doors, the weather being unfavourable for visiting the grounds. This evening, however, was fine, and at first it struck her as a happy thought to have come out. The theory I have just mentioned was plausible enough, but it brought her little rest, and if you had seen her pacing about, you would have said she had a bad conscience. She was not pacified when at the end of a quarter of an hour, finding herself in view of the house, she saw Mrs. Touchett emerge from the portico, accompanied by her visitor. Her aunt had evidently proposed to Lord Warburton that they should come in search of her. She was in no humour for visitors, and if she had had time she would have drawn back, behind one of the great trees. But she saw that she had been seen and that nothing

was left her but to advance. As the lawn at Gardencourt was a vast expanse, this took some time; during which she observed that, as he walked beside his hostess, Lord Warburton kept his hands rather stiffly behind him and his eyes upon the ground. Both persons apparently were silent; but Mrs. Touchett's thin little glance, as she directed it toward Isabel, had even at a distance an expression. It seemed to say, with cutting sharpness, "Here is the eminently amenable nobleman whom you might have married!" When Lord Warburton lifted his own eyes, however, that was not what they said. They only said, "This is rather awkward, you know, and I depend upon you to help me." He was very grave, very proper, and for the first time since Isabel had known him, he greeted her without a smile. Even in his days of distress he had always begun with a smile. He looked extremely self-conscious.

"Lord Warburton has been so good as to come out to see me," said Mrs. Touchett. "He tells me he didn't know you were still here. I know he's an old friend of yours, and as I was told you were not in the house, I brought him out to see for himself."

"Oh, I saw there was a good train at 6.40, that would get me back in time for dinner," Mrs. Touchett's companion explained, rather irrelevantly. "I am so glad to find you have not gone."

"I am not here for long, you know," Isabel said, with a certain eagerness.

"I suppose not; but I hope it's for some weeks. You came to England sooner than—a—than you thought?"

"Yes, I came very suddenly."

Mrs. Touchett turned away, as if she were looking at the condition of the grounds, which indeed was not what it should be; while Lord Warburton hesitated a little. Isabel fancied he had been on the point of asking about her husband—rather confusedly—and then had checked himself. He continued immitigably grave, either because he thought it becoming in a place over which death

had just passed, or for more personal reasons. If he was conscious of personal reasons, it was very fortunate that he had the cover of the former motive; he could make the most of that. Isabel thought of all this. It was not that his face was sad, for that was another matter; but it was strangely inexpressive.

"My sisters would have been so glad to come if they had known you were still here—if they had thought you would see them," Lord Warburton went on. "Do kindly let them see you before you leave England."

"It would give me great pleasure; I have such a friendly recollection of them."

"I don't know whether you would come to Lockleigh for a day or two? You know there is always that old promise." And his lordship blushed a little as he made this suggestion, which gave his face a somewhat more familiar air. "Perhaps I'm not right in saying that just now; of course you are not thinking of visiting. But I meant what would hardly be a visit. My sisters are to be at Lockleigh at Whitsuntide for three days; and if you could come then—as you say you are not to be very long in England—I would see that there should be literally no one else."

Isabel wondered whether not even the young lady he was to marry would be there with her mamma; but she did not express this idea. "Thank you extremely," she contented herself with saying; "I'm afraid I hardly know about Whitsuntide."

"But I have your promise—haven't I?—for some other time."

There was an interrogation in this; but Isabel let it pass. She looked at her interlocutor a moment, and the result of her observation was that—as had happened before—she felt sorry for him. "Take care you don't miss your train," she said. And then she added, "I wish you every happiness."

He blushed again, more than before, and he looked at his watch.

"Ah yes, 6.40; I haven't much time, but I have a fly at the door. Thank you very much." It was not apparent whether the thanks applied to her having reminded him of his train, or to the more sentimental remark. "Good-bye, Mrs. Osmond; good-bye." He shook hands with her, without meeting her eye, and then he turned to Mrs. Touchett, who had wandered back to them. With her his parting was equally brief; and in a moment the two ladies saw him move with long steps across the lawn.

"Are you very sure he is to be married?" Isabel asked of her aunt.

"I can't be surer than he; but he seems sure. I congratulated him, and he accepted it."

"Ah," said Isabel, "I give it up!"—while her aunt returned to the house and to those avocations which the visitor had interrupted.

She gave it up, but she still thought of it—thought of it while she strolled again under the great oaks whose shadows were long upon the acres of turf. At the end of a few minutes she found herself near a rustic bench, which, a moment after she had looked at it, struck her as an object recognised. It was not simply that she had seen it before, nor even that she had sat upon it; it was that in this spot something important had happened to her—that the place had an air of association. Then she remembered that she had been sitting there six years before, when a servant brought her from the house the letter in which Caspar Goodwood informed her that he had followed her to Europe; and that when she had read that letter she looked up to hear Lord Warburton announcing that he should like to marry her. It was indeed an historical, an interesting, bench; she stood and looked at it as if it might have something to say to her. She would not sit down on it now—she felt rather afraid of it. She only stood before it, and while she stood, the past came back to her in one of those rushing waves of emotion by which people of sensibility are visited at odd hours.

The effect of this agitation was a sudden sense of being very tired, under the influence of which she overcame her scruples and sank into the rustic seat. I have said that she was restless and unable to occupy herself; and whether or no, if you had seen her there, you would have admitted the justice of the former epithet, you would at least have allowed that at this moment she was the image of a victim of idleness. Her attitude had a singular absence of purpose; her hands, hanging at her sides, lost themselves in the folds of her black dress; her eyes gazed vaguely before her. There was nothing to recall her to the house, the two ladies, in their seclusion, dined early, and had tea at an indefinite hour. How long she had sat in this position she could not have told you; but the twilight had grown thick when she became aware that she was not alone. She quickly straightened herself, glancing about, and then saw what had become of her solitude. She was sharing it with Caspar Goodwood, who stood looking at her, a few feet off, and whose footfall, on the unresonant turf, as he came near, she had not heard. It occurred to her, in the midst of this, that it was just so Lord Warburton had surprised her of old.

She instantly rose, and as soon as Goodwood saw that he was seen he started forward. She had had time only to rise, when with a motion that looked like violence, but felt like—she knew not what—he grasped her by the wrist and made her sink again into the seat. She closed her eyes; he had not hurt her, it was only a touch that she had obeyed. But there was something in his face that she wished not to see. That was the way he had looked at her the other day in the churchyard; only to-day it was worse. He said nothing at first; she only felt him close to her. It almost seemed to her that no one had ever been so close to her as that. All this, however, took but a moment, at the end of which she had disengaged

her wrist, turning her eyes upon her visitant.

"You have frightened me," she said.

"I didn't mean to," he answered; "but if I did a little, no matter. I came from London a while ago by the train, but I couldn't come here directly. There was a man at the station who got ahead of me. He took a fly that was there, and I heard him give the order to drive here. I don't know who he was, but I didn't want to come with him; I wanted to see you alone. So I have been waiting and walking about. I have walked all over, and I was just coming to the house when I saw you here. There was a keeper, or some one, who met me; but that was all right, because I had made his acquaintance when I came here with your cousin. Is that gentleman gone? are you really alone? I want to speak to you." Goodwood spoke very fast; he was as excited as when they parted in Rome. Isabel had hoped that condition would subside; and she shrank into herself as she perceived that, on the contrary, he had only let out sail. She had a new sensation; he had never produced it before; it was a feeling of danger. There was indeed something awful in his persistency. Isabel gazed straight before her; he, with a hand on each knee, leaned forward, looking deeply into her face. The twilight seemed to darken around them. "I want to speak to you," he repeated; "I have something particular to say. I don't want to trouble you—as I did the other day, in Rome. That was no use; it only distressed you. I couldn't help it; I knew I was wrong. But I am not wrong now; please don't think I am," he went on, with his hard, deep voice melting a moment into entreaty. "I came here to-day for a purpose; it's very different. It was no use for me to speak to you then; but now I can help you."

She could not have told you whether it was because she was afraid, or because such a voice in the darkness seemed of necessity a boon; but she

listened to him as she had never listened before; his words dropped deep into her soul. They produced a sort of stillness in all her being; and it was with an effort, in a moment, that she answered him.

"How can you help me?" she asked, in a low tone; as if she were taking what he had said seriously enough to make the inquiry in confidence.

"By inducing you to trust me. Now I know—to-day I know.—Do you remember what I asked you in Rome? Then I was quite in the dark. But to-day I know on good authority; everything is clear to me to-day. It was a good thing, when you made me come away with your cousin. He was a good fellow—he was a noble fellow—he told me how the case stands. He explained everything; he guessed what I thought of you. He was a member of your family, and he left you—so long as you should be in England—to my care," said Goodwood, as if he were making a great point. "Do you know what he said to me the last time I saw him—as he lay there where he died? He said—'Do everything you can for her; do everything she will let you.'"

Isabel suddenly got up. "You had no business to talk about me!"

"Why not—why not, when we talked in that way?" he demanded, following her fast. "And he was dying—when a man's dying it's different." She checked the movement she had made to leave him; she was listening more than ever; it was true that he was not the same as that last time. That had been aimless, fruitless passion; but at present he had an idea. Isabel scented his idea in all her being. "But it doesn't matter!" he exclaimed, pressing her close, though now without touching a hem of her garment. "If Touchett had never opened his mouth, I should have known all the same. I had only to look at you at your cousin's funeral to see what's the matter with you. You can't deceive me any more; for God's

sake be honest with a man who is so honest with you. You are the most unhappy of women, and your husband's a devil!"

She turned on him as if he had struck her. "Are you mad?" she cried.

"I have never been so sane; I see the whole thing. Don't think it's necessary to defend him. But I won't say another word against him; I will speak only of you," Goodwood added, quickly. "How can you pretend you are not heart-broken? You don't know what to do—you don't know where to turn. It's too late to play a part; didn't you leave all that behind you in Rome? Touchett knew all about it—and I knew it too—what it would cost you to come here. It will cost you your life! When I know that, how can I keep myself from wishing to save you? What would you think of me if I should stand still and see you go back to your reward? 'It's awful, what she'll have to pay for it!'—that's what Touchett said to me. I may tell you that, mayn't I? He was such a near relation!" cried Goodwood, making his point again. "I would sooner have been shot than let another man say those things to me; but he was different; he seemed to me to have the right. It was after he got home—when he saw he was dying, and when I saw it too. I understand all about it: you are afraid to go back. You are perfectly alone; you don't know where to turn. Now it is that I want you to think of me."

"To think of you?" Isabel said, standing before him in the dusk. The idea of which she had caught a glimpse a few moments before now loomed large. She threw back her head a little; she stared at it as if it had been a comet in the sky.

"You don't know where to turn; turn to me! I want to persuade you to trust me," Goodwood repeated. And then he paused a moment, with his shining eyes. "Why should you go back—why should you go through that ghastly form?"

"To get away from you!" she answered. But this expressed only a little of what she felt. The rest was that she had never been loved before. It wrapped her about; it lifted her off her feet.

At first, in rejoinder to what she had said, it seemed to her that he would break out into greater violence. But after an instant he was perfectly quiet; he wished to prove that he was sane, that he had reasoned it all out. "I wish to prevent that, and I think I may, if you will only listen to me. It's too monstrous to think of sinking back into that misery. It's you that are out of your mind. Trust me as if I had the care of you. Why shouldn't we be happy—when it's here before us, when it's so easy? I am yours for ever—for ever and ever. Here I stand; I'm as firm as a rock. What have you to care about? You have no children; that perhaps would be an obstacle. As it is, you have nothing to consider. You must save what you can of your life; you mustn't lose it all simply because you have lost a part. It would be an insult to you to assume that you care for the look of the thing—for what people will say—for the bottomless idiocy of the world! We have nothing to do with all that; we are quite out of it; we look at things as they are. You took the great step in coming away; the next is nothing; it's the natural one. I swear, as I stand here that a woman deliberately made to suffer is justified in anything in life—in going down into the streets, if that will help her! I know how you suffer, and that's why I am here. We can do absolutely as we please; to whom under the sun do we owe anything? What is it that holds us—what is it that has the smallest right to interfere in such a question as this? Such a question is between ourselves—and to say that is to settle it! Were we born to rot in our misery—were we born to be afraid? I never knew *you* afraid! If you only trust me, how little you will be disappointed! The world is all before us—and the world

is very large. I know something about that."

Isabel gave a long murmur, like a creature in pain; it was as if he were pressing something that hurt her. "The world is very small," she said, at random; she had an immense desire to appear to resist. She said it at random, to hear herself say something; but it was not what she meant. The world, in truth, had never seemed so large; it seemed to open out, all round her, to take the form of a mighty sea, where she floated in fathomless waters. She had wanted help, and here was help; it had come in a rushing torrent. I know not whether she believed everything that he said; but she believed that to let him take her in his arms would be the next best thing to dying. This belief, for a moment, was a kind of rapture, in which she felt herself sinking and sinking. In the movement she seemed to beat with her feet, in order to catch herself, to feel something to rest on.

"Ah, be mine as I am yours!" she heard her companion cry. He had suddenly given up argument, and his voice seemed to come through a confusion of sound.

This however, of course, was but a subjective fact, as the metaphysicians say; the confusion, the noise of waters, and all the rest of it, were in her own head. In an instant she became aware of this. "Do me the greatest kindness of all," she said. "I beseech you to go away!"

"Ah, don't say that. Don't kill me!" he cried.

She clasped her hands; her eyes were streaming with tears.

"As you love me, as you pity me, leave me alone!"

He glared at her a moment through the dusk, and the next instant she felt his arms about her, and his lips on her own lips. His kiss was like a flash of lightning; when it was dark again she was free. She never looked about her; she only darted away from the spot. There were lights in the windows of

the house; they shone far across the lawn. In an extraordinarily short time—for the distance was considerable—she had moved through the darkness (for she saw nothing) and reached the door. Here only she paused. She looked all about her; she listened a little; then she put her hand on the latch. She had not known where to turn; but she knew now. There was a very straight path.

Two days afterwards, Caspar Goodwood knocked at the door of the house in Wimpole Street in which Henrietta Stackpole occupied furnished lodgings. He had hardly removed his hand from the knocker when the door was opened, and Miss Stackpole herself stood before him. She had on her bonnet and jacket; she was on the point of going out.

"Oh, good morning," he said. "I was in hope I should find Mrs. Osmond."

Henrietta kept him waiting a moment for her reply; but there was a good deal of expression about Miss Stackpole even when she was silent.

"Pray what led you to suppose she was here?"

"I went down to Gardencourt this morning, and the servant told me she had come to London. He believed she was to come to you."

Again Miss Stackpole held him—with an intention of perfect kindness—in suspense. ♦

"She came here yesterday, and spent the night. But this morning she started for Rome."

Caspar Goodwood was not looking at her; his eyes were fastened on the doorstep.

"Oh, she started—" he stammered. And without finishing his phrase, or looking up, he turned away.

Henrietta had come out, closing the door behind her, and now she put out her hand and grasped his arm.

"Look here, Mr. Goodwood," she said; "just you wait!"

On which he looked up at her.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

PHRA-BAT.

SOUL, spirit, vital principle, or by whatever other name it may be called, there is in whatever lives a something, real though unexplained, which determines its life, growth, and duration; a something, itself a part, yet having action on the whole, and without which the rest is nothing but decay more or less speedy, and dissolution. Nations too, like other organisations, have each its own vital principle, in virtue of which they grow and live, and on which they proportion and shape themselves; while its loss implies the similar loss at no distant period of the national type and vigour, followed by the resolution of the whole into an incoherent mass of selfish individualities, and ultimate obliteration. This is nothing else than the idea, the system, the master-thought, connatural or adopted, with which the nation has identified itself, and in which it has found the principle of its life and growth, the secret of its strength, the augury of its future. This too it is that men love to embody in some national watchword, some name, usage, or symbol, and often enshrine in some special site, some peculiar sanctuary chosen out and consecrated to its honour. Very generally, though not always, the spot thus selected is linked one way or other with the individual memory of some hero or demi-god, some protective power, identified with personal act or life. Rome indeed, universal in the forecast as in the realisation of her greatness, limited the mystery of her tutelary Capitol by no recognised name, or veiled it by the vague but high-sounding title of the Father of gods and men; but the Acropolis of Athens, the city of self-government and intellect, was consecrated to Minerva; the Ka'abeh of the Arabs, when the Arabs first knew

themselves a nation, to the memory of Abraham; Incarnate Wisdom lent its name to the Byzantine Palladium in the capital where the Son of God first received, and may yet again receive, imperial worship; France, while yet the France that claimed to herself the vanguard of Christian Europe, revered the sainted royalty of St. Denis; Spanish gloom imagined a patron and type in the ascetic St. James and the cave of Compostella; Bulgarian hardihood still affects the mountain hermitage of Rilo; sociable Russia bows before the hundred shrines of holy Moscow. The list might easily be drawn out to ten times the length; for the name is not more intimately connected with the individual, nor the device with the flag, than are the sanctuary and the patron, most often both, but at all events one or other of them, with the nationality. For they are the abridgment of its meaning, the symbol and token of its life; and the nation that has not these, however abundant in mechanical inventions, and the grosser forms of ungraceful wealth, is a mere association of ignoble aims and deeds, a banded rabble of vulgar enterprise and selfish adventures, nothing more.

It is not indeed generally till the growing nation has definitely emerged from that early and half-formed condition in which, like the human infant, it "has never thought that 'this is I,'" has arrived at self-consciousness, and the knowledge of its own strength and purport, that the selection of patron or sanctuary is made; and hence we find their appearance coincident most often with the opening cycle of the national greatness itself. Some successful leader, some orator-saint, some chieftainship of hand or mind, some victory won, some glorious

vision presenting to beholders the idea of the time—one or more of these combined gives the occasion of the national choice, and in so doing indicates the centre round which whatever is great and noble in the race rapidly gathers itself, till it becomes the very heart and core of the living nation. So it was, and so we read in the annals of the old Jewish kingdom, of the Arabian empire, of the Byzantine dominion; so it was with Athens, so with Bulgaria, so, in a word, with all the instances already cited, or that might have been as readily cited, Rome the Eternal alone excepted; her Capitol was equi-æval with her birth. But in this, as in almost everything else, she has no like or second. And thus it was that when the tribe of Thai, in its southward movement from Yunnan down the great Meinam valley, after long years of uncertain rule, wars that were mere forays, and all the capricious fluctuations of a clannish and semi-barbarous existence, had consolidated and shaped itself into the ruling race and hereditary dynasty of Siam, then, not till then, was the revelation made that consecrated Phra-Bat as the symbol and embodiment of the national ideal, of Buddha and the world-famous system that bears his name.

The half-dozen Siamese scholars, if so many there be, in England, will at once recognise in the compound word Phra-Bat, the nature and the character of the symbol it denotes. "Phra," or "lord," is a title of honour wide in its application as our own "lord," but chiefly applied by custom to holy things or persons, as monks, priests, and the like. Neither in itself, nor in composition, does it ordinarily indicate anything, in the full sense of the word, divine; when prefixed to the name of Buddha or religious objects, it might be suitably rendered by "venerable" or—only the precise idea we connect with the word is scarcely Siamese—"holy." "Bat" is "foot," or "foot-step," but in this particular case means "foot-print." If accordingly we divest the phrase,

as we ought, from all notion of implied divinity, "The foot-print of the Lord" will be its plain and correct rendering. In popular use the name of "Phra-Bat" is now extended to the mountain, nay, to the entire range, on which the foot-print in question is found.

The foot-print symbol is, from whatever cause, a favourite one in Buddhist lands, though by no means peculiar to them or to the religion they have adopted, since Christianity and Mohammedanism alike claim veneration for the foot-marks of their respective founders at Jerusalem, Damascus, and Rome; while like memorials of less celebrated and less authentic personages are pointed out by local tradition in many other regions. Various, too, and fanciful are the explanations of the token assigned by writers of different schools; some seeking to derive the symbol and the honour paid to it from I know not what utilitarian consideration ascribed to that rather apocryphal personage, præ-historic man; others calling in to aid the yet more apocryphal craft of imaginary priests and kings, and the ready credulity of nations submitting to deliberate imposture for the benefit of a ruling caste. But all special hypothesis apart, the idea that the great and powerful benefactor, hero, or saint, or demi-god, might, when quitting some spot of predilection, some favoured haunt, or perhaps the world altogether, have left behind him in this manner a token of the sensible presence he was even then about to withdraw from men, is a very natural one, nor least so when, as happens to nations in the heyday of their prime, imagination and poetry are at their liveliest and best. At such a time, the boyhood or youth of a people, fancy, no longer childish and incoherent in her imagery, sketches out with a firmer hand than heretofore the outlines of her best efforts, and plants the pedestal on which may be reared a statue to endure for ages. Like their near cousins of Japan, the Siamese, though

wanting in the high poetical strain which distinguishes—my readers will allow me the use of a convenient if not over accurate nomenclature—the Aryan and Semitic races, are yet more fancy-gifted than the majority of the great Mongolian family to which they belong; more so indeed than their cousins, the cleverer but more prosaic Chinese, or perhaps than any other inhabitants of Central and Eastern Asia. Nor need we grudge them the moderate amount of imaginative faculty requisite for the shaping out the foot-print of their patron saint; though we may not unreasonably envy them the steadfastness of purpose that has so long kept them, and still keeps them, faithful to its honour.

History, if Fergusson's assertion be correct, has never risen with any Turanian people above the level of annals, and those in general of the most meagre and unsatisfactory character. To this rule Siamese records make no exception. Where, however, the marvellous is concerned, the narrative is apt to become suddenly copious in an unwonted degree; though possibly without a proportionate increase of accuracy in detail. Omitting accordingly much that is childish and irrelevant, the tale of the discovery of Phra-Bat runs as follows. It was in the year A.D. 1606, during the reign of Phra-Chao-Song-Tam, one of the earlier kings of that powerful dynasty which extended Siamese dominion over the Malay peninsula to the south, and the Laos provinces to the north, and laid Cambodia prostrate never more to rise, that a simple huntsman, by name Phran Bun, while following the chase among the dense woodlands a few leagues south-east of the then Siamese capital, Loph-buri, discovered on a lonely rock—fit station for a meditative anchorite—a mark of unusual form, the impress it seemed of a human, though gigantic foot. Now the forest region where this discovery was made belonged to the province of which Sala-buri, a town on the eastern

branch of the Meinam, was capital; and thither the fortunate huntsman repaired to report the wonder. The governor of Sali-buri immediately referred the matter, as one of high import, to the king. Now the monarch had passed many years of his early life in a monastery, where he had attained great proficiency in sacred lore, and was consequently well aware not only what the print of Buddha's foot should resemble, but also that such a foot-print certainly existed, though hitherto unrevealed in Siam. Eager to verify his expectations, he set out at once to visit the forest and revelation, with the huntsman for guide, and a whole company of learned monks, skilled in traditional symbolism, and thoroughly qualified to pronounce authoritatively on the genuineness of the prodigy, in his train.

To such a quest there could be only one result. King, priests, huntsman, and all besides, recognised in the rock-print before them the correct likeness of the hundred and eight well-known symbols supernaturally engraven on the sole of the master's foot, and revered the sacred "Chakr" or wheel, great Buddha's own mark and proper token. A temporary shrine was at once erected on the spot, and four years later a gorgeous pavilion or "Maha-Dop," with all the adjuncts of Siamese worship had been completed and consecrated, with seven days of high festivity to the yearly recurring pilgrimage.

Succeeding kings amplified and adorned the shrine, till the treasures it contained attracted in 1766 a band of robbers, who, availing themselves of the general confusion prevailing throughout the land after the successful Burmese invasion of that epoch, and the downfall of Ayuthia and of the Siamese monarchy together, stormed the place, slew the priests, stripped the sacred footprint of the gold with which it had been thickly plated, and plundered the burnt temple.

A temporary shed was a few years later erected over the desecrated relic by order of the brave, but unfortunate Chao-Tak-Sin, the expeller of the Burmese from Siam. His own untimely death prevented however the complete restoration of the shrine during his reign; but his successor, Phra-Putta-Yot-Fa, the founder of the present dynasty, took up the work in 1787, and constructed the "Maha-Dop" that now covers the footprint; while following kings, down to the ruler of Siam, have each in turn visited, and by their pious liberality contributed, to the adornment of the place.

The period for the yearly pilgrimage of Siamese votaries to the national shrine is on or about the full moon of the third month, a lunation corresponding more or less to our own February; just as the cool, dry weather of December and January is beginning to yield to the approach of the hot season, which here attains its height in April. Fortunately for travellers in a country where anything that could by the utmost stretch of courtesy be termed a road is a rare luxury, the sacred spot can be approached from the direction of the capital by water within fourteen or fifteen miles—thanks to one of the many river-branches of the great Meinam system, that intersect in all directions the low-lying delta of Siam. The plain, evidently sea-bed at no very remote geological epoch, slopes down in a gentle, uniform, and almost imperceptible decline from the foot of the inland mountain chains on the north, to the mangrove swamps of the mosquito-haunted coast, that advances southward year by year on the retreating sea. The general level is monotonous as that of the Nile delta itself; but here and there dark limestone rocks, belonging—I speak under correction—to the Permian formation, start abrupt and precipitous from the plain; islands of an earlier date, and except in being surrounded by earth instead of water, resembling in every respect those which yet stud the shal-

low surface of the upper Gulf of Siam. Sometimes these rocks cluster in groups of several miles in extent; their summits are weather-worn into fantastic peaks and pinnacles; their sides formed by buttresses of detached blocks piled up against the precipices whence they have fallen, or hollowed out by deep crevasses and winding caverns often penetrating far into the central mass. Trees and shrubs of every tropical species, among which the bright green foliage of the sacred "Bo" tree, the "Pipul" of India, is conspicuous, find root, thanks to plentiful heat and moisture, in the clefts of the rock; the topmost pinnacles generally stand out bare and black under the blazing sun. All around is dense jungle, dwarf bamboo, thorny shrubs, and here and there a lofty tree of præ-Raphaelitic slenderness and grace, not ill-suited to the hill outlines which much resemble those we see in the backgrounds of the works of early Italian painters. Amongst this wilderness at wide spaces of interval a patch of land has been occasionally cleared for rice-fields or garden ground, fringed by the russet-coloured thatch-roofs of peasant huts.

The Phra-Bat group of hills, one of those just described, rises at a distance of twenty miles or thereabouts from the mountain ranges of Loph-buri, the northern limit of the Meinam delta, and as far or a little more from the range of Korat, here the easterly limit of the plain. The highest peaks do not, I think, exceed twelve hundred feet, though their capricious abruptness gives them a delusive appearance of much more. Just where the westernmost spur of the rocky ridge starts from the level, the forest has been cleared away to some distance; and the pilgrim of Phra-Bat, who up to the moment of his actual arrival at the mountain foot has scarcely been able to obtain through the dense foliage around his pathway so much as a glimpse of the wished-for goal, now suddenly finds himself in presence of the shrine.

The nearest object, however, that presents itself to the visitor on arrival is a large straggling palace, brick-built and plastered, but with no pretensions whatever to beauty of construction, surrounded by a wide extent of very dilapidated garden wall; the whole the work of the late king, an excellent monarch, but whom the gods had certainly not made architectural, as too many ugly edifices remain to testify. Here the king himself, and, by his permission, the great of the land find lodging when visiting the sacred spot; at other times the structure remains empty, uncared for, and even in part ruinous; it being too much the Siamese custom, like the Turkish, to build much, but little or never to repair. Two other big brick and plaster houses, in even worse condition than the palace, stand or fall further on; they have been erected as resting-places for the principal Siamese state officials when on a visit to Phra-Bat. Nearer the rock itself, but still on the plain, several long wooden dwellings, raised to some height above the ground on piers, give shelter to priests, whether resident or pilgrim; the muster-roll of the former, as I was told, shows about two hundred in all; but there are rarely more than thirty of them here present at a time; the name of the latter during the pilgrim season is legion. Close by are the two buildings of the kind called in Siamese "Bawt," a word that may be indifferently rendered by "temple" or "church;" their form outside is something between that of an ordinary chapel and a barn, with a high-pitched tiled roof, or rather roofs, two or even three stages being often reared one above another; while at each end a gable, thickly charged with carved or plaster ornaments, and richly gilt and coloured, surmounts the two doors which, in all genuine Siamese places of worship, constitute the entrance. Within, a large, sometimes gigantic, statue of Buddha, seated on a lotus throne, and commonly surrounded by a whole crowd of smaller Buddhas,

the offerings of individual piety, constitutes the most notable object; the walls are sometimes painted with scenes, not rarely grotesque enough, from the very mythological story of the holy man's career; occasionally the torments of the infernal region, depicted in a minuteness of physical detail that Dante might have envied, terrify or amuse sinners; not seldom the interior is merely whitewashed or bare. A raised platform for the preacher, who delivers his sermons sitting, is generally placed on one side, a little in front of the altar. This class of building comprises what Europeans commonly but inaccurately term "Wats;" the Siamese word "Wat" denoting in fact the entire sacred enclosure, often very extensive, and containing many other objects besides the temple itself. In connection with the two "Bawts" just mentioned are several "Senlas," or lecture-rooms, large open sheds, with each, a highly ornamented throne for the orator; "Vihans," or resting-places for pilgrim priests; "Salas," or lodging-houses, totally unfurnished, of course, for laymen; and two or three "Phrachedis," constructions of which more hereafter. The rest of the cleared space is, at this epoch of the year, close covered by an extemporised market, made up of long rows of bamboo-sheds, hastily run up at need with a few mats for shade. Here eatables of all kinds, Siamese kinds, mostly of a sweetly insipid taste that is to say, may be had at small price; alongside of sundry other articles of travelling requirements, such as pots, pans, cloths, rope, and the like; doves too, which the Siamese much affect as house-pets; and fighting-cocks; the last scarce less prized here for popular amusement than in the Philippines, though steel spurs are not in use as in the "Eastern Isles," and the achievements of the feathered combatants are in consequence comparatively bloodless. Everywhere groups of pilgrims, whole families, often babies included, sit camped under the trees

or close nestling against the shadowy side of some rest-house; the priests, who make up a fair third of the crowd, are not seldom provided with large white or yellow-fringed umbrellas; these they set up tent-wise in the ground, several of them side by side, till the effect produced at a little distance is that of a gigantic crop of mushrooms, sprung up somehow among the bushes. At the time of our visit it wants yet ten days to the full moon appointed for the festival; but the entire neighbourhood, plain and hillside, is already crowded with pilgrims, men of every rank from the governor of a province with his numerous retinue of attendants down to the poorest day-labourer, with his wife and half-a-dozen naked children; a lively, but not disorderly scene, thanks to the total, or almost total, absence of drunkenness and its consequent vices, which, though only too largely naturalised by foreign importation at Bangkok, have as yet spread little beyond the capital and the immediate sea-coast.

From the ground level a flight of granite steps imbedded in the limestone rock leads up, after some windings, to a small ledge or plateau in the hill side, where, under the shade of the lofty "Bo" trees that spread their green canopy far aloft, Buddha, had he ever visited Siam—which it is absolutely certain he never did—might well have sat or stood in meditation. Here, at all events, is the sacred foot-print. The building that now shelters it, called the "Maha-Dop," or "great," *i.e.* "august dome," is of comparatively recent date; having been, as we have already seen, constructed by order of the King Phra-Putta-Yot-Fa, founder of the present dynasty, in the year, 1787, only ninety-four years since. The older building, of the same date as the discovery of the foot-print itself, was utterly destroyed, so runs the chronicle, by the band of Chinese freebooters, four hundred in number, of whom mention was made above in the summary of the fortunes of

Phra-Bat. The edifice now before us is square, about thirty feet in dimension each way, without comprising the outer colonnade; but the pointed roof and spire above give it a total height of near a hundred feet. Round the walls outside, and supporting the wide-projecting roof runs a portico of square-shafted pillars, fluted, and with lotus capitals; and outside these again and the basement on which they stand, is an open space, fifteen or sixteen feet wide, flagged with coloured marble, and bordered by a highly-polished granite balustrade that overhangs the native rock. This balustrade is curiously carved in fantastic open work, where the Chinese dragon finds frequent place; for stone and workmanship are alike from China, as are also the glistening marbles of the pavement and of the steps that lead up to the level of the colonnade and to the temple gates. These are four in number, two on the north side and two on the South, tall narrow entrances with an inward slope from threshold to lintel; and are provided with heavy folding-doors of solid teak, lacquered black, and inlaid with exquisite flower designs in mother-of-pearl. The columns of the outer portico are richly gilt, and their shallow flutings deepened by lines of red and blue; the outer wall of the temple is entirely covered by a gilt diaper of innumerable contemplative little Buddhas, each attended by an angel—or what is meant for one, half-bird, half-woman—in a respectful attitude, on a ground of bright red. Round the windows which admit the light from the east and west, oblong apertures with the same Egyptian-like slope as the doors, run raised border mouldings of flowers, all gilt, as are also the deep ogive niches that surmount them, though patches of dark blue are skilfully inserted here and there to increase the effect, for the sense of colour and its application is not less developed among the Siamese than among the Chinese themselves. The roof, pyramidical in its general outline, is encircled tier

above tier with seven crown-like bands of gilded pinnacles, glittering like little flames against the duller hues, red, yellow, green, and blue of the upward slope, which after rising thus for about thirty feet from the caves, tapers into a graceful spire, at first four-sided, but with deep retreating angles, that give it an almost octangular effect, the whole being painted in bright vertical stripes of colour, thrice bound together like a bundle of reed-stalks by horizontal bands of gold and purple. Higher up yet the spire moulds itself into a succession of nine lessening rings, one above the other; then changes into a slender gilded shaft, surmounted by seven lotus-flowers, and above these again seven golden coronets of open work, till the highest and smallest is surmounted by a gilded spike or lance-head, at a hundred feet or thereabouts from the ground. An exquisite structure, and of a type, I believe, peculiar to Siam; while the body of the main building itself, with its high narrow portals, and pier-like columns surmounted by lotus-shaped capitals, bears a somewhat Egyptian character, though less marked here than in many of the colossal buildings and giant statues so frequent throughout Siam.

Whether a resemblance amounting almost to a community of art betokens also a community of ethnical origin, or whether it be merely a result of similar local conditions, and an example, nor at all a solitary one, of the efficacy of such conditions in moulding men to mutual likeness, is a matter for research, and hard to decide. But thus much is certain, that the similarity between Egypt and Siam is by no means a merely superficial one, nor confined to the uses of form and colour in either land; and that the two great river tracts of the Nile and the Meinam resemble each other in the type and character of their inhabitants, their customs, their institutions, their arts, their dispositions, their religions even, more than the mere analogies of land, water, and climate would seem

sufficiently to account for. It would be easy, were this the occasion for it, to indicate the parallelism in every one of these, and to show how Siam is in many and important respects a very Egypt, only with the base of its delta turned to the south instead of the north, and the entire country brought some fifteen degrees nearer the Equator—an Egypt however as yet, for its better luck, without a foreign loan, as also without the results, good or bad, of serious foreign interference. A people, too, less laborious and less intelligent than the hard-worked servants of the Egyptian taskmaster, Pharaoh, Khedive, or Oppenheim; but on the other hand with the advantage—an inestimable one in the East—of never having been cramped and stunted by the worse than Procrustean mould of the Islamitic system, so surely fatal to the growth and development of a people, whatever its native energy. Happier in these regards, Siam is, after its fashion, a kind of præ-Mohammedan, nay, indeed, præ-Ptolemaic Egypt; an indirect survival of the ages when Denderah and Philæ were yet unbuilt, and liker to the ruled and the rulers of Thebes or Memphis than to those of Hellenised Alexandria or Islamitic Cairo. But in nothing is the similarity more evident—and let this be enough for our present purpose—than in the architecture of the two kingdoms. The same massive tree-like columns, close placed to supply the deficiency of arch or vault, the same lotus-petaled capitals, the same slope of the high portals, and not unfrequently of the windows, the same frequency of the obelisk-monument, distinct from, yet adjoining, the temple or the palace, the same just use and appreciation of size as an essential constituent of constructive excellence—such is the type dominant and repeated everywhere, at Bangkok, at Ayuthia, at Loph-buri, at Nakon-sawan, all throughout the land. Pity that the inferiority of building materials, and the almost universal employment of brick, and

that too often ill baked and crumbly, should have rendered the greater part of the monuments of Siam at once less shapely and less enduring than those of Egypt.

Nor is it in architecture only, but in imagery, sculptured or painted, that the same resemblance may be observed. The free use of colour as an auxiliary or supplement of constructional detail, to deepen shadow or to bring out relief, was, by the not doubtful evidence of what ages have spared, practised in the audience halls of Thebes and the temples of Luxor, exactly as it now is in the "Maha-Prasat" of Bangkok, and the sanctuaries of "Wat Po"; while the outlines and attitudes of the portraitures that adorn, or are intended to adorn, the walls of the Siamese shrines, might, where free from the too prevalent taint of Hindoo mythological extravagance, be readily imagined the work of Egyptian artists. But most of all the huge statues of Buddha, seated or reclining, the former often measuring sixty or seventy feet in height, the latter, extended over a hundred and twenty or thirty feet in length, yet comely and well-proportioned, though made of brickwork only, fashioned over with plaster, claim near kindred with Memnon and Rameses, and even reproduce in posture and expression the same fulness of repose and calm dignity, not without a hint of quiet scorn, that stamps the caste of their giant brethren adown the Nile valley. Indeed in Siam these features of sculpture and architecture are all the more marked by the abrupt contrast offered in the grotesque figures and fantastic ornamentations of Chinese workmanship mixed up capriciously among these very temples and statues, and representing a wholly different phase of Turanian art and mind; one which, more than any other influence from without, has penetrated, though not assimilated, Siam.

But it is time that we return to Phra-Bat, and having surveyed the outside, let us now enter the building.

The floor from wall to wall is covered by a mat of silver, plaited in thin slips, the offering of the piety of the late king; a monarch said to have entertained strange theories in matter of dogma, but who, happily for himself and his people, abstained from entering on the dangerous path of religious reform, and steadily upheld in practice the traditional forms and usages of Siamese Buddhism. The walls of the shrine are painted inside of a light red, with a gilded pattern resembling that on the outside, and are further decorated by some highly varnished Chinese pictures, devotional gifts, but of no particular significance that I could discover. The ceiling, which rises into a lofty cone, is a complicated stagework of carving and gilding; but its details are lost in the insufficient light afforded by the side windows of the shrine. Towards the south wall of the building a low daïs, gilded and lotus-bordered, supports a sitting figure of the anchoret-king; small pastilles of sandal-wood, candles of a very ordinary description, and dim lamps of cocoa-nut oil burn ceaselessly before it, amid heaps of fresh flowers renewed hourly, and a heterogeneous collection of offerings denoting more devotion than good taste.

But these are mere accessories. Under the centre of the cupola is the sacred object of pilgrimage and shrine alike, the supposed impress of the holy foot. I trust that my Siamese readers, should I have any, will not quarrel with me for the epithet "supposed," when I subjoin that the cavity which does duty for foot-print is nearly five feet in length by two in breadth, and it bears no resemblance whatever to the mark of a human foot, not even in the proportions of its shape, unless it be that the end which does duty for heel, is rather narrower than the other, and that some well-intentioned but unskilful chisel has indicated at the larger end some scratches typical it seems of toe-marks, all equal in length, as indeed tradition affirms were in life

the toes of the holy man, but the one on the left rather broader than the rest—the great toe, no doubt. According to these indications the impress is that of the right foot, and was made by a person who stood facing the north. Of the hundred and eight distinctive marks to which the footprint, as we are told, owed its first recognition, and even of the central and most significant “Chakr” or wheel, not a trace remains ; they disappeared, it is said, when the shrine was plundered and burnt in 1766 ; an unsatisfactory explanation. The depth of the hollow in the rock surface is about ten inches ; but all round it a raised border, brickwork I think, but very thickly gilt, and decorated with the likeness of a lotus-flower garland, protects the miraculous impress, which is further guarded by an iron grating, though this last during the pilgrimage season is removed.

Arrived at the goal of his journey, the Siamese pilgrim, layman or priest, sits down on the silver-matted floor beside the sacred symbol, and after raising his joined hands and bowing his head thrice or more often in pious veneration, remains a while in his place, reciting in a low voice some devout Pali formula, and meditating on the excellences of him who, for a third part—so statisticians affirm—of the human race represents the highest perfection to which man can attain ; the great monarch who having weighed rank, birth, power, riches, pleasure, all that men desire, in the balance of reason, found all light as vanity, and abandoned all to find in abnegation that which satiety could not give, and to open by renouncement the unerring path from changeful death to changeless life—changeless and eternal ; for such indeed is, when rightly understood, the true significance of Buddha’s “Nirvana,” however obscured by the over-subtlety of Asiatic metaphysics or misapprehended by the grosser minds of European scholars, French, English, or German, some prejudiced, but all unable to distin-

guish through the dense atmosphere of Western materialism and selfish individuality the clear colourless ray of truth, visible only to the unclouded eye of a pure heart. Yet the teaching was not in substance new, nor taught by Buddha only, nor learnt in his school alone ; nor have there ever wanted since man was man witnesses to the one supreme truth, the solution of the enigma, the answer to the sphinx of existence, that in the annihilation of the individual self is the perfection of being, the consummation of love, life absolute and eternal. Known to the great Teacher of Galilee, known, so their memorials assure us, to the disciples of the word of His power, Semite or Gentile, to the ascetics of Egypt, to the anchorets of Calabria, to the mystics of Damascus and Cufa, to the love-bard of Cairo ; known too to Gerson, to Lallement, to Surin and their following, but known as the one pearl of great price for which the all that is bartered is as nothing ; the absolute, changeless, boundless, living love, in exchange for the narrownesses, the limitations, the mutabilities of self and death. This goal Buddha saw, to this he pointed, towards this he endeavoured, nor wholly without success, to trace out the path by which those who walk, though at the outset with yet unpurged eyesight, might arrive in time, first to the vision, then at last to the attainment of the true life. That every act, good or evil, has its reward proportioned accordingly without fail or flaw, that the evil done in time must be compensated and cancelled in time ; that the good must ultimately clear off and thrust out the evil, till through long-continued succession of change, in which each phase is determined by and evolved from the preceding, evil and self-love ; then lastly the self-consciousness which is the root and element of all evil, be gradually abolished and effaced, till existence reach the perfect, the absolute good, where self and individuality are no more. Such were the main lines of his track ; and along these he

placed the lesser and imperfect, but needful waymarks of special precept and observance by which the many might guide themselves in the right direction, though yet far from, nor even conscious of, the ultimate term. Few indeed—and how could it be otherwise?—are they among the millions who profess the observance of the Five Precepts, who hold in view, or even consciously tend towards, the Nirvana of Buddha. But fewer still, those at least among the average Siamese, who do not cling with tolerable persistence to the prescribed rites and observances of the Buddhist code, or lose from sight the theory, and even in the main, the practice of the pathway of merit, or forget the certainty of its consequence and effect beyond the phase called death, through long succeeding ages of happiness or grief, according to the works done and the merits or demerits acquired day by day. And hence to define the Buddhist system as mere pessimistic positivism, or atheistic materialism, and Buddha himself as a teacher of hopeless annihilation, is sheer misrepresentation and calumny; nor indeed is it historically possible that by such preachments he or any one else could ever have earned the gratitude and secured the devoted adherence of countless multitudes and long succeeding generations.

Not death, but life, “more life and fuller,” that is what men, Asiatics no less than Europeans, want! with this deep longing, this inextinguished desire, divergences of race, Aryan or Turanian, and differences of climate, tropical or temperate, have nothing to do; and if the Siamese are of opinion that Buddha taught them the best and securest way to this, who shall blame them for their veneration of his memory, and of the symbols which betoken his actual presence among men?

When the short prayer or meditation is over, a few flowers, should the worshipper have them ready to hand, are offered, and a pastille or two lighted and left to burn; after which

devotional acts our pilgrim is free to apply himself to the business most grateful to the genuine Siamese, body and mind, that, namely, of looking about him and doing nothing in particular. For occupations like these the place is admirably suited; the moist warmth of the forest air, the clear, pale, blue sky, the bright sunlight on rock and tree; the gay holiday groups of men and women, with flowers white and yellow in their black hair; the orange-coloured robes of the priests sprinkled frequent among the half-naked lay pilgrims, relieving the ruddy brown, else the prevailing tone of a Siamese crowd; while gold, at least gilding, marble, and purple,—the three constituents of classic splendour, the triple ideal of Théophile Gautier and Imperial Rome,—make up the foreground in a scene where men, women, children, dress, flowers, leaves, sky, sunshine, all unite in one bright smile, and harmonise in one festival of colour, form, and light. Nor is sound wanting; for close at the entrance door of the shrine, between the portico and the outer balustrade, a band of musicians, provided by the liberality of some wealthier pilgrims, have taken place, thirty performers or more, on the polished pavement, and, seated there among a delighted crowd, keep up on their various instruments, some harmonious enough, an untiring succession of tunes, or rather of notes, by no means devoid of melody, accompanied from time to time by the voice of some trained singer; the whole producing a pleasant, and, above all, a very cheerful effect. Of all Asiatic music the Siamese is generally held the best—a moderate praise, as those who have attended Persian, Arabian, Hindoo, or Malay, not to say Chinese performances, will testify. However, in the opinion of the pilgrim audience the Phra-Bat concert is evidently perfection itself; and does undoubtedly, especially when heard at a moderate distance in the open air, chime in with, and in a manner complete the holiday

character of the scene. But whether listening to the music or otherwise intent, the multitude of worshippers without the temple and within are manifestly of the mind that religion and pleasure, merriment and devotion, are not only by no means incompatible terms, but are rather closely connected with and auxiliary to each other. Here all is ornament and glitter, mirth, music, and laughter, nothing solemn, nothing mysterious, nothing awful, no "dim religious light," no sacred gloom, no fear-inspiring rites. The bloody sacrifices of Greece and Rome, the monster-peopled twilight of Hindoo worship, the melancholy symbols of pain and death so frequent in Catholic sanctuaries, the dull, weary decorum of a Protestant church—none of these have place in Phra-Bat, where, on the contrary, all combines to announce that religion is something joyful, something belonging to the bright side of life, and to be approached accordingly. Right or wrong, it is anyhow a pleasant view of things, and one that so far does credit to the good sense of those who take it. And even were Buddhism the pessimist theory that some have, though erroneously, imagined it to be, it is unquestionably optimism in practice.

Besides the actual foot-print, or, to speak more closely in accordance with general belief, the rock-cavity which betokens it, there is yet within the "Maha-Dop" another object intimately connected with the peculiar purport of the shrine. This is a gilt plate of copper, in dimensions corresponding exactly with the miraculous hollow itself, but bearing in relief facsimiles of the various symbols said to have been originally impressed on the stone; and of which a minute description is given in Mr. H. Alabaster's *Modern Buddhist*, a work published ten years ago. According to this author, the number, and for the most part the character, of the emblems tally with those found in the reputed foot-marks of Buddhist Burmah and Ceylon. In the Phra-Bat itself some

of the mystic types are essentially Siamese or, I rather think, Cambodian; but far the greater part have reference to the complicated absurdities of Hindoo mythology, those incrustations of later Buddhism, and as such scarcely merit notice here. Nor do the Siamese themselves, for aught I could discover, attach much importance to any of the hundred and eight grotesques, the sacred wheel or "Chakr" alone excepted. The gilt plate itself is placed leaning against the inner wall, opposite the foot-print, and is for the pilgrims an object of some curiosity, but of no veneration.

Like copies of the Phra-Bat, with its array of emblems, some in stone, some in plaster, gilt or plain, are to be met with in many other temples throughout Siam; these are often the objects of supplementary pilgrimages, made at the same time of year as that to the original. A few of these are, curiously enough, surrounded by four distinct outlines, each three or four inches wider and longer than the other, neatly traced out on the indented surface. The most remarkable of the kind that it has been my luck to visit was at Pamok, a place of some note in Siamese annals, not far from the ancient capital, Khrung-Khao, or Ayuthia; and here an old and learned monk informed me that the quintuple engraving referred to five different appearances of Buddha, in each of which the stature of the holy man was proportioned to one or other of these gigantic foot-marks, a tradition of which no other record appears to exist. The only Siamese image of Buddha himself, said to be an exact likeness of the saint, and indeed to be of supernatural make, is a standing figure about fourteen feet high; the two feet are planted firmly close together on the ground; the left hand hangs down open by the side; the right is raised as though in admonition or benediction, and bears a small "Chakr" or circle, surrounded by a lotus border, displayed on the palm.

This statue—a plaster one—occupies a very pretty temple on the wooded rocks of Ta-ra-mamoun, a long way north up the great Meinam river; it was held in great esteem by the late king, and is still much resorted to by pilgrims. Ancient it certainly is not, nor has it any claim in beauty of form or feature, let alone size, to be a correct likeness of one whom all annalists agree in describing as exceptionally handsome. But it is remarkable that of all monumental statues of Buddha throughout Siam this alone is in a standing attitude, the rest are seated or reclining; and of these two postures Chinese devotion affects by preference the former, Siamese, characteristically enough, the latter.

Without the “Maha-Dop,” but on the same level and close beside it, are two handsome “Phra-chedis,” or, as Fergusson would style them, topes; broad-based cones, surrounded by deep mouldings, and tapering upwards into spires, often of great height. The lower stages of the “Phra-chedi” are not unfrequently square; the central part has a bell-like form; the building itself is invariably solid. A relic, a small image of some costly material, or some like object, is said to be commonly concealed in the centre of the mass, but is honoured by no particular reverence distinct from that allowed to the “Phra-chedi” itself. Hardly any temple in Siam but has one or more of these pyramid spires in attendance on it, and often out-topping it greatly; that, for instance, reared not many years since amid the marshlands of Phra-pathom, east of Bangkok falls little short of four hundred feet in height from base to gilded summit, but the design is unfortunately not worthy of the giant proportions of the edifice, and the general effect clumsy and poor. Another frequent, and by no means ungraceful, adjunct of a Buddhist temple is the “Phra-prang.” Its significance is much the same as that of the “Phra-chedi,” but the form is that of a

stout obelisk, deeply fluted, and brought by a succession of re-entering angles from a square into an octangular shape; intricate mouldings divide it into stages gradually diminishing as they ascend, till all the lines of building are gathered together into a point at top. Like the “Phra-chedi,” the “Phra-prang” is solid; but four steep flights of steps often lead up the sides for about one-third of the height, where each gives access to a small Buddha-tenanted shrine hollowed out in the body of the pile. On no form of sacred building do the Siamese lavish more architectural and decorative ornament, and in none is the general result more thoroughly satisfactory—thanks to the skilful combination of vertical and horizontal lines, which give the fullest possible effect to height and size, while affording in their intersections fair scope for any amount of ornamental detail to complete without complicating or overloading the outline. A good specimen of this sort of monument is the “Phra-prang,” known as that of “Wat Chang” at Bangkok, which, though not two hundred feet high, looks not only infinitely grander, but even loftier than the ungainly edifice of Phra-pathom. Both kinds of building, the one holding the place of the Egyptian pyramid, the other of the obelisk, here however on the small scale befitting the broken character of the scenery around them, cluster round the “Maha-Dop” of Phra-Bat, and show their slender and well-proportioned outlines through the green shades of bamboo, palm, and forest-tree, like white specks jotted at random all over the sides of the hill and up to its very summit; whither the pilgrim ascends for the greater part of the distance by a stone causeway, solidly and skilfully constructed amid the wild confusion of rock and boulder, but now neglected and in many places broken down. Tradition ascribes—but I doubt with what correctness—the construction of this work to Phya

Vichaien, the notorious Constantine Falcon, a Greek renegade, who, from the rank of a common sailor, rose, by sheer cleverness and audacity, two centuries since, to be prime minister of Siam; and about whose history both French and Siamese legends have clustered thickly, crediting him, like the Solomon of the East and the Charlemagne or Barbarossa of the West, with much in which he had probably no share. Anyhow, as the principal and immediate cause of this adventurer's downfall was his too open patronage of the French missionaries, those normal precursors of French military occupation, and his rash endeavour to subvert in their favour the Buddhist priesthood and religion, it is scarcely probable that he should have contributed to an undertaking in honour of that chiefest and central symbol of Buddhism, the Phra-Bat. About half-way up the mountain there is a small natural cave, much frequented by bats and pilgrims; but neither this nor a much larger cave at the foot of an adjoining hill offer any object of much interest. Caves of this sort, some of them, however, like that of Pechaburi, near the western sea-coast, beautifully adorned with pendent stalactites, are common enough throughout the calcareous rocks of Southern Siam; and some of them are of great extent. The topmost ascent to the pretty miniature copy of the "Maha-Dop" that crowns the hill is difficult and proportionately meritorious, besides offering the immediate and welcome reward of a noble view far over forest, rice-field, and winding river, till the blue mountain-ranges close it in to the north and east; while southward a small cluster of dark rocks, starting abrupt and island-like from the green plain at about thirty miles' distance, marks the second bourne of the Siamese yearly pilgrimage, namely, the Phra-Chai, which, space permitting, we will visit also.

Before, however, we take leave of the Phra-Bat, I ought to make men-

tion of a curious group of statues, said to represent the celebrated Siamese monarch, Phra-Narat, conqueror of Cambodia, and two of his chief ministers. These figures, made of plaster thickly gilt, stand under a shed near the "Maha-Dop," the king, as befitting, in the centre. Portrait or not, the coarse but powerful features of the image, the rounded eyes, wide nostrils, and heavy jaw, may well belong to the fierce warrior who accomplished his vow by literally washing his feet in the blood of his captive Cambodian rival. The statue, if taken from the life, must be about three centuries old; I myself incline to think it a copy of some lost original. The three figures are all dressed in the old Siamese two-cloth fashion; the crown on the monarch's head resembles in design that still in use, but is less ornate, and smaller. The amplitude of court decorations is apt to be in inverse proportion to their real significance. A second statue, also said to represent Phra-Narat, stands by itself in a niche beside the rock-steps that lead up to the shrine; but from the distorted ferocity of its features, and the fantastic weapon grasped in its hand, I am inclined to think that it is really designed for the likeness of Chao-Khao-Tok, the tutelary spirit of the mountain, an angel demon of great power, and venerated accordingly. The principal shrine, however, of this præternatural potentate is not here, but at the southernmost spur of the hill, a mile or so distant, on the main road leading from Ayuthia to Phra-Bat; where every pilgrim, the king himself, should he come this way, not excepted, must needs dismount before it, and offer respectful homage to the ill-favoured figure, where it scowls and threatens with axe and dagger the passers by. Comfort may however be derived from the re-assuring effigy of a "Thevada," or Siamese angel, half woman, half bird, that stands with a drawn sword immediately behind the ill-natured "Chao," as though to keep him within due bounds of moderation.

Here we come across a stratum of ideas much older in Siam, nor in Siam only, than either Buddhism or any other reasoned worship or creed whatever; and which holds its own, partly in spite of, and defiance of, the official belief, partly as incorporated into it. Every place, but more especially every mountain or hill, every river, every lake, every well, every forest, has in Siamese popular opinion its guardian "Chao," literally "master" or "lord," a sort of local genius, spirit, influence, or demon, sometimes benevolent—that is, if approached with proper respect—but more often spiteful and capricious, inflicting illness, insanity, and other woes on whoever thoughtlessly offends him, or even leaves him unacknowledged and unhonoured. Rarely visible, the "Chao" is not the less believed in, and claims to himself a large share of Siamese veneration, though the offerings and ceremonies by which he is propitiated are fortunately of a very harmless, often childish character; unlike the dark and cruel superstitions attendant in some parts of India, Africa, and too many other lands on such like belief. Akin to the idea of the local "Chao,"—an idea, under one form or other, scarce less ancient and less universal than the human race itself—is the fancy of a household familiar or spirit, attached to every dwelling large or small; and in whose honour a little model house may often be seen raised on posts, and decorated with coloured rags or flowers, close by the real cottage. Ruined buildings, of which there is no lack in Siam, old towers, deserted temples, each of these has its "Chao," generally a dangerous one; so too have villages and towns every one, but of a more benevolent and protective character. That ghosts, phantoms, spectres, and all the goblin crew that make night hideous, even an occasional vampire included, swarm in Siamese no less than in Servian, Russian, or Albanian darkness, need scarce be said. But I spare the details, which may be found copiously enough in the laborious and, in most respects, accurate work,

of Adolf Bastian, the best, if not indeed the only trustworthy European source of information regarding the Siam of our days. What has already been said may suffice to show that here, as elsewhere, religion has a two-fold aspect, the official, logical, and avowed one, and the popular, instinctive, and unavowed, each of which has its influence, but the former more over the upper, the latter over the lower classes, though neither are altogether outside of the twofold range. For indeed both orders of belief, rightly understood, even if distinct from each other, are not opposed, but rather parallel, and both may consistently find place, though not equally so, in the same mind. Here at Phra-Bat the miraculous foot-print of the great teacher and ascetic may appropriately serve as type of the former; while the mountain "Chao," with his scowl and hatchet, exemplifies the latter.

Yet one more gaze at Phra-Bat before our horses' heads are finally turned from it, and the dense interlacement of the bamboo thicket has hidden it, as soon it must, from our eyes. The sight is one of peculiar beauty. Central in the view stands the gracefully proportioned "Maha-Dop," with its range of stately columns, its pyramidical roof of little flame-points, its lofty spire, its justly harmonised tints of purple, crimson, and gold, the whole set off to perfection by a fantastic background of piled-up rocks, white shrines and spirelets, yellow-flowered shrubs, plummy bamboo-tufts, tall fan-palms, wide-branching trees, and a confusion of gold green leaves glittering under the pale bright sky and dazzling sun of the tropics—a fairy structure in a fairy land; itself incorpse and deminiatured, like Shakespeare's good horseman, into that on and amid which it is placed. Architecture and scenery, art and nature are here at one. Perfect harmony with its surroundings, or rather that the building should be itself a compendium and perfectionising of those surroundings, such is the first, but, unfortunately for modern

Europe, now the most often forgotten condition of architectural success. An evil day was it for Siam when the mania of pseudo-European imitation, that bane of Asiatic art, first invaded Siam, where in the capital especially, and its neighbourhood, mean copies of third-rate European models, vile in themselves, and viler yet from the incongruity of their placement, or misplacement rather, too often insult the eye. When will men learn—that is, the men of our day, for the men of past years seem to have scarce needed such a lesson—that architecture can no more be imported from without than climate, nor art than mind? Saddest of all when a nation like the Siamese, birth-endowed with a style thoroughly suited to the land, and capable of indefinite development and improvement from within, throws away its own proper jewel for the false paste and sham brilliants of what it can neither adapt, nor even rationally copy. For not more surely does the blight shrivel the leaf, nor the evening gloom the day, than does European mimicry make to vanish every trace of inborn Asiatic art—form, colour, proportion, grace, dignity, the very soul itself. Whether Siam throughout her length and breadth is to add one more instance to the over many that Asia has already to show, I know not, but fear it much; the precedent is too wide, the example too contagious.

A foot-print is an easily-imagined symbol of a departed presence, and as such is common to many countries and many memories. A shadow is a more refined, a subtler emblem, and one more rarely employed. Though realised nowadays after a fashion by science, and embodied in the sufficiently vulgar and vulgarising form of photography, the idea in itself would seem to belong to the region of poetry rather than of fact; and the direct permanence of such a token to be a matter of fancy or miracle, not of ordinary sense. The Siamese imagination, however, which although

in most respects a very limited one, is vivid enough within a certain range, has, in its veneration for its great lawgiver, added the shadow to the foot-print, and claims for the land the honour of possessing not the more material only, but the more spiritualised token of the holy memory. And thus it comes to pass that the greater number of the yearly pilgrims, after accomplishing their visit to Phra-Bat, regain the main road, that is, the river, and follow it up for a considerable distance among shoals and rapids, till they reach on its banks the little village of Ta-Oi, whence a path leads for seven or eight miles across country south, to the hills of Phra-Chai, the “shadow” or “reflection of the lord.” After traversing an open expanse of rice-fields and meadows, the road for its latter half lies through a forest of great beauty, where stately trees, towering often to fifty or sixty feet of massive trunk before they throw out the lowest of their giant branches, overshadow the dense perplexity of dwarf palm, garlanded creepers, glossy undergrowth, and whatever the tropics produce of the most luxuriant and loveliest in flower and leaf. Emerging from the wood, the path suddenly opens on a small half-cleared space, overhung by a huge precipice, the side of a mass of limestone rock that rises full three hundred feet above the plain. A steep flight of granite steps, here, as at Phra-Bat, dexterously let in to the piled-up boulders on one side, leads to a narrow ledge running along the face of the otherwise perpendicular cliff, at least seventy feet from the ground. Here nestles a little group of miniature shrines, Phra-chedis and quaint monuments, following the line of the rock, till, just where its width is greatest, the whole breadth up to the very marge is taken up by a quadrangular inclosure; three sides of the building are formed by a columnar arcade, closed by windowless walls without, but open inwards to the central and unroofed court; the fourth side is the overhanging pre-

cipice itself, a mass of grey rock going up to the sky overhead.

Here, on the smooth stone surface, devotion or fancy attempts, with various success, to discern the faintly-limned outline of a human form—the form of Buddha, who certainly could not, throughout all Southern Siam have chosen a fitter spot than this almost inaccessible shelf of rock for undisturbed meditation. This is the celebrated “Pra-Chai,” the holy shadow or likeness, said to have been first revealed to the same fortunate huntsman who discovered the yet more celebrated Phra-Bat, and about the same time. The visibility of the likeness is, however, so says the popular voice, proportioned to the merits of the beholder: while the favour of discerning it is wholly refused to the unbelieving and the wicked, and is only partially accorded to any virtue except the highest. My Siamese companions, of whom there was a round dozen; and myself, would seem according to this test to have occupied a medium or average post on the scale of goodness; for all of us, by dint of hard staring, managed to make out a kind of shadow-tracing on the rock before us, though no two of us agreed as to its exact resemblance. Thus I described a sitting figure, another beholder pronounced it to be in a standing position, some said it was colossal, others of ordinary human size. When I add that the face of the rock is weather-stained, and marked with intersecting lines of cleavage and stratification, I think that I have given as satisfactory an explanation of any freaks imagination may play in fancied combinations and likenesses, as need be asked.

Much seen, however, or little—and I never yet met a Siamese who had the moral courage to say that he had seen nothing at all—this anticipated daguerreotype is in great honour; and the open area of the temple was already, at the time of my visit, though a full fortnight before the appointed term of pilgrimage, full of devout worshippers, while the air was thick with

pastille smoke wreathing upwards against the wondrous rock. The building itself with its light arcade, and lotus ornaments lavishly bestowed on cornice and capital, is a pretty specimen of Siamese architecture at its best; graceful turret-like pinnacles crown the angles, and the portals, with their Egyptian outline, flanked by well-proportioned columns, are models of their kind. A *facsimile* of the sacred footprint, carved and gilt, occupies the centre floor of the court. The remainder of the rock-ledge, which continues in a broken and peak-neck fashion some way further along the mountain-side, is left free to groups of pilgrims, perched here and there, perhaps as much to enjoy the pure air and lovely view over the tree tops as for any other reason. Another flight of steps winding far in its difficult ascent conducts to a small temple on the very summit of the mountain. The building is a copy, so far as I could make out by the style and period to which it appears to belong, not of the present, but of the original and more ancient “Maha-Dop” of Phra-Bat. Indeed all the principal constructions at the Phra-Chai seem of comparatively ancient date; and their secluded position may well have saved them from the ravages of Burmese invaders, and Chinese or Peguan bandits, so fatal to many of the noblest Siamese monuments in the last century. But it is a real misfortune that the use of carved inscriptions, commemorative of names, events, and dates, so frequent, however difficult to decipher, in the valleys of the Nile and the Tigris, should be wholly unknown in the region of the Meinam; while the palm-leaf records, deposited, a prey to damp, white ants, and neglect, in the recesses of the “Wats,” are for the most part as little valuable in their significance as durable in their substance. The noble, often colossal, monuments of Siam, its temples, its palaces, its spires, its obelisks, its giant statues, stand or crumble on plain and mountain side, mute survivors of a speechless past, tottering boulders on

the cliff-edge of the dark secular ocean that year by year washes them down into its immemorial depths, till the buildings have followed the builders, the monuments the memories, and of either not a trace remains.

The customary season for performing the Phra-Chai pilgrimage follows immediately on that of Phra-Bat, falling consequently in the latter part of the same lunar month; nor is the concourse much inferior in numbers. Already at the date of my visit an extempore bamboo village, with its usual adjuncts of a market, a cockpit, resting-places, preaching-sheds, booths, and even a few tolerable houses, had sprung up; and groups of saffron-robed priests with great umbrellas sauntered about, a mixed multitude of Siamese, Laos, and Chinese not a few, or rested under the shade of the giant trees; while buying and selling, music and sport, gambling too on a small scale, and other amusements were going on not less briskly than at Phra-Bat itself. Whatever the occasion, wherever the shrine, religion and merry-making, worship and festivity, are inseparable in the Siamese idea. As to the priests, or monks rather—for their attributions would seem to bring them more correctly under the latter heading than the former—they are much given to pilgrimage; and frequent were the bands of them already on the road, attended by whole retinues of young scholars or disciples, also in yellow, all invariably travelling on foot, and setting a truly edifying example of voluntary poverty and simplicity of life. For so it is, that of all the priesthoods or monkhoods throughout the world, none has been so persistently faithful to the ideal proposed by its founder as the Buddhist; none so closely, at any rate, for the outward manner of life, followed the master's example; none so steadily resisted the allurements, not of pleasure merely, but a much rarer achievement for monks and priests, if history tells true, of wealth and ambition; none so

truly refrained from whatever they professed to have renounced alike in public and private life. A proof among many others that whatever may be the defects of Buddhism it is a system thoroughly well adapted to the character of the nations that have adopted it, and not least among such of the Siamese.

A thing worthy of note. The great world-famous pilgrimages of Rome and Jerusalem have long since been matters of history; Benares no more gathers as of old her millions of Hindoo votaries; the Meccan concourse is but a feeble remnant of the past; the lesser shrines of Loretto or Compostella, of Kerbela and Meshed Ali, of the Indian or the South American peninsula, have well nigh lapsed into forgetfulness; while the spasmodic efforts to revive the like in France or elsewhere collapse in speedy indifference and neglect. Not so in this strange survival of past ages, this land forgotten by the years, this land of Siam. Here, to judge by appearances at least, there is no abandonment nor falling-off in the national reverence paid to the great East-Asian ascetic and teacher, or to his memorials, footmark, or likeness. Visited duly with all honour and ceremony both by the late and by the present king, indeed by every monarch in turn of the reigning dynasty, the shrines are in good repair, the offerings abundant, and the multitude of yearly pilgrims to each attests that the popular devotion keeps at least even pace with the royal. *Esto perpetua*. It was by adopting the religion, and obeying the precepts of Buddha, that Siam raised herself from mere barbarism, took a place among the kingdoms, and attained whatever power and prosperity she has possessed or is ever likely to possess; and the best wish of her friends may wisely be that she may long continue faithful as ever to the memory of her first law-giver, and to the system symbolised at Phra-Bat and Phra-Chai.

FALCONRY IN MINIATURE.

“AND calling me to approach towards the place where the two hawks were feeding, his Majesty showed me that it was really a skylark—a fact as to which I had before had my doubts.”

So Charles d’Arcussia, Lord of Esparron, Pallières, and Revest, author of the most successful book ever written on falconry, and himself a falconer of no mean repute. He is describing a flight at which he was present, in company with the King of France, and at his request; and selects it, out of many thousands which he had seen, as specially worthy of record. The royal falconer, with his attendants, was out that day with the merlins, of which he seems to have been almost more fond than of the larger and more expensive falcons. They were in pursuit of crested larks; and as soon as one was marked down, the king called for the little falcons. Then the Sieur de Luyne, who was master of this department of the chase, presented to him a male merlin called le Fousque, while a female called la Baronne was intrusted to another grand functionary, the Sieur du Buisson. The crested lark is put up; and the two sportsmen cast off their hawks. “But, as ill-luck would have it, at the same moment up gets a flight of skylarks, after which both merlins start in pursuit, and follow them to such a height that no one of us could keep them in sight. The *piqueurs* (or searchers), however, use such diligence that in a short time they come back with the two hawks. The king was highly pleased to have seen his hawks make so great an effort without losing them.” So that even in those days the risk of loss, after such flights, was not slight. Another crested lark having been marked down, the king this time takes both hawks on his two

fists, and casts them off “perfectly well” just as the quarry rises. The pursuers keep well to their game, chasing him up and down until he is at last driven to drop from the sky, and take shelter in a vineyard, where he is picked up by the attendants. But while the merlins are still in the air a skylark rises underneath them, and off they go again in pursuit. A long and exciting chase ends in the capture of this skylark; and the hawks, having acquitted themselves honourably, are allowed to take their pleasure on the quarry, at which occupation the Seigneur d’Esparron was called in, as aforesaid, to observe them.

The anxiety of the king to prove by ocular demonstration that the victim was a skylark, and the doubts which his illustrious subject admits to have entertained on the subject, are explained by the fact that the other species of the lark tribe—the *cochevy*, or crested lark, of which they were in search, the woodlark and the buntings, are all far inferior in flying powers to the skylark, which indeed is by the French falconers called *alouette légère*, in order to distinguish it from the more heavily-flying varieties.

Thus, even in the court of a king like Louis XI., who kept from 100 to 120 falconers constantly in his employ, and owned some scores of hawks of various kinds, it was considered a very great exploit to kill a single skylark. The flight in question was moreover one in which, as it will be observed, the hawks had every advantage; for they were in the air directly above the lark as he rose, and thus held a vantage ground which they could never have had when flown in the usual way from the fist. It is to be remarked, too, that the same pair

or "cast" of merlins—probably the best in the royal mews—had on the same day been completely distanced by a squadron of skylarks.

Can we in these days, when falconry is supposed to be either extinct or fast declining in England, emulate the feat of which Louis XI. was so proud? A rather contemptuous answer in the negative rises easily to the lips. Yet in this very year, and in some of the most frequented parts of England, skylarks have been killed in fair flight by trained merlins exactly in the way described by old d'Arcussia. Two of these little hawks, "Peter" and "Frank," were flown in Surrey, Kent, Somerset, Gloucester, and Wiltshire; and killed between them, partly in single flights and partly flying in company together, rather more than fifty wild skylarks in about a month. It is true that these were "summer" larks, whereas those mentioned by the French author were probably (though he does not say so) "winter" larks. There is a great difference between the one and the other, as any falconer will admit. But the unscientific observer will be apt to exclaim that "a lark's a lark for a' that;" and moreover if Louis XI. was so delighted at catching a winter lark with two of his best hawks, a modern falconer, confronted with a thousand obstacles unknown in the middle ages, may perhaps be excused for glorying in the occasional capture of the bird, even in its summer plumage.

Lark-hawking, as long as it can be attempted with any reasonable chance of success, has perhaps as much to recommend it as any other branch of this ancient sport. It is an almost exact copy in miniature of the old heron-hawking with which all readers of Sir Walter Scott are to some extent familiar; resembling it in some respects even more closely than the rook flights in which English falconers now most delight. And as, since the death of the royal Loo Club, some forty years ago, the *vol du héron* is practically a thing of the past, almost the only chance

of forming an idea what it was like is to assist at that more humble contest in which the merlin—smallest of all hawks—is matched against the lark, boldest of all birds in mounting above the earth. Then, besides the intrinsic excellence of the flights themselves, there are various other reasons which speak in its favour. The country required for it is not so hard to find as that needed for rook-hawking; nor is it so difficult to get leave to walk over it with the hawks, especially as it has to be asked for at a time of year when there is no question of trampling down the crops, as there is during part of the season at which rooks are now usually flown. The merlin is the easiest of all hawks to train, and not the most difficult to procure; and the expense involved in keeping and flying him is trifling compared with that which the larger hawks entail. Finally there is this advantage, which the flight at larks has even over heron-flying, and indeed over all flights with the peregrine, that it can be followed almost as well on foot as on horseback, and that the whole of the chase can on a still day generally be seen by all persons present. With all these recommendations to back it, the venerable sport of falconry, in this its miniature development, would very likely be taken up by many idle men, and perhaps even some ladies—for the merlin in ancient days was known as the lady's hawk—if they were owners of such open land as is required for the flight, and were not deterred by the idea of insuperable difficulties to be overcome.

Is it then so very difficult to train and fly a hawk? The best way to answer such an inquiry will be to describe the process from beginning to end—a task which will be shortest and easiest if the little merlin is chosen as the subject of experiment. The young merlins are hatched out late in the spring, a full month later than peregrines, and are not ready to fly till the first, or perhaps even the second, week in July. At this time then, or rather

earlier, they will be taken from their nest in the heather—little dark-brown creatures, with bold, wide-open eyes, fierce, hissing mouths, and blue feet, armed each with four needle-like talons, ready to grab cruelly the hand put within reach. There are almost always four youngsters in a merlin's nest, and very often two of each sex. But if the falconer is determined to train his captives only to their orthodox quarry, the skylark, it will not make very much difference to which sex they belong. The young hawks must be fed abundantly, and *not* on washed meat, according to the inexperienced and perverted ideas of Roland Græme, but on the most nourishing and palatable food, such as Adam Woodcock would have commended. And the first thing after they are able to attempt a flight is to take them to the "hack" place. This is an open spot, the larger the better, where the youngsters will be left at complete liberty for the next few weeks. An open moor or large common serves the purpose admirably, as long as there is no fear of any hostile intruder armed with a gun. At a convenient and conspicuous place in the middle of this ground the food is put out—one ration for each of the hawks which are "at hack"—and every morning and afternoon they will be seen to come up from far or from near to enjoy their regular meal. For some time their attendance will be punctual enough, although each day they will be wilder and less tolerant of a man's approach. But soon their wings, which at first looked soft and rounded at the ends, become pointed and unbending. They take longer and longer flights, and begin to dash and stoop about in the air. At this time nothing can be prettier than to see them darting about, half in play and half in earnest, after the birds they come across—the big and bold ones making their attack upon starlings, pigeons, and even rooks, while the smaller ones addict themselves to small birds of all kinds, and the swiftest of all venture actually to enter the lists with mar-

tins and swallows. At length, after a fortnight or three weeks have elapsed, the attendance at meal-times becomes sadly irregular. Sometimes one and sometimes another of the truants is absent for a whole day. He has begun to kill his own food; and now is the time to catch him and begin his training. He is accordingly trapped in a skilfully laid net or springe when next he comes down to the hack place; and having thus, in falconers' phraseology, been "taken up," is forthwith put under a strict course of instruction.

A hood is clapped on his head, and he is persuaded to eat his food while wearing it. After a lesson or two he is induced to wear it without objection, perceiving, as he soon does in the hands of a skilful manipulator, that by enduring to be hooded he is sure of a substantial reward in the shape of a dainty morsel of food. All this while, even when he was at hack, the young hawk has been wearing "jesses," which are short strips of fine leather or stout kid, fastened round the ankles and hanging a few inches behind. Through some small slits in these straps is now passed a swivel, with a leash attached to it, and by this leash the small and still wild-looking pupil is fastened to the gloved fist of his instructor. He is "carried" for some hours amongst men, children, dogs, and horses, so as to become accustomed to their presence; and by this means, being by nature neither shy nor timid nor ill-tempered, is soon "manned," or reconciled to human society. It remains only to break him to the lure, and to "enter" him, each of which processes is soon completed. First the hawk, confined to his perch by a short string, is "called off" to a piece of food held in the hand; next to a "lure," which consists only of a sham bird weighted with lead and baited also with food. At the second lesson the short string is exchanged for a long one; and at the next the hawk, free from all restraint, is made to come a hundred yards—two hundred—perhaps nearly

half a mile—to the swinging bunch of lead and feathers. Here is a “reclaimed” hawk: he can be let fly (when hungry) in any open place, and recovered as soon as his owner pleases by the simple exhibition of the “lure.” The process sounds simple enough, and is so when once understood. An experienced falconer will “take up” a young merlin from hack and have him trained in three or four days. Beginners will take longer; for they are sure to make a mistake or two, and each mistake throws the hawk back some twenty-four hours. But a week, or at the most a fortnight, ought to see the most obstreperous and unmanageable of all young merlins perfectly under command.

Arrived at this stage, the hawk may be taken almost at once to the stubbles or the moor-side to make his essay at a lark. Very probably he will at once fly off in pursuit, if the place is favourable, and he has a good start, with the lark between him and the wind. But, to make sure, it is well to feed him for two or three days before on larks killed or caught for his behoof; and the wings and feathers with which the lure is garnished will of course, if the trainer is wise, be those of the lark. The merlin which has once started in pursuit of a wild lark will do so again on the following day, whether he has been successful or not at the first attempt. But he must be flown each time in a tolerably favourable place, so that out of his first few flights one at least may be successful. With an occasional success he will persevere and improve, whereas repeated failures will assuredly disgust and spoil him. As long as he continues to fly with alacrity, he will become each day more skilful and more deadly. He will get to know the enemy’s tactics and how to defeat them. He will become a better “footer”—more clever at seizing the quarry in his talons—as well as a stronger and bolder flyer; and if all goes well, and no feathers are broken, no colds caught, and no

other mistakes made, each merlin ought to kill, between the middle of August, when he begins work, and the end of September, his average of about one lark a day.

This is the lark-hawking season *par excellence*, when the larks are still going through their moult, which they began in June. At this time some of them fly, comparatively speaking, very badly, and go down before a good merlin almost at the first stoop, without having made any real attempt to mount upwards and take the air. Others, even though still deep in the moult, and short of several flight feathers, seem to retain their pluck and pride, and go gaily up in circular rings, “ringing” as the falconers call it, in an endeavour to keep above the hawks. These are the larks which show real sport, and sometimes lead the merlin, or the merlins—for they ought to be flown by two hawks at once—a chase of some miles in length. When bested in the air, they will drop like stones into any covert—a low hedge, a ditch, a sheep-fold, or even underneath a sheep. They will be followed and taken there very often by the hawk or by its owner, who is in hot pursuit; but to ensure the lark’s being captured while he is actually in the air it is necessary to fly in a country where there is hardly a vestige of shelter to hide him if he drops.

Such is lark-hawking in September, an amusement which can easily be combined with partridge shooting; for it is only necessary to mark down a lark or two in a stubble-field which is known to hold no partridges, walk up one of them before the merlins, and get your flight, which at the most will not last many minutes, almost before the votaries of the gun have had time to light their cigars after luncheon. It must not, however, be supposed that killing larks is quite as easy a matter as it may appear from the above account to be. We have assumed that the trainer knows what he is about, and keeps his merlin in good condition. But this is hardly more easy than it is

to keep a race-horse in training. In order to have a chance with a wild lark—even the worst of them—your hawk must be highly fed. He must not only be in robust health, but fat, vigorous, and in the best of spirits. And if you feed him up and pamper him so as to bring him to this desirable state of mind and body, you obviously run the risk of making him bumptious and independent, and regardless both of your call and of the lure. You must hit off exactly the golden mean between overfeeding and underfeeding; and herein lies the real difficulty of keeping a first-rate hawk. “*La Baronne*” and “*le Fousque*” were clearly in high fettle, for after one unsuccessful flight at a skylark high into the clouds, they on the same day undertook without hesitation another flight at the same quarry. They must also have been good at the lure, or the *piqueurs* would not so soon have recovered them when lost. But there are now, we fancy, few falconers, either professional or amateur, who have the patience to do this brave little hawk all the justice it merits at their hands.

If they had, if this tiny falcon, utterly harmless in its wild state to game, were saved and trained, instead of being ignorantly murdered by keepers, there would be a chance in many a field and on many a down of seeing once more in England a specimen of that old and picturesque sport which was once so passionately admired by all classes, from Louis XI. and Henry VIII. to the humblest peasant and villein that laboured on the soil.

Whether the modern falconers could ever succeed in taking winter larks after they have fully moulted and recovered their full plumage and their full courage, is a question as yet unsolved. Possibly it might be done with the long-winged hobby, now almost extinct in England. Possibly with an exceptionally good cast of female merlins. It has never, as a fact, been done with either within the memory of man. But if the merlin will not

catch larks after September or October, it does not follow that he need be doomed to inaction for the rest of the year. There are other birds besides larks to be found in the open fields—not only blackbirds, thrushes, and small birds, but redwings, fieldfares, and starlings, and several other varieties, which do not by their vocal efforts earn any exemption from pursuit. The merlin, like the sparrow-hawk, may be flown with success at some of these, and will afford his owner many an excuse for a good walk across country, when he might not think it worth while to set forth, gun in hand, for the chance of a stray shot. Merlins cannot, like peregrines, be made to soar and “wait on” in the air till the lure is produced; and it is therefore difficult to give them enough exercise, unless they are kept, as they should be, unfettered in a room or barn. But those who have a taste for birds, and are interested in watching their power of flight in its highest development, can do so by keeping in winter either the hobby or the common kestrel, either of which will “wait on” admirably above the falconer’s head in the manner so enthusiastically described by Auceps in Isaac Walton’s book. Surely there would be more pleasure to many men in keeping a hawk which could be taken out and allowed to mount freely into the skies, still obedient to its owner’s voice, than in acting as the gaoler to some unfortunate prisoner, whose wings, cooped up in a narrow cage, are no longer of any use to him or to any one else.

It remains to notice an objection by which all modern falconers are, though most undeservedly, confronted. Falconry of all kinds is denounced as cruel; but that branch of it is held up to special detestation which aims at the destruction of the sweet-singing lark. There is a specious plausibility at first sight in the charge; and probably most of those who make it or support it do so without a suspicion of the fallacy involved. But if hawking is cruel, being a sport in which nature

teaches her children to indulge, and in which it is always a case of either killing outright or missing altogether, what is to be said of the more artificial pastime of shooting, from which many wounded victims escape daily to die by slow agonies in the dark shelter of the woods? If the man who flies his hawks when he can—that is, about three days a week—is to be condemned as barbarous, what is to be said of Providence, which has taught its creatures to fly in all times and weather at all sorts of feathered fowls? To condemn falconry as cruel is to find fault with the Supreme Being, who has established this instinct in the bird of prey as ineradicably as in the pike which hunts through the water, or the spider which weaves its murderous net in the air.

Oh, but shooting is directed only against birds which do not sing, and is practised with a view to provide man with necessary food. The plea does not hold good with regard to the hedgerow sportsman, who is allowed freely to indulge in the wanton slaughter of finches, thrushes, and linnets. Nor to the birdcatchers, whose

object it is to reduce the free and joyous inmates of the air to a dull and miserable captivity. But how about the lark-catchers, whose booty hangs literally in festoons from the shops of the poulterers? A lark-catcher will catch and slaughter ignominiously in a single night more skylarks than a falconer can hope to catch with one hawk in a year. In a season he will catch and murder, without a word of reproach being levelled at him, more of these birds than Louis XI., with all his falcons and falconers, caught in the whole course of his reign. If the sport which affords exercise and excitement to a whole field of men at the expense of one or two larks a day is to be stigmatised as cruel, although each wild hawk by Divine commission kills thrice as many as any trained one can ever hope to do—then for heaven's sake let us put down with a high hand coursing, hunting, birdcatching, and above all shooting, which inflicts unwilling but inevitable torture upon a host of unoffending victims no less worthy of pity than the larks and the blackbirds.

E. B. MICHELL.

A HISTORICAL SOCIETY.¹

THE President of a Society of students in his annual address usually perhaps speaks in the name and as the representative of the Society. He has usually been chosen from among its members as one who has taken a leading share in its work, and it is expected that his address should be a kind of manifesto, in which, while he reviews what has been accomplished, he explains to the world at large the views and intentions of the Society. But this Society is quite in its infancy, and you have invited to be your President one who neither helped to found it nor has hitherto taken any share in its proceedings. You cannot therefore, I am sure, wish on this occasion that I should speak for you or in your name; if you did you would have chosen a President more qualified to do so. You wish that I should speak *to* you, not *for* you, since all you know of me is that I have been engaged for more than ten years in the serious, concentrated study of history, and that I have from time to time laid before the public, besides my own contributions to historical research, essays on the true object and the proper method of it. You expect then another such essay. You have convinced yourselves of the importance of the study; you have formed a Society to prosecute it; and you now call me in as an adviser, to give you the benefit of my thoughts and of my experience.

You want, in a word, advice rather than compliments. And yet I must begin with a compliment. For there could scarcely happen a more important or a more encouraging occurrence for historical study in England than the formation of this Society. Organised as a Scientific Society, and composed of mature men, citizens too of a town

famed for the intensity of its political life, it will assert by its very existence that history is as serious a pursuit as science or as politics; no mere entertaining diversion, no mere educational instrument, but worthy of the hours of the most earnest manhood and of the most exact methods.

Now this is just the assertion which history needs above all things, and it needs also that the assertion should be made in this particular way, that is, by creating for history an organisation similar to that by which science is maintained in its seriousness and its rigour. For at present a large province of the historical field is left almost uncultivated, and the cultivation of it is almost impossible, because of the miserable and childish misconception of the function of history which prevails, because history is regarded as a matter of amusement or literary display; this misconception has prevented the study from being properly organised, and its want of organisation, on the other hand, perpetuates the misconception.

The organisation of study is a subject on which much might be said, and which has been far too little investigated. It is enough to say here that science needs a very different organisation from mere literature. Literature requires only two things, the writer and the public of readers; science—I comprehend under this name every kind of serious study—absolutely requires a sort of aristocracy of students, which may stand between the writer and the general public. If this is wanting in any department of it, the effect is not simply that in that department work ceases, but rather that the work is corrupted in quality: what should have been science is spoiled, and

¹ An Address delivered before the Historical Society of Birmingham, October 6, 1881.

turned into a sort of bastard literature.

The poet or novelist writes for the many, and possibly the many are the true and only legitimate judges of his merit. Like the statesman in a democratic country, the poet asks for a *plebiscitum*; he cannot well do without a large number of suffrages. In short, the realm of mere literature is a democracy. But science lives under a wholly different constitution. What does it matter what the general public may think of a Newton or a Faraday? Of such men the public must think just what they are told. And what does it matter whether the discoveries of such men are popular or not? If the public do not like their doctrine, all that can be said is that the public must learn to like it! The majority-vote is nothing in science. Science does not seek it, does not know what to do with it, and would be ashamed to appeal to it. Her appeal is made to a small circle who form the aristocracy of this *régime*. No one there has a vote who is not a student. The franchise there is confined to those to whom truth is a serious matter, and who are ready to devote time and trouble to the investigation of it. This special jury for the investigation of truth may indeed easily give a wrong verdict; many instances of its blindness, narrowness, prejudice, are recorded in the history of science. Nevertheless nothing else can take its place. There can be no appeal from it except to a second hearing by the same court, or to another court of the same kind. And the final opinion of the world at large is dictated to it sooner or later by this select circle of students.

Now a Society like yours may be useful, no doubt, in more ways than one. You increase the number of original investigators; you will yourselves throw new light, doubtless, on history; in your transactions will be stored up researches of which the future historian will make use. But more important still, I take it, just at this moment, is the recognition of history as a serious branch of study

which is involved in your enterprise; more important still is your enrolment of yourselves as professed historical students, for thus is formed that aristocracy which is needful, and without which no study has any serious or useful existence. I say this is more important, because history among us is much less advanced than other studies in organisation, because in a great part of its domain it has never made the all-important step, but still lives under the loose democracy of mere literature. Let me point out how this is so, and what evils flow from it.

Different studies get their needful aristocracy of students in different ways; some from the universities, others from the learned professions. Now both the universities and the professions no doubt accidentally embrace a good part of the department of history. Under the head of classical antiquity the history of the classical nations is included. Theology covers a considerable section both of ancient, mediæval, and modern history; law covers another. And wherever thus indirectly historical study obtains the benefit of a proper organisation, it proceeds in a satisfactory manner and prospers. There would be nothing to complain of if all periods were worked as the ancient Greek and Roman periods have been worked, if investigation everywhere alike imitated the thoroughness and accuracy of Mommsen or adopted the serious method of Grote. Unfortunately this is not the case. Unfortunately there is a large section of history which has been almost forgotten in the organisation of study, not assuredly because it is unimportant, but because accidentally neither the universities nor any learned profession feel particularly responsible for it. I speak of the recent centuries, especially the nineteenth, of which we begin to sight the close, and the eighteenth. This modern period would fare much better if only some important body of men found the study of it necessary to their vocation; and indeed the professorship at Cambridge which I hold,

the only chair of modern history which that university possesses, may have been originally founded with some view to the diplomatic service. This is an exception; but in general it has so happened that this great modern period, embracing such vast events, a period in which the march of human affairs grows grander and also more difficult to follow than in former times, has become, in the assignment of studies, a sort of No Man's Land. If it were not for political economy and statistics, studies which make their home in this period and which cannot be separated from history, it might be supposed that these later ages belonged to literature only, and that science had nothing at all to say to them.

If then this Society asks my advice, I would suggest that it will render the greatest service to history by fixing its attention principally upon the later periods. Not of course that I would have you narrow your field, not that I am at all jealous of the labour that is spent upon ancient or mediæval history, not that I would for a moment countenance the narrow-minded view that what is ancient or remote does not concern us. On the contrary, it is against narrowness that I protest; against the narrowness which seems to think that *only* what is ancient and remote concerns the historian; against the perverse alienation from everything present, modern, and living, which turns the historian into a mere antiquary. It seems to me that it would be eminently worthy of Birmingham, to make an effort to fill the gap which I have pointed out, and to assert that the recent, the present, nay, that the future, belong to history as well as the past.

To show you how true it is that this alienation from everything modern exists, how it has come to be commonly supposed that history, in the serious sense of the word, came to an end a century or two ago, and that we have been living ever since in a plain, common-sense routine, about which there is little to be said, I will relate an anecdote. A friend of mine,

who strongly feels the importance of modern subjects in education, was a master in one of our great schools. Travelling out of the ordinary course, he gave to his class lectures on modern history, lectures on the preparation of which he bestowed much labour. He had ventured as near the present age as the reign of George III., when his proceedings attracted the attention of the head-master. Immediately he received a letter of indignant remonstrance. He was told that in the reign of George III. there was nothing to study, nothing to call out a boy's powers or set his mind to work. The reign of George III. was merely an amusing tale, which might be read in the easy chair. Give them, he said, something to work at; give them the feudal system!

Now what a curious view this is! That recent history is easier than ancient or mediæval, that it is too easy to be worth attention, how extravagantly absurd! One of the most conspicuous features in modern life is the growing intricacy and difficulty, the vast variety and complication of human affairs. There are now so many states, and each state is so large; human activity is so various and so ingenious; human co-operation, both in industry and thought, has become such a tangled maze, that recent history might plausibly be avoided as too difficult. One of the most difficult, assuredly, as it is one of the most wholesome exercises that the mind can engage in, for it needs much more than remote history of theoretic investigation into political economy, legislation, statistics, sociology. And yet, no doubt, our friend the head-master could have given a reason for his view. He thought not of what the subjects were in themselves, but, as a practical man, of what they were in the books in which his pupils would study them. Now, looked at so, recent history might well appear quite contemptibly easy for the simple reason that it has never been seriously treated. It seemed to him no serious subject just because it has never been

made a serious subject. Remote history he could regard with respect, for the reader of Grote or of Stubbs is conscious of some healthy tension of the mind; but who is the better for floating at ease down those delightful smooth narrations in which recent history is recorded, not for students at all, but for the general public, which must on no account be fatigued? How can you put into the hands of any student the urbane pages of Lord Stanhope, or the inexhaustible verbiage of Alison? As a practical man, our head-master contented himself with noting the fact, and did not trouble himself with the explanation of it. And so he frankly blurted out what many people—perhaps most people—secretly think, that the difference is not in the books, but that some change has taken place in human affairs, so that there is no longer any history in the old sense of the word.

What a singular illusion is this which possesses the popular mind on the subject, for example, of English history! As a teacher I have occasion continually to remark it. About the time of the accession of the House of Brunswick a change is supposed to have passed over affairs. A kind of winding-up took place, it is thought; all questions were settled, and history came to an end. Life settled down into uniform, comfortable prose; and from that time, though there is still politics such as one reads in the newspapers, there is no more history. There are indeed certain occurrences, events which it is useful to know, but nothing grand and classical—nothing the knowledge of which is learning, the acquiring of which is education. Such I find to be the prevalent view, and the effect of it is that the whole modern period is in the general mind a dark age, a subject almost entirely unknown. How mischievous and contemptible this ignorance is I do not here pause to consider; it is as contemptible as the misconception which causes it. But both alike are inevitable so long as these modern periods are not recognised in the organisation

of study, so long as they are abandoned to mere popular literature.

In the rage for popularising knowledge it seems really to be forgotten that science is essentially difficult—sometimes very difficult indeed. There are indeed two kinds of books which are radically different, and both in objects and character as wide asunder as the poles. There is literature pure and simple of all varieties, from the most trivial story up to the grandest and profoundest poem. But wholly apart from this is the literature of science, of which a great part is never called by the name of literature, though it includes some of the greatest books in the world. When we speak for instance of the literature of our country, who thinks of including in it Newton's *Principia*? "The object of a book"—I saw this aphorism in the preface to a charming volume of travels—"the object of a book is to amuse." Just so; and does it not follow from this that the *Principia* is one of the worst books ever written? There are then two sorts of books; and corresponding to these, there are two distinct publics—one large and general, the other small and select; and the distinction is so radical, that to the large public books written for the smaller public are as though they did not exist. Books such as the *Principia* are to the general reader, and even to the elegant scholar, absolutely sealed; he does not think of them as books, and of many of the best of them he would not read a line and could not understand a page. Yet these are the books—these *biblia abiblia*, as Charles Lamb says—by which science is advanced and the sum of human knowledge increased. It is rarely possible—nay, in some departments it is quite impossible—that a book scientifically important should be at the same time generally interesting; though, no doubt, when a discovery is once made, or a theory elaborated, it may often be explained in a popular way to the general public. Hence arises the necessity of that organisation of study; from the loose

democracy of readers who read only for amusement or excitement appeal must be made to the aristocracy of students, to those who make a business of knowledge, and have patience to master what is difficult, and to give attention to tedious details.

Imagine what would be the condition of one of the recognised subjects of serious study if this organisation were wanting. Picture the mathematician or physiologist condemned to lay his researches directly before the general public, his books placed in competition with the last new novel, and judged by precisely the same standard. What would he answer, even were he Newton himself, to an indignant public asking whether he calls that amusing; whether they are expected in their few hours of leisure to gnaw dry bones of that sort? Would not the *Principia* itself be pronounced, as, in fact, the poet Gray does pronounce a work of D'Alembert's, "dry as a bone, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber?" At any rate, we may be sure that the public would most unanimously pass Newton by; they would prefer some writer who should explain the planetary motions in a more genial, a more impressive way, with more eloquence, with more pathos and earnestness, or, as no doubt the phrase would run, with the poetic and sympathetic warmth of true genius! And in that case, what would become of the mathematicians themselves? Derided by the public as pedants and bores, and without any aristocracy of students to appeal to, they would be paralysed. Either they would do nothing, or, as is more likely, a kind of bastard mathematics would spring up, wholly unprogressive, and loitering for ever about the rudiments of the subject, which it would study to make palatable to the public by the relishes so well known to literary men.

Now, if I say that this is actually the tragi-comical condition in which the whole more modern department of history lies, I shall perhaps be told that there can be no analogy between

a severe abstruse subject like mathematics or physiology and history. The historian, it will be said, is not a philosopher or reasoner, but a narrator. He has only to tell a story, and that being so, what other difference can there be between a bad and a good historian except that the one tells his story in a flat manner, and the other in a brisk, lively, interesting style? Now this, in my opinion, is a fundamental error. In history the story is not an end, but only a means. The historian, I say, is a man of science, and his object, as much as that of the physiologist, is to discover laws, the laws of the great sociological phenomenon called the State. In the present phase of speculation, when we theorise so freely upon human phenomena, why should we think it out of the question that states too, with their growth, phases, disturbances, and revolutions, may yield great discoveries to science? But for my present purpose I need not enter upon this debatable ground. I need not ask you to take any new or unusual view of the object of history, or the function of the historian; for I am well enough satisfied with the present treatment of history in those divisions of it where it is serious, that is, where it is organised. I have no ambition to make historians more scientific than Grote, or more thorough than Mommsen, or more removed from the temptation of popularity than are Waitz or Stubbs. My complaint refers to one part of history only, to that division of it which is most neglected in the organisation of study. I ask why Macaulay is so glaringly unlike Grote, and why Carlyle differs completely both in style and spirit from all the historians I have just named? And I answer my own question by remarking that these historians of the recent centuries write for the loose democracy of general readers, while the others have felt themselves responsible to the aristocracy of students.

It would be quite unreasonable to make it a matter of accusation against the general public that they do not

keep the standard of history high enough. They cannot be expected to do so. It is much that they do read history, and read it with genuine interest; in no other European country, I think, is serious literature relished by so large a number as in England. But a mere public cannot do the work of a university or learned society. A subject like history, which is as difficult and intricate as any science, cannot be followed in its processes by busy people in their few hours of leisure; it is much that they should have intelligent curiosity enough to desire to learn the results of historical investigation. And if the ordinary Frenchman cannot even swallow his daily paper without the relish of a novel or two novels printed in instalments at the bottom of the columns, what wonder if the Englishman, when he attacks large historical volumes which the ordinary Frenchman would never open, expects at least that they shall have something of the style of a *feuilleton*; if he cannot put up with intricate investigations, bewildering uncertainty, insipid impartiality; if he must have a little excitement, a joke now and then to laugh at, here and there a tender sentimental passage, or gorgeous rolling rhetorical period or fiery rattling invective?

This is a craving which is quite natural, and which ought as far as possible to be satisfied. Popular histories should be written, in which justice should be done to the poetical aspects of the subject. But what if nothing more is done? What if original research stands still, the inquiry into general laws is neglected; what if the subject is stripped of all its difficulty and its seriousness, nay, the mere task of verifying facts scamped, the mere obvious duty of impartiality scorned, in order that the public may be duly supplied with the delightful and glowing narratives in which alone they can take interest? This is what happens. It happens from want of societies such as this. It happens because in the modern department there is absolutely no appeal from the

popular vote. Strange to say, when the subject is modern history there is no select circle which sees with other eyes than the vulgar! Individuals there may be, but they are without influence. In general the reading man is here on the same level with the illiterate crowd. As they are too busy with practical affairs, so he is too busy with the studies he calls serious—that is, Greek sculpture, or Egyptology, or the Bronze Age, or Sanscrit inflections—to give more than a passing glance at modern history; and therefore he too must have it served up to him hot and highly sauced. He too has here no time to discriminate or judge; he too on this subject is one of the vulgar!

In proof of this, consider in what estimation the original investigator in this department is held. In most departments indeed pure investigation is appreciated somewhat inadequately. It does not easily attract the public unless there is some literary or rhetorical skill to commend it. We at Cambridge felt this sadly the other day when we stood near the coffin of Clerk Maxwell. The public was nothing to him, and he accordingly was nothing to the public. But in departments which are properly organised, where the aristocracy of students is in its place, such popular injustice is redressed. By the side of the popular judgment there is a better judgment, which is not popular, resisting and gradually overcoming the mistake. By this means the real investigator and discoverer gets always a part and sometimes the whole of his rights. At worst there is no danger of the mere popular expositor intercepting all the credit and standing before the public as the sole representative of the science, or as if he alone had discovered the truths he expounds.

And so too in those departments of history which are properly organised. In ancient and mediæval history we pay due respect to many men who have been simply investigators, and have never courted the applause of the public. Who does not honour the

names of Bentley, Wolf, Niebuhr, and the others who laid the foundation of an exact knowledge of ancient history in treatises and investigations which for the most part are not easy reading, and in some cases are almost unreadable? We may not intend to read these treatises ourselves; for our own purposes we may greatly prefer some bright popular summary of results, but we do not on that account underrate the great historical critics, or dream of ranking the popular word-painters above them. The Middle Ages are practically somewhat more remote from us; still here too we have a real respect for learning and profound research. We may at times say half in joke that after all Sir Walter Scott is the best historian of the Middle Ages; nevertheless when Waitz traces the history of German institutions, or John Allen the growth of the royal prerogative in England, we listen with hearty respect, we do not interrupt the investigator and tell him he is a bore. But we behave quite differently when the subject is some part of recent history. Here we can appreciate only the lively popular narrative, interesting to every one alike, and seem incapable of imagining that this subject too may be treated in another way which, though less popular, is intrinsically better and higher. For this subject has no organised body of students, and therefore we cannot conceive how students might regard it. In this department we can imagine only two sorts of writer, the dull writer, and the lively picturesque writer. The third class, that which in other periods ranks highest, the investigator and critic, who does not write for the people at all but for science, whose knowledge is thorough and trustworthy, whose imagination does not waste itself in idle word-painting, but makes novel and fruitful combinations, whose judgment is calm and impartial, and whose method is rigorous, this class, represented in different degrees by the Niebuhrs, Thirlwalls, and Grotes, is not recognised to exist for the modern

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periods. I believe, for my part, that no subject at this time affords wider scope for minds of that class, if we had them, than just these modern periods. I believe that the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Age, and all the great transition of recent times, is waiting to be investigated and judged in that high scientific way by writers who shall be neither romancers nor preachers, but investigators, critics, and philosophers. But the public has no conception of such a thing. As there are no students here to keep them right they simply speak out their own candid opinion, which is that the man who cannot or will not write just the bright, lively, jolly books which make history entertaining to them is a bore, and probably a fool. In this department you may observe that the investigator commonly goes by the name of Dryasdust. He is rarely spoken of without contempt, and is indeed supposed to be little better than an idiot. This merely because he writes books which cannot be read in the easy-chair or in the railway-carriage! They are often bulky; well! in other departments we admire the thoroughness and laboriousness indicated by such bulky works. When we see the huge collections of the Benedictines or of Muratori, the huge dictionary of Forcellini, we feel nothing but admiration; we sigh perhaps, and say, "Ah! there were giants in those days!" But when the topic is recent history we think books cannot be too short. That we should think this is perhaps not so unnatural, but we say it out too with an unhesitating frankness which betrays that it has never once occurred to us to think of the subject as serious! We insist too that the historian must be careful what he inserts in that narrative of his. At the best we can scarcely tolerate him, and we do not at all intend that he shall take liberties. We have quite enough of politics in our daily paper; there must be as little as possible of that kind in his book. We cannot put up with anything intricate or puzzling; when we

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take up a book we expect to be entertained. But we are ready to admit that if the historian have true genius he will discover in the mass of rubbish which the past has left behind it here and there a pearl—that is, some incidents fit for a romance, some characters fit for a novel or a play. These it will be his business to select and deck out in proper costume; then if he has great skill and good fortune he may produce a story which shall be almost as well worth reading as a *Waverley* novel, or a humorous romance by Jean Paul.

Does it strike you that I am slipping into broad farce? I really think I exaggerate nothing. In like manner there might arise in astronomy a writer of "true genius" who should have the idea of suppressing all tiresome calculations and putting in place of them gorgeous pictures of the starry heaven of the tropics; or in botany we might omit all pedantic classifications and technical nomenclature while we revelled in description of the beauty of flowers and the loves of the plants. In this way we might popularise science! Why do not we do so? I suppose because we should destroy science at the same time. It unfortunately happens that the essence of astronomy and botany lies in those calculations and classifications which are so tedious. It unfortunately happens that when science is made thus delightfully easy it is also made useless, and that precisely when it ceases to fatigue the mind it ceases to improve and educate the mind. And thus our head-master could find nothing worth setting before his pupils in those delightful pages of modern history which had been written on this principle, and was obliged to go back to the Middle Ages, which had been treated in the other method, to find something reasonably solid and difficult. But though the blunder is ludicrous it is not at all surprising. The explanation is that in those other departments the students, the specialists, are at hand to remind us of the more serious aspect of the subject, while in modern

history there are no students and no specialists. Hence it is that the idea of what modern history should be is formed without assistance by those who start from the axiom that "the object of a book is to amuse." Naturally these cannot judge of the intrinsic value of a book of learning; on that point only specialists can speak; they can only say whether it is dull or lively. Accordingly, in the absence of specialists, all writers become alike to them except in the article of liveliness. And if you watch the tone of general conversation on this subject you will perceive with what quaint candour in judging of new books the question of their truth or falsehood is pushed on one side, and nothing but their readableness taken into account. "I was quite disappointed in that book," says one, "for I was told it was of first-rate infallible authority; but not at all. All I can say is, I found it so dull that I could not read fifty pages." "That book," says another, "gave me quite a surprise. I had been warned against it as utterly untrustworthy and unsound, and did not intend to read it, but taking it up by accident I found it most delightful, really quite like a romance, and now I recommend it to every one I meet."

I trust I have sufficiently shown that a reform is needed. Now let me speak of the importance and urgent need of such a reform. What consequences follow from the abandonment of modern history to second-rate, half-serious writers? What consequences *would* follow if we placed it in the hands of first-rate investigators and critics? This is as much as to ask whether history is a purely speculative, curious pursuit, or whether it has a practical bearing. Now it is one result of our neglect of all recent periods in historical study that we entirely misconceive and underrate the uses of history. We regard it only as a delightful and liberal pursuit, particularly beneficial to the young because it kindles the imagination and puts before them great examples. That it is directly useful few of us, I

think, would confidently maintain. Naturally ; for when we say history we always think of ancient Athens or Rome or the Middle Ages ; or if we think at all of England it is England under the Stuarts or the Tudors or the Plantagenets. And certainly there is a pretty wide gulf between such subjects and practical life. For my own part, though no one has a greater respect and love for those high speculative studies, and though I should firmly maintain that they had even a great practical value in their proper place in a complete system of political philosophy, yet I should agree with most practical politicians that history as it has hitherto been taught—that is, a minute knowledge of one or two fragments of remote history—is really of no direct use whatever. But our whole view of the use of history changes if we give to recent history its proper place, and still more if at the same time we think of it as leading up to a science of states. Looked at in this way it cannot be slighted by the most practical man ; looked at in this way it deals evidently with precisely the same matters as politics, it is neither more nor less than the theoretical side of politics, the study and school of the statesman. With history, properly understood, politics have the most intimate inseparable connexion. Look, for instance, at the process of legislation. When a new law is to be made, let us say, for Ireland, what steps are taken ? Do not Commissions first sit and take evidence ? Do they not send in reports, and upon these reports is not the measure finally based ? But this is history, as we shall all see when we can get rid of the antiquary's idea that no facts are historical which are not ancient, and of the literary man's idea that history, like epic poetry, must be grandiose and heroic. History is not antiquarianism, nor biography, nor poetry ; it is the great Blue-book of the statesman, from which he draws his opinions and his policy. Directly or indirectly, consciously or uncon-

sciously, we base our political opinions upon history, and those opinions must fall if the basis proves to be unsound.

M. Taine tells us in the preface of his *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, that when he first entered public life about 1848 he was disconcerted to find that all his contemporaries had the strongest political opinions while he had none at all. It appeared to him that in order to arrive at a conclusion about the best policy for France you must inform yourself both about the nature of states in general and the laws of their development, and particularly about the recent history of France. Now this he had not done, at least not so methodically as he held it should be done, and accordingly he had no opinions. But he was astonished to find that his contemporaries had not done it either, and yet that their opinions were of the most rooted kind. M. Taine is still as much astonished as ever ; you may see this by the preface to his third volume, lately published. He is working very hard himself to overtake his contemporaries ; he hopes to have some opinions at last, he says, though his progress is somewhat slow. But he remains firmly convinced that these opinions can only come to him from history. For he has spent much time in the study of philosophic method, and he is sure that the historical method in politics has the same importance as the inductive method in science. Indeed he is perhaps at bottom not so much astonished as he professes to be at the confident opinions of those who have not studied history, because in science too he has found that without any careful research into facts men went on for centuries laying down the laws of the physical world with similar confidence. In science this method has been given up ; it is now held that if you would discover the laws of any class of phenomena you must begin by observing them accurately ; that you must not be content with the vague knowledge of them you may have already, or with a few perfunctory observations, but must

examine them with microscopic closeness, carefully excluding all possible sources of error. This method then M. Taine applies to France; if he hopes at last to know something about France it is because he studies her recent history with rigid method, examines everything, verifies everything; and also because he can conscientiously say to himself that when he began his inquiries his mind was under no bias, he had no foregone conclusions.

Now I am often equally surprised to see how in England too you may often meet with political opinions which do not profess to rest on any historical basis. Indeed this *must* be very common; how otherwise could we be all such eager politicians and yet be, as I have shown, so pointedly indifferent to recent history, so negligent to organise the study of it properly? No subject, one would think, in such a nation as this ought to be studied with such scrupulous care, with such rigid impartiality, since, if we follow the lessons of science, there is no *à priori* method by which we can arrive at political principles, since it is only by observing and comparing states that we can hope to know anything about them, since no cause of error is so dangerous as perfunctory, inexact, or prejudiced observation. But we do not follow these lessons of science. We scarcely seem to admit any connexion between politics and history. More than half our political teachers follow one *à priori* method or another; scarcely one among them points out that the first step to satisfactory knowledge is to analyse and criticise with due rigour the history upon which all our politics must rest, that is, the history of Europe since the French Revolution. To me it seems that there is no subject upon which our ignorance is so deep, our inaccuracy so reckless; yet we have no purpose of improving in this respect. Instead we try ever new varieties of the *à priori* method. One class of teachers, this too of the more intellectual kind, tells us that the great thing is to have ideas; as if ideas

without facts were not precisely the most fruitful source of error! Others resolve the whole of politics into morality; they think that to those who will but listen to the voice within them all is simple, so that there are no difficulties but such as we make for ourselves in government, or legislation, or international law; and so far has this idea been carried that I know a writer who thinks it quite evident that the maxim, "Free ships, free goods," is among the original moral ideas which the Creator at the beginning inscribed upon the fleshy tablets of the human heart! But the commonest view is that all politics are a mere matter of feeling, which in practice comes to mean elevated and passionate phraseology; and when this doctrine is pushed to its extreme limit we get the lyric poet, to whom indeed politics have become a mere branch, and a subordinate branch, of the art of versification, so that he knows how a country ought to be governed by the same intimate instinctive feeling which tells him how many feet a verse ought to have!

These are old and long outworn mistakes; people used to think they could explain physical phenomena and the planetary motions by the same highly compendious methods, until it was discovered that patient observation must precede hypothesis and patient verification follow it.

But what conclusion do I draw? Is it simply that in forming our political opinions we ought to read more history—that is, to consult the histories that have appeared upon recent periods. No, the evil lies deeper. For those histories themselves, what are they? Not true histories, but delightful histories!

Really *à priori* reasoning itself is enough to show that histories so written *cannot* be true. If, indeed, these charming narratives were only, as it were, reports adapted to the popular taste of the conclusions arrived at among themselves by historical investigators, then they might be none the less true for being readable, as this may be said of many popular

books of science. But the popular books of science have other books behind them of quite a different sort, a mass of unreadable investigation bristling with technical terms, a vast confused litter out of which the pretty trim fabric of the popular exposition has been made. So it is in the better organised departments of history. What a mass of thorny German investigation lies out of sight behind our popular histories of Greece and Rome! But so it is *not* in the modern department of history. Here there are no students, no specialists, the subject is not threshed out in learned societies, in universities, in special magazines, in books of pure research. Here there has been no profound labour underground, but the delightful popular narrative rises at once in all its charms out of the faintest, shallowest effervescence, like Venus out of the foam of the sea.

You know with what contempt scientific men have often spoken of history. *Et voici comme on écrit l'histoire!* is an exclamation which many philosophers, as Mr. Spencer lately, have echoed. I cannot see that historians like Grote are in any degree open to such criticism, but it is only too evident that the historians of the recent periods are open to it. Remark in the first place that they are almost always men of wholly inferior calibre. There is nothing to attract into this field the great thinkers and students, who would indeed be much disconcerted if they found themselves compared with the last new novelist, and their favourite dissertation, in which they modestly hope that after patient labour they have cleared up some doubtful point, pronounced to be "tiresome, stupid, quite unreadable!" Such investigators also are scared away by the necessity of taking a side; the style of the hustings, or even of the House of Commons, does not agree with them. Accordingly you do not find a Grote in this field; mention any such name if you can! Instead of Grote, you have Alison. Reflect on that juxtaposition. Look

on this picture and on that! Or if you have a better historian than Alison, he is not deeper, but only brighter and livelier, some journalist or *feuilletoniste*, some writer of poetic prose.

And when you have got your writer, your *feuilletoniste* or retired member of Parliament, how do you treat him? You take just the same way to draw the truth out of him that the directors of the old East India Company took to make Clive and Hastings govern justly. They kept exhorting them to govern wisely and justly and send more money; and you say something similar to your historians. You say, "Be accurate, of course; but that no doubt every historian is, and yet many of them are terribly dull fellows. A few little mistakes we shall not mind; indeed, we shall not find them out; of course you will tell us what is true in the main. But the question is how you tell it. 'The object of a book is to amuse,' or at any rate to be read, and if you do not amuse us we tell you plainly we shall not read you at all." Well! you know how Clive and Hastings acted on the instructions they got; how do you expect your modern historians to act? Do you think when they have received such a broad hint they will observe rigorously the rules of investigation and evidence, which prove the pretty anecdotes upon which their success mainly depends to be all untrue, and the glorious heroes to have been much like other people, and the astonishing events to have come about so gradually that there remains nothing wonderful about them? Accordingly these writers are—what they might be expected to be, and what you know them to be! It is not necessary for me to attack them, since for the most part the public does not greatly exaggerate their merit. It is true I do not admire Sir Archibald Alison, but I may let him alone, since the public generally has never mistaken him for a Thucydides.

But if our politics must rest upon a knowledge of recent history, and if nevertheless recent history has been

left to second-rate hands, and even these second-rate hands tied by the clamorous demand of the public for amusement, what on the whole is our condition? Can we trust our own political opinions? We all know by this time that the investigation of truth is a most delicate matter, that it is very liable to be spoiled by prejudice and passion, and that therefore, where prejudice or passion are likely to intervene, there must be infinite self-distrust, and infinite care must be used to prevent error from creeping in. We know that in politics passion and prejudice are sure to be awake, and yet we know at the same time that in this subject above all others careful investigation is not practised, that it is positively flouted. Strange to say, instead of lamenting this, we seem really well content to have only insignificant authors in this field, as though we were pleased to think that they have not force enough to curtail that large liberty of assertion which our political life requires. Yet are not these precisely the conditions in which error might be expected to flourish with the greatest luxuriance? Passion at the highest point, investigation at the lowest! Do we hope to reach the truth by mere intelligence? Nay, as error is said to be the prerogative of men among animals, so on the great scale error belongs to intelligent men among men. There is usually something enlivening and inspiring about error. "Truth," you have heard, "may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." Yes! be sure error is a very interesting thing, a very intellectual and poetical thing; often also a very impressive and a very earnest thing. It is a long time now that in England and France we have been writing delightful history; think, then, what a quantity of the delightful matter must by this time have accumulated in all our minds and memories!

I lay it down, then, that the want

of organisation which I pointed out in modern history cannot but lead to a reign of error in politics. In every department, of course, error, to some extent, will creep in for the simple reason that it is human to err; and because truth, in passing out of the hands of the few to whom it is a business into those of the many, cannot but be a little warped and misrepresented. But in other departments, truth is at least issued from the mint in full weight and purity, however it may afterwards suffer in its currency from hand to hand. In this department almost alone it is not properly coined at the beginning, and there exists no public mint worthy of the name. Precisely how much error is thus produced is a question on which opinions will differ. The favourite opinion no doubt will be that it only affects the details of history, and that it leaves, as a matter of course, the outline clear and the large results exempt from controversy. Let it be so, then, provided we acknowledge the errors of detail to be sufficiently serious to call for the most careful sifting! The all-important thing is that we should set to work upon modern history as upon one of the most serious of studies; provided we do that, it matters little how much we expect to discover, though for my own part I should not be surprised if we find that the error affects the outline much more than the details, that particular facts in these later centuries have been tolerably ascertained, but that the general drift of the facts has been enormously misconceived.

I have described the evil as most serious in extent, but at the same time as by no means difficult to account for or difficult to cure. In this department ordinary organisation has been wanting; this, then, must be supplied, as you by this Society help to supply it. Serious investigators will not be wanting; only they need to be furnished with the ordinary securities which make it possible for them to pursue their work. The medium must be provided in which investigation can live. What

is this? The investigator wants one thing only—a serious and select audience, a certain number of readers who have themselves the spirit of investigators. He regards the subject seriously; he wants readers who shall do the same. He regards it as presenting difficulties, as demanding patience and intense labour; he wants readers prepared to join in his labours, to follow him without grudging time or trouble into intricate researches. Investigation must stand still if there is no such audience, and if in place of it the investigator finds only a holiday crowd calling out for amusement, whose highest idea of history is a kind of heroic ballad or epic poem, who pass by with utter indifference what he thinks most important, and do not give themselves time really to assimilate even what they understand.

Lastly, modern history is one of those departments which can least dispense with this, for the very reason that it is so generally interesting. It has often been remarked that science advances with least interruption in subjects which do not interest the multitude at all. Squares and circles and conic sections were early investigated with success, because they touched no interest and excited no feeling. It is otherwise in a great subject such as politics. This is among the hardest to investigate, precisely because it is among the most interesting. We are apt to assume that we must be learning a subject successfully when we feel intensely interested in it. But often it is precisely this interest that intercepts knowledge, when we resolve to see what we wish, and refuse to see what pains us. The love of truth for its own sake is most rare and difficult in the most interesting subjects. In the struggle of rival interests which fills the world, abstract truth runs the risk of finding few partisans, and *her* interest is in danger of being least remembered. For this reason she needs

to have a party expressly to herself, such a party as this Society will form in this place. All science needs organization that it may gain independence; but the need is greatest in such a department as recent history, where the medley of parties threatens perpetually to trample it under foot.

This, then, is what I had to say. In setting out I promised to speak not so much *for* you as *to* you, and yet perhaps I may have given expression in this address to some at least of the feelings which led you to found this Society. When I think of the eager political zeal of this town, I cannot but trust that you agree with the strongly political view which I have here taken of history. I cannot but think that I may find in you co-operators in the cause I have at heart, and that the Historical Society of Birmingham may adopt the principle I always advocate, that history is inseparable from political science, and on the other hand, political science inseparable from history, or, as I have sometimes shortly expressed it, “no history without politics, no politics without history.” I think, too, that on this principle you may agree with me in feeling the vast importance of the recent periods, and in deploring that obstinate drift of scientific study in the direction of what is remote which has consigned these recent periods to such melancholy neglect. Such objects you may have had in view from the outset in founding this Society, and if so I am inclined to prophesy that you may take a leading part in a movement which will in the end spread far, and become influential, when the national turn for politics shall complete itself by becoming a national love of political science, and our pleasure in party life and party organization shall prompt us to found a new party, the party of truth.

J. R. SEELEY.

GEORGE BORROW.

EVERY age has its literary heroes, though these, after engrossing the attention of the world, appear to leave the arena, and to make way for new aspirants to fame. The works of those who in past times have played their part in building up the literature of the nation have been preserved; but now a change seems to be setting in as if the world itself, like individuals, had become subject to loss of memory. This circumstance may be looked at from more than one point of view. It may be that great writers are becoming more numerous than great readers, and that there is an *embarras de richesse*; it may be that authors of a past generation fitly represented the thought of their own day and no more, or if they were in advance of it, the new age soon left them in the rear; or it may be that people, saturated with the classic productions of the few, have become *blasés*, and are content with the universal gossip of a press which is now equal to the task of supplying their most trivial wants. George Borrow was unquestionably the hero of his time some thirty or forty years ago, that is, after appearing as the author of the *Gipsies in Spain*, which was published in 1841.

He had so few associates outside his family, and he so seldom wrote a letter, that the materials for a sketch of his inner life would have been scanty but that he embodied it thoroughly in his works; this fact to those who knew him well has a special value. He was his own hero in what he wrote, and although, as in Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, he clothed truth in fiction, no one who knew him personally can fail to see his own character in all he wrote. In his work, *Wild Wales*, where his personality is undisguised even by the

romance in which it is framed, the same hero is discovered as figured in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*. Borrow, like Goethe, indulged in the love of mystery, but that love in the latter was extended to nature's secret operations, while in the other it was strictly personal. Borrow had a singular organisation, both bodily and mental; and ambitious as he was for intellectual distinction, his highest desire was to figure in his generation as a remarkable man. Before *Lavengro* appeared this aspiration had been fully gratified, his name was in every mouth on account of his conquest of the unknown Gipsy language, and his adventures among an unknown people at the same time that he had braved the Government of a Catholic kingdom, and suffered imprisonments for his courageous defiance of authority in diffusing the Scriptures through Spain. But when he exhibited his character in *Lavengro*, freed from its religious glamour, a shock of horror vibrated through the circles of society, and was followed by results which it is not difficult to show helped to revolutionise the habits of the young. In Borrow's earlier days, dandyism prevailed. The youth of London who aimed at, or imitated aristocracy, dressed in the most gaudy attire. Their evening coats were of the finest blue saxon, the buttons treble gilt, the vests were of crimson velvet hung over with rich Geneva chains; and in morning attire not less gorgeous they crept along the streets like superior beings who had condescended to pay a visit to this world. All this, Borrow, with his manly character, to use a favourite expression of his own, loathed; whence it was that he enjoyed showing the fashionable, who had tried in vain to make a lion of him, that a better man

than they had among them could fight with his fists and live as a tinman in a dingle among the lowest of mankind. The influence of Borrow's books was not ineffectual in producing the change from finery to convenient tweed apparel in which men could walk at a brisk pace, and in showing that athletic sports were nobler than a Bond Street lounge. Nevertheless, at the time, Borrow was pronounced vulgar; the finery of a world was aggrieved at the blow he had struck, and an outburst of anger ran through the journals against Borrow and his *Lavengro*. This episode in social history may be described as a trial of strength between the new blood and the old; it was Borrow *versus* Pelham.

It has been said that all Borrow's books are more or less autobiographical, but they must be divided into two classes: those which are truly a life-size representation of himself as he was, and those which, taking the form and tone of romance, give us only glimpses of the man now in profile, now in the guise of some fantastic character so well portrayed that *Lavengro* is not to be recognised save by those who have seen him play many parts. In fact, Borrow was a sort of Rembrandt in literature, caring for nothing more than to portray himself in a hundred different ways. Thus we see him as a "bit of a philologer" interrogating all sorts of stray wayfarers on the meanings of odd words; as the friend of the gipsies; as the upholder of pugilism and English pluck; as the man afflicted with a habit of touch that he may baffle the evil chance; as the horse-tamer, the snake-charmer; then as the exponent of bygone and forgotten poets of Wales and Ancient Britain.

In all these portraits of himself, whether the pose be adapted to the costume or the costume to the pose, whether the grouping savours of the *bizarre*, or the colour is sometimes too deeply shaded or illuminated to follow up the intention of art, we

have only to look closely into the fantastic masquerie by which each is surrounded, to discover George Borrow, the man whose individuality no art could hide, just as in the gallery of Rembrandt's self-portrayals we have the master whose figure even his own transcendent art-cunning could not efface.

George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, in 1803, and from what we can gather he must have passed a happy childhood, the roving spirit having early seized him, and a curiosity about the gipsies and their ways being felt by him even at a tender age. When camping out in the dingle with Peter Williams, taking no count of time in those romantic days, passed among tramps, ostlers, itinerant blacksmiths, Methodists, and gipsies, reminded only by his companion when the Sunday came round that it was Sunday, he looked back on the Sabbaths of his childhood at East Dereham, as he said:—

"I thought on the early Sabbaths of my life, and the manner in which I was wont to pass them. How carefully I said my prayers when I got up on the Sabbath morn, and how carefully I combed my hair and brushed my clothes, in order that I might do credit to the Sabbath Day. I thought of the old church at pretty D—, the dignified rector, and yet more dignified clerk. I thought of England's grand liturgy, and Tate and Brady's sonorous minstrelsy. I thought of the Holy Book, portions of which I was in the habit of reading between service. I thought, too, of the evening walk which I sometimes took in fine weather like the present with my mother and brother—a quiet, sober walk, during which I would not break into a run, even to chase a butterfly, or yet more a honey-bee, being fully convinced of the dread importance of the day which God had hallowed. And how glad I was when I got over the Sabbath day without having done anything to profane it. And how soundly I slept on the Sabbath night, after the toil of being very good throughout the day. And when I had mused on those times a long while, I sighed, and said to myself, I am much altered since then; am I altered for the better? And then I looked at my hands and my apparel, and sighed again. I was not wont of yore to appear thus on the Sabbath Day."

From East Dereham, his father being a recruiting officer, he went

from station to station, and while at Edinburgh was placed at the High School, his father having a fear that his two sons might acquire the Scotch accent, and there it was least practised. The family stayed at Edinburgh Castle, and of this portion of his boyish experience he has given us his own account.

From Edinburgh he went to Ireland and then back to England, and was placed in a solicitor's office at Norwich in 1819. He however soon gave up the law, but during his stay at Norwich he would seem to have been very much engaged in his favourite pursuit of languages, for besides studying Welsh, German and Danish, he was occupied in translating a *Life of Doctor Faustus* and some Danish songs, both of which were published separately in 1826, but are almost, if not wholly, forgotten. These two works, however, have an interest irrespective of their merits, as representing the labours of Lavengro when, coming up to London, he dreamed of gaining future renown through his translations of the *Ancient Songs of Denmark* and his knowledge of German lore, and was told that both were a drug. The first of these little books bears the title, "Romantic Ballads translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Pieces," by George Borrow. London: John Taylor, Waterloo Place, 1826." The mass of the poems are from Oehlenschlaeger; and there is a dedicatory poem by Allan Cunningham, addressed to George Borrow on his proposing to translate *Kiæmpe Viser*. The other work was brought out anonymously, and bears the title, "Faustus: His Life, Death, and Descent into Hell." Translated from the German. London: W. Simpkin and R. Marshall." A preface to the work is dated Norwich, April, 1826, and has a highly illuminated frontispiece of "The Corporation Feast." The author was Klinge, and the engraving was taken from the original book.

Of the solicitor's office in which he worked while pursuing these philologi-

cal studies, he himself gives some account. "In my boyhood," he says, "I had been something of a philologist; had picked up some Latin and Greek at school; some Irish in Ireland, where I had been with my father, who was in the army; and subsequently, whilst an articled clerk to the first solicitor in East Anglia—indeed I may say the prince of all English solicitors, for he was a gentleman—had learned some Welsh, partly from books, and partly from a Welsh groom, whose acquaintance I made."

This groom, whom he describes in his admirable manner, was the butt of the solicitor's clerks, who would stand at the office door and direct not very complimentary remarks towards him, till, having to pass that way many times daily, he began to hate their jeers so much—the more so as he was unable to retaliate—that he at last seriously contemplated returning to his own country. This intention was, however, abandoned; for Borrow, who was working at Welsh and Welsh literature, conceiving the idea that the groom might assist him to perfect himself at least in the pronunciation of Cumraeg, dissuaded his colleagues from further molesting him. So it was arranged that on Sundays the groom should give Borrow lessons, and these continued for about a year, until the Welsh groom, on inheriting a small property in Wales, returned to that country, and Borrow was left to pursue his studies alone. In these he seems to have given his special attention to the writings of the Welsh bards, notably Dafydd ab Gywilym, Huw Morris, and many others.

At this time he was studying German with a tutor, who has recorded his high opinion of Borrow's linguistic proclivities: "A Norwich young man is construing with me Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, with the view of translating it for the press," writes Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, to Southey. "His name is George Henry Borrow, and he has learnt German with extraordinary rapidity; indeed he has the gift of

tongues, and, though not yet eighteen, understands twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.”

From Norwich, on making up his mind to quit the law for the pursuit of literature, he came to London, and the early pages of *Lavengro* furnish us with some idea of the struggles that he had to encounter. That his hopes of success were built on his knowledge of ancient tongues, especially Danish, from which he had already translated not a little, there can be no doubt; and the scenes he describes with “Ritson,” the merciless publisher—no other than Sir Richard Phillips—are so vivid and true to nature, that there is every reason to believe that many of Lavengro’s strange experiences are identical with those of Borrow’s own. That he wrote no such book as the *Life of Joseph Sell*, which enabled Lavengro to set out on his own account and indulge in the freedom of a roving life, we are sure, on the authority of Mrs. Borrow herself, who would laughingly say that though it had never been penned, people were constantly asking how they could procure a copy. It is, perhaps, less questionable whether he edited the *Newgate Calendar*, concerning the publication of which there is so much that is interesting in *Lavengro*.

That he suffered much disappointment when first embarking on so perilous a career as that of literature—perhaps privation—is likely enough, for in that he would have shared the common lot. His position, however, must have rapidly improved, for we remember his saying that he had lodgings in Jermyn Street, in the same house with Benjamin Disraeli, and we vividly recall his description of a party that the young politician gave to a number of his admirers, to whom he rehearsed the now famous maiden speech in the House of Commons.

At any rate, whatever he may have gone through during these years, he at length gratified the wish he had long cherished—of visiting some of

those countries the languages of which he had so eagerly studied. At the age of thirty he was appointed agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in which capacity he proceeded to St. Petersburg, and edited the New Testament in Manchu. While sojourning in the Imperial city, he returned once more to his pet studies—the translation of poems from the poets of ancient and modern literature; and out of a mass of manuscript, some of which has not yet seen the light, he published a volume unknown to the present generation, and little heeded by a past age. This work, of which we possess a copy, is called *Targum*.

In connection with his life at St. Petersburg, an anecdote is told by a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine and Humourist* of 1851, which, like the story of Lavengro making horse-shoes, shows Borrow’s resources, and redounds greatly to his credit. It was known that a fount of types in the Manchu Tartar character existed at a certain house in St. Petersburg, but no one could be found to set them up. In this emergency he demanded to inspect the types. They were brought forth in a rusty state from a cellar, on which, resolved to see his editorial talents complete, he cleaned the types himself, and set them up with his own hands.

From Russia he went to Spain. Of his adventures during the five years he passed in that country he has given a very full and vivid account both in the *Zincali* and in the *Bible in Spain*.

In the year 1850, a book was published at Christiana, entitled *Beretniag om Fante eller Landstriggerfolket i Norge*, which is a very interesting account of the Fant or Wandering people of Norway, by Ellert Sundt. In this work the author says:—

“This Borrow is a remarkable man. As agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, he has undertaken journeys into remote lands, and, acquainted from his early youth not only with many European languages, but likewise with the Romany of the English gipsies, he sought up with zest the gipsies everywhere, and became their faithful missionary. He has made himself so

thoroughly master of their ways and customs that he soon passed for 'one of their blood.' He slept in their tents in the forests of Russia and Hungary, visited them in their robber caves in the mountainous pass-regions of Italy, lived with them five entire years in Spain, where he, for his endeavours to distribute the Gospel in that Catholic country, was imprisoned with the very worst of them for a time in the dungeons of Madrid. He at last went over to North Africa, and sought after his Tartars even there. It is true no one has taken equal pains with Borrow to introduce himself amongst this rude and barbarous people, but on that account he has been enabled better than any other to depict their many mysteries, and the frequent impressions which his book has passed through within a short period show with what interest the English public have received his graphic descriptions."

In the interval between his leaving Spain in 1839, and publishing the *Gipsies in Spain*, we find him married and settled at Oulton, on a property which had belonged to his wife's family. This place was well suited to his pursuits, and was in the neighbourhood of the county with which his early life was so much associated, and within easy distance of Norwich, where he frequently visited his early friends, among whom he found his successes warmly welcomed. During this time he produced the *Bible in Spain*, of which he says, in a preface to the second edition of *Zincali* :—

"At first I proceeded slowly. Sickness was in the land, and the face of nature was overcast; heavy rain-clouds swam in the heavens, the blast howled amid the pines which nearly surrounded my lonely dwelling, and the waters of the lake which lies before it, so quiet in general and tranquil, were fearfully agitated. 'Bring lights hither, O Hayin Ben Attar, son of the Miracle!' And the Jew of Fez brought in the lights, for though it was midday I could scarcely see in the little room where I was writing. . . . A dreary summer and autumn passed by, and were succeeded by as gloomy a winter. I still proceeded with the *Bible in Spain*. The winter passed, and spring came with cold, dry winds and occasional sunshine, whereupon I arose, shouted, and mounting my horse, even Sidi Habismilk, I scoured all the surrounding district, and thought but little of the *Bible in Spain*. So I rode about the country, over the heaths and through the green lanes of my native land, occasionally visiting friends at a distance; and sometimes, for variety's sake, I stayed at home, and amused myself by catching huge pike, which lie *perdus* in certain deep ponds, skirted with lofty reeds, upon my land, and to which

there is a communication from the lagoon by a deep and narrow watercourse. I had almost forgotten the *Bible in Spain*. Then came the summer with much heat and sunshine, and then I would lie for hours in the sun and recall the sunny days I had spent in Andalusia, and my thoughts were continually reverting to Spain, and at last I remembered the *Bible in Spain* was still unfinished; whereupon I arose and said, This loitering profiteth nothing. And I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place, and thought and wrote until I had finished the *Bible in Spain*."

His position was now fully established. The leading reviews, each in its own way, were full of the new author, and the names of the most graphic writers at home and abroad were brought forward, and Borrow was compared both favourably and unfavourably with them in turn. These criticisms were received by the author with complacent humour. He remarks, in the preface above quoted :—

"At the proper season the *Bible in Spain* was given to the world; and the world, both learned and unlearned, was delighted with the *Bible in Spain*, and the highest authority said, 'This is a much better book than the *Gipsies*;' and the next great authority said, 'Something betwixt Le Sage and Bunyan.' 'A far more entertaining work than *Don Quixote*,' exclaimed a literary lady; 'Another *Gil Blas*,' said the cleverest writer in Europe. 'Yes,' exclaimed the cool, sensible *Spectator*, 'A *Gil Blas* in water colours.' And when I heard the last sentence, I laughed, and shouted '*Kosko pennese pal!*' It pleased me better than all the rest. Is there not a text in a certain old book which says 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!'"

Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, pronounced a striking eulogy on the work, which was received by the public with immense *éclat*, and ran through many editions, and, like the *Gipsies in Spain*, was translated into several foreign languages.

In 1844 Borrow went into Albania, Wallachia, Hungary, and Turkey, mixing among the gipsies, and collecting many of their songs, after which he resumed his quiet mode of life at Oulton. He had brought a beautiful Arab horse from the East, and at times indulged in long rides through the adjacent country, the scenery of which

he preferred to any other; but though he admired horses he had not a passion for them, and preferred walking to any other mode of exercise. When, however, he entered a distant town, he liked doing so as if he were conscious of the magnificent figure that he displayed when on a fine horse, and which indeed never failed to create a sensation before he reached the inn where he put up. He was, perhaps, the handsomest man of his day, and had an autocratic air and unbending manner which can only be realised now by a sight of his portrait by the late Henry W. Phillips, which is in Mr. Murray's possession, and was engraved for the first edition of *Lavengro*. The common modes of courtesy were foreign to him. When introduced to others, he would rather throw his head back than bow, and look superciliously at them, but with a rapid glance, as if to take note of what they were good for. But he was never at home in the company of strangers, and where it was necessary to address them he would do so with a forced manner, failing often, through a shyness which he tried thus to hide, in saying the right thing at the right moment. On one occasion, when presented to a lady whose family was known to every one on account of the high distinction that her brothers had attained to during the Peninsular War and afterwards, he opened the conversation by saying, "I believe your ladyship is a Scotchwoman?" She replied in the affirmative, in a pleased and amused manner; on which he continued, "Are you any relation to your countryman, Captain Barkley, the greatest pedestrian in England, who walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours?" This address appeared the more ludicrous from the lady herself being lame, and having her crutch by her side. The singular nature of Borrow's shyness has been dwelt on and well explained by Mr. Theodore Watts.

Among his acquaintances in East Anglia was Hales, the Norfolk giant, the mention of whose name to him was always welcome and productive of anecdotes of that redoubtable man,

whose height he vividly described in saying that when Hales talked to you he would often do so on one side of the door with his head and arms hanging over the other. Another was Gipsy H——, a splendid old Norfolk woman, whom he used to describe as a magnificent girl in her early days, and an old friend of his; it is probable she was the original of his Isopel Berners. This heroine of romance in her letter to Lavengro told him that she thought him, at the root, mad, an idea that had no foundation in fact, though Borrow in his love of Scandinavian heroes would sometimes get up from his studies and declare that he was Wodin, which gave not a little unnecessary alarm to those about him. Borrow's mind was as sound as any man's, but he suffered from what he called "the horrors," which was nothing more than the nervousness which accompanies an overwrought mind brought on by too much metaphysics, which led him into the origin of nature and of his own being, but when he found himself approaching the vanishing point of reason his remedy was at hand. "What do you think I do?" he said, "when I get bewildered after this fashion? I go out to the sty and listen to the grunting of the pigs till I get back to myself." Though Lowestoft was within three miles, he made Yarmouth his daily bathing-place, preferring the old town to the new, perhaps because it was famous for its ale, as is well known to the disfranchised voters of the place. Those who knew Borrow will not for a moment doubt his sincerity in that praise of ale which pervades all his writings. "Oh! genial and gladdening is the power of good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen!" says Lavengro. — Borrow bathed daily. Some years ago Mr. Theodore Watts chanced to see him in his great sea bath, and has lately given a truly picturesque account of the scene. It is unnecessary to give any further description of his life at Oulton, as we have dwelt on it elsewhere,

but it may be observed that *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* were written there as one work, the great length of which led to its division. The publication of the last part was postponed for some years. Borrow was wont to dwell in conversation on the habit of touch as practised by many to baffle the evil chance, and it is doubtless one of the physical superstitions which affect men. One might pretty well trace what was due to reality and what to fiction in all that he wrote from his willingness to discuss what was true when questioned and from his evasive replies regarding stories which might or might not have been fictitious. To the latter class probably the curious story of the Chinese tea-pots belongs. Talking to him about snake-charming and horse-taming, he said that any child that was unaware of the danger might handle a viper; that the instinct of the reptile detected fear, which to it was the accompaniment of intended mischief; and he thus explained his having played with all sorts of snakes in his childish days without receiving any injury. The taming of horses by whispering he described as a very simple business. The tamer would approach the animal with his mouth full of water, which, while pretending to whisper, he would blow into its ear.

In the summer of 1854 Borrow, in company with his wife and step-daughter, went on a tour through Wales, the ladies being sent on to hotels at certain points while he walked for days across country to meet them. There is no need to dwell at length on the subject of the excursion they made, for he has given us every detail of the journey in *Wild Wales*; but it may be said that in no other book that he wrote does his whole character stand out so clearly and well defined. There is no attempt at colouring or mystification as in *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*; there is no desire to present himself in any other light than the true one; his weakness, his strength,

his philological hobbies, his little vanities and prejudices, his love of a good dinner, his enjoyment of a cup of sparkling ale, his contempt of cant, his delight in gossip, his never-ceasing curiosity—all lend a charm to the work rarely met with, a charm which only a Boswell or a Rousseau could have given it had they transcribed the scenes to the page as they occurred.

During these peregrinations we often find his actions so directed as to be an intentional irony on the ways of the world. For example, while striding across country near Llangollen, he meets a waggoner who had fought and beaten his man, on which, calling him a noble fellow, he gives him a shilling; while later in the day he encounters a poor, sickly woman, who asked him for charity, and gave her a halfpenny, which she repaid with a blessing.

Afterwards we find Borrow residing in London, his favourite walks being to Shepherd's Bush and to Wandsworth Common, which were gipsy haunts; and he would frequently visit us at Roehampton on his way to the remoter neighbourhoods of Brentford and Richmond, accompanied by some of our family. This awakens many pleasant recollections too numerous to recount. Grasping his gamp umbrella at the middle with his powerful hand, and projecting it forward, he would start at a pace difficult to accompany, past the Bald Faced Stag, and into the park, always saying something remarkable in his loud self-asserting voice; sometimes stopping suddenly, drawing his huge stature erect, and, changing the keen and haughty expression of his face into the rapt and half-fatuous look of an oracle, would, without preface, recite some long fragment from Welsh or Scandinavian bards, his hands hanging from his chest and flapping in symphony. Then he would push on again, and as suddenly stop, arrested by the beautiful scenery, and exclaim, "Ah! this is England, as the Pretender said when he again looked on his Fatherland." Then, on reaching any town, he would be sure to spy out some lurking gipsy,

whom no one but himself would have known from a common horse-dealer. A conversation in Romany would ensue, a shilling would change hands, two fingers would be pointed at the gipsy, and the interview was at an end.

He would then enter some tavern and call for old ale, a draught of which he never missed on his walks. He never ate anything between breakfast and dinner, and when he returned and sat down with us to that repast, he showed himself in his most genial moods. It was rarely that we could prevail on him to meet any strangers on these occasions, though many who knew that he was our frequent visitor were eager to enjoy his company. He had the reputation of being a "three-bottle man," which was, however, not so; but on one occasion a neighbour of ours, eminent in literature, who was fully persuaded of its truth, questioned him during the greater part of dinner time on the subject. Now if there was anything which Borrow most disliked it was being cross-questioned, though so much in the habit himself of interrogating others. The questioner on this occasion could get nothing out of Borrow beyond the words, "I once knew a Spanish priest who could drink his three bottles." "But," said the other, "I want to know how many bottles you can drink," which elicited the same answer, good naturedly given, and with as much simplicity as if his words had conveyed a full reply. The conversation would sometimes turn on modern literature, with which his acquaintance was very slight. He seemed to avoid reading the products of modern thought lest his own strong opinions should undergo dilution. We were once talking of Keats, whose fame had been constantly increasing, but of whose poetry Borrow's knowledge was of a shadowy kind, when suddenly he put a stop to the conversation by ludicrously asking, in his strong voice, "Have they not been trying to resuscitate him?"

But we are here reminded of one

of Borrow's sayings, that the greatest art in an author is to know when to stop, and we feel that for the present we have said enough. We cannot, however, refrain from giving expression to our sense of Borrow's worth, not less as a man than as a writer. It is easy to understand how one who so valued words as symbols of thought as to spend his life in interpreting them from so many tongues, should become a perfect master of his own language: not only was Borrow such a master, but he made bold and unsparing use of his power, and by its means put on record the actions of a life unique in its sustained individuality from "the flash and triumph and glorious sweat" of his first ride, till the cloud, which overhangs all, approached him. Humour, which is given us to neutralise the worst forebodings, he largely possessed; and his, while it resembled Sterne's more than any other man's, was peculiarly his own, but mingled with a sounder sentiment of pathos than is to be found in Yorick. The following words written while he was in the full enjoyment of health, during his tour in Wales, may now be cited as containing his own epitaph:—

"He led us down an avenue just below the eastern side of the castle; noble oaks and other trees composed it, some of them probably near a hundred feet high. John Jones, observing me looking at them with admiration, said—

"'They would make fine chests for the dead, sir.'

"What an observation! How calculated, amidst the most bounding joy and bliss, to remind man of his doom! A moment before I had felt quite happy, but now I felt sad and mournful. I looked at my wife and daughter, who were gazing admiringly on the beauteous scenes around them, and remembered that in a few short years at most we should all three be laid in the cold narrow house formed of four elm or oaken boards, our only garment the flannel shroud, the cold, damp earth above us instead of the bright, glorious sky. O how sad and mournful I became! I soon comforted myself, however, by reflecting that such is the will of Heaven, and that Heaven is good."

A. EGMONT HAKE.

CARLYLE'S EDINBURGH LIFE.¹

PART I.

EARLY in November 1809 two boys walked together from Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire to our city of Edinburgh, to attend the classes in this University. The distance, as the crow flies, is about sixty miles; and the boys took three days to it. The elder, who had been at college in the previous session, and therefore acted as the guide, generally stalked on a few paces ahead, whistling an Irish tune to himself, and hardly speaking to his companion. The latter, who was not quite fourteen years of age, and had never been out of Dumfriesshire before, followed rather wearily, irritated by the eternal Irish tune in front of him, but mainly given up to his own "bits of reflections in the silence of the moors and hills." The elder of the two boys was a Thomas Smail, afterwards of some note as a Burgher minister in Galloway; the younger was Thomas Carlyle.

Of the arrival of the two boys in Edinburgh on the 9th of November 1809, after their third day's walk of twenty miles, and of Carlyle's first stroll that same evening, under Smail's convoy, through some of the main streets, to see the sights, you may read in his own *Reminiscences*. What he remembered best of that first stroll was the look of the old High Street, with St. Giles's Kirk on one side and the old Luckenbooths running up the middle in its broadest part, but chiefly the amazing spectacle to which he was introduced when Smail pushed open a door behind St. Giles's Kirk, and he found himself in the outer house of the Court of Session, amid the buzz of

the lawyers and others walking up and down, with the red-robed judges hearing cases in their little throned inclosures, in the great dimly-lighted hall. Content with the description of that first stroll, he leaves us to imagine how, in the first days and weeks of his residence in the city, he gradually extended his acquaintance with it by further rambles, and by inspection of this and that interesting to a young stranger. The task is not difficult. The lodging which Smail and he had taken between them, he tells us, was "a clean-looking, most cheap lodging," in the "poor locality" called Simon Square. The locality still survives under that name, though hardly as a square any longer, but only a poor street, at the back of Nicolson Street, on the left hand as you go southwards from the University, and accessible most directly by the arched passage called Gibb's Entry. From that obscure centre, by walks from it in the mornings, and returns to it during the day and in the evenings, we can see the little Dumfriesshire fellow gradually conquering for himself some notion of the whole of that Edinburgh into which he had come. To us now it is the old Edinburgh of seventy-two years ago, the Edinburgh of less than 100,000 inhabitants, but which we think of so fondly as the Edinburgh of Scott before his novels had been heard of, and when his fame depended chiefly on his poems, of Jeffrey in the early heyday of his lawyership and editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of the other local celebrities, Whig and Tory, immortalised in tradition and in Cockburn's *Memorials*. It was chiefly, however, of the externals of the city that the boy was making his notes; for the living celebrities, as he tells us, were hardly even names to him then. Scott

¹ A portion of the following was prepared as an Introductory Lecture to the class of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh for the session 1881-2. Hence the form of expression in some places.

and Jeffrey, he says, may have been in the peripatetic crowd of wigged and gowned lawyers he had seen in the hall of the Parliament House on the evening of his arrival; but the only physiognomy he had marked there so as to know it was that of John Clerk of Eldin. A reminiscence which I have heard from his own lips enables me to connect his first days in Edinburgh with the memory of at least one Edinburgh worthy of a still elder generation. It was on the 18th of December 1809, or just six weeks after Carlyle's arrival in Edinburgh, that the well-known Dr. Adam, rector of the High School, died; and I have heard Carlyle tell how the event impressed him, and how he went to see the funeral procession of the old scholar start from the High School yard at the foot of Infirmary Street. With a number of other boys, he said, he hung on by the railings outside, looking in upon the gathered assemblage of mourners. He seemed to remember the scene with peculiar vividness; for, after picturing himself as a boy hanging on by the High School railings, and watching the incidents within, he added, "Ay me! that moment then, and this now, and nothing but the rushing of Time's wings between!"¹ He had a liking to the last for old Dr. Adam. I have heard him say that any Scotsman who was

¹ Another incident which he told me of his first boyish saunterings about Edinburgh is more trivial in itself, but of some interest as showing his observant habits and sense of humour even at that early age:—For some purpose or other, he was going down Leith Walk, the long street of houses, stone-yards, and gaps of vacant space, which leads from Edinburgh to its sea-port of Leith. In front of him, and also walking towards Leith, was a solid, decent-looking countryman. They had not gone far from Edinburgh when there advanced to them from the opposite direction a sailor, so drunk that he needed the whole breadth of the footpath to himself. Taking some umbrage at the countryman, the sailor came to a stop, and addressed him suddenly, "Go to H——," looking him full in the face. "'Od, man, I'm gaun to Leith," said the countryman, as if merely pleading a previous engagement, and walked on imperturbably, Carlyle following him and evading the sailor.

at a loss on the subject of *shall* and *will*, and wanted to cure himself of the national fault of the misuse of those two English auxiliaries, and of their corresponding preterites, would find the whole doctrine in a nutshell in two or three lucid sentences of Dr. Adam's Latin grammar; and I had an idea at the time that he had used this brief precept of Dr. Adam's little book in his own early practice of English.

At the date of Dr. Adam's death Carlyle had been for six weeks a student in our University, with pupils of Dr. Adam among his fellow-students on the same benches. Our records exhibit his matriculation signature, "Thomas Carlyle," in his own hand,—a clear and good boyish hand, differing considerably from that which he afterwards wrote,—in the alphabetically arranged matriculation list of the arts students of the session 1809–10. It is the sixth signature under the letter C, the immediately preceding signature being that of a Dumfries boy named "Irvine Carlyle" (spelt so, and not "Irving Carlyle"), of whom there is mention in the *Reminiscences*. It is clear that the two Carlyles were drawn to each other by community of name and county, if not by kin, and went up for matriculation together. The college of those days, you are to remember, was not our present complete quadrangle, but a chaotic jumble of inconvenient old class-rooms, with only parts of our present building risen among them, and finished and occupied. The classes which Carlyle attended in his first session were the 1st Humanity Class, under Professor Alexander Christison, the father of our venerable Sir Robert Christison, and the 1st Greek Class, under Professor George Dunbar. From an examination of our records I find that among his class-fellows in both classes were the aforesaid Irving Carlyle, and Lord Inverurie, afterwards seventh Earl of Kintore, and that among his class-fellows in the 1st Greek Class was the present venerable Earl of Wemyss, then

Lord Elcho. Neither from our records nor from the *Reminiscences* can anything be gathered of the history of the two classes through the session, or of the place taken in each by the young Dumfriesshire boy among the medley of his fellow-students, from 150 to 200 in number. The Latin class-room, we do learn from the *Reminiscences*, was a very dark room, so that Professor Christison, having two students of the name of Carlyle, never succeeded in distinguishing the one from the other; which was all the harder, Carlyle thought, because the other Carlyle, Mr. Irving Carlyle, was not only different physically, being "an older, considerably bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck teeth, and scorched complexion," but was also the worst Latinist in the whole class. Carlyle himself had been so well grounded in Latin at Annan School that probably he could have held his own in the class even against Dr. Adam's pupils from the Edinburgh High School. To the end of his life, at all events, he was a fair Latinist. To Greek, more the weak point in our Scottish scholarship in those days than, I hope, it is now, he never in later life made any special pretence; and whatever Greek he did learn from Dunbar, which can have been but small in quantity, must have faded through disuse. He retained, however, a high admiration for the *Elementa Linguae Græcæ* of Dr. James Moor of Glasgow, which was, I suppose, the Greek grammar then used in Dunbar's class, thinking it the very best grammar of any language for teaching purposes he had ever seen. While we know so little of Carlyle's Greek and Latin studies in his first University session, it is something to know that he was a pretty diligent reader of books that session from our college library. Having examined a dusty old folio of our library receipts and outgoings, which chances to have been preserved, I am able to inform you that Carlyle duly paid, before December 1809, his deposit or security of one guinea, en-

titling him to take books out of the library, and that, in that month and the succeeding month of January 1810, he had out the following books, in parcels or in succession, in the following order:—Robertson's *History of Scotland*, vol. ii.; Cook's *Voyages*; Byron's *Narrative*, i.e. "The Hon. John Byron's Narrative of the Great Distresses suffered by Himself and his Companions on the Coast of Patagonia, 1740-6"; the first volume of Gibbon; two volumes of Shakespeare; a volume of the *Arabian Nights*; Congreve's Works; another volume of the *Arabian Nights*; two volumes of Hume's *England*; *Gil Blas*; a third volume of Shakespeare; and a volume of the *Spectator*. This is a sufficiently remarkable series of volumes for a boy of fourteen, in his first session at college, to have had out from the college library; and he may have had other books at the same time from other libraries on the table in the small room in Simon Square which he shared with Tom Smail. What is most remarkable is the run upon books of voyages and travels, and on classic books of English literature, or books of mere literary amusement, rather than on academic books connected with his Latin and Greek studies. Clearly there had been a great deal of previous and very miscellaneous reading at Ecclefechan and Annan, with the already formed result of a passion for reading, and very decided notions and tastes as to the kinds of books that might be worth looking after. But how on earth, whether at Ecclefechan or in Annan, had the sedate boy been attracted to Congreve?

At the close of that first session in April 1810, Carlyle returned to Ecclefechan. He was met on the road near the village, as he tells us so touchingly in his *Reminiscences*, by his father, who had walked out, "with a red plaid about him," on the chance of seeing Tom coming; and the whole of the vacation was spent by him at home in his father's house. It is not, therefore, till the begin-

ning of the session of 1810-11 that we again hear of him in our books. He then duly matriculated for his second session, his signature again standing, in the alphabetical Arts matriculation-list of that session, immediately after that of his namesake "Irving Carlyle" (now spelt so). His classes for the session were the 1st Mathematical Class, under Professor John Leslie, and the Logic Class under Professor David Ritchie; and I have found no note of his having gone back that year, or any other, for a second course of Latin from Professor Christison. In the 1st Mathematical Class, consisting of seventy students, he had again Irving Carlyle on the benches with him; in the Logic Class, consisting of 194 students, the same Irving Carlyle was one of his fellow-students, and the present Earl of Wemyss was another. What he made of the Logic Class we have not the least intimation; and it is only by inference that we know that he must have distinguished himself in the Mathematical Class and given evidences there of his unusual mathematical ability to Professor Leslie. As before, however, he found variation, or diversion, from his work for the classes by diligent reading in his lodgings. Between Saturday the 1st of December 1810 and Saturday the 9th of March 1811, I find, he took out from our University library the following books in the following order:—*Voyages and Travels*, the 15th volume of some collection under that name; a volume of Fielding's works; a volume of Smollett; Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind*; a book called *Scotland Described*; two more volumes of Fielding's works; Locke's *Essay*, in folio; another volume of Fielding; a volume of *Anacharsis*, i.e., of an English Translation of the Abbé Barthélémy's "Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece during the middle of the Fourth Century before the Christian Era"; and a volume of some translation of *Don Quixote*. His choice of books, it will be seen, is still very

independent. Reid's *Inquiry* and Locke's *Essay* connect themselves with the work in the Logic Class; but the other volumes were evidently for mere amusement. There may have been more such books from other libraries. Whether it was still in the lodging in Simon Square, and with Smail for his chum, that these books were read, is uncertain. His comradeship with Smail continued, indeed, he tells us, over two sessions; but the lodging may have been changed. It was still, doubtless, somewhere near the University.

For the session of 1811-12 the Matriculation Book is not alphabetically in Faculties, but general or mixed for the three Faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine. There were 1475 students for these three Faculties conjointly, and "Thomas Carlyle, Ecclefechan," appears among them, his matriculation number being 966. That session, his third at the University, he attended the 2nd Greek Class, under Dunbar, the 2nd Mathematical Class, under Leslie, and the Moral Philosophy Class, under Dr. Thomas Brown. In the Greek Class, which consisted of 189 students, he had among his class-fellows our present venerable Sir Robert Christison, Sir Robert's twin-brother, Alexander Christison, the present Earl of Wemyss, and his brother, the Honourable Walter Charteris, a Thomas Murray from Kirkcudbrightshire, afterwards a well-known citizen of Edinburgh, the inextinguishable Irving Carlyle, and an Andrew Combe, whom I identify with the subsequently well-known Dr. Andrew Combe, the brother of George Combe, the phrenologist. In the Mathematical Class, which numbered forty-six, there were several Dumfriesshire students besides himself; and it was in this 2nd Mathematical Class, if the tradition is correct, that Carlyle took the first prize, another Dumfriesshire youth, who lived in the same lodging with him, taking the second. I have turned with most interest, in this session, to the "List of Students attending Dr. Thomas Brown's Class," pre-

served in the peculiarly neat, small handwriting of Dr. Brown himself. It was the second session of Brown's full tenure of the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in succession to Dugald Stewart, and the fame of his lectures was at its highest. The class consisted of 151 students, and among them, besides Carlyle and his inseparable Irving Carlyle, and a Robert Mitchell and a Paulus Aemilius Irving, both from Dumfriesshire, there were Duncan McNeill, afterwards Lord Colonsay, his brother, John McNeill, Sir Andrew Agnew, David Welsh, afterwards Dr. David Welsh and Professor of Church History, and a James Bisset from Aberdeenshire, whom I identify with the late Rev. Dr. Bisset of Bourtie. Some of these were outsiders, already in the Divinity or Law Classes, who had returned to the Moral Philosophy Class for the benefit of Dr. Brown's brilliant lectures,—notably young David Welsh, who had already attended the class for two sessions, but was full of enthusiasm for Brown, whose biographer and editor he was to be in time. Carlyle, I am sorry to say, was not one of the admirers of the brilliant Brown and his metaphysical novelties. Over and over again I have heard him speak of Brown, and always with mimicry and contempt of him, as "a finical little man they called Brown, or sometimes Missy Brown, that used to spout poetry." This can hardly have been out of disregard for metaphysics as such, for he had much respect for Dugald Stewart, the then retired professor. The dislike seems to have been partly personal, partly to the new kind of highly ingenious metaphysics which Brown was trying to substitute for the older and more orthodox Scottish Philosophy of Reid and Stewart. At all events it is worthy of note that those brilliant lectures of Thomas Brown, which James Mill and John Stuart Mill admired so much in their published form, regarding them as an introduction to much that is best in modern British Philosophy, had no

effect, in their actual delivery, on the hard-headed young Carlyle, but fell upon him as but dazzle and moonshine.

As Carlyle tells us incidentally that he was in Edinburgh in the summer of 1812, it is to be supposed that he spent less of that vacation than usual in his Dumfriesshire home. I find also that he matriculated rather late in our books for the session of 1812-13, his name not appearing in the first or main matriculation list, but only in a supplementary list, and then as "Thomas Carlyle, Hoddam, Dumfriesshire." His father had then, it would seem, given up his trade of mason and had left Ecclefechan to try a small farm in the neighbourhood. The number of students matriculated that year, in the three faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine, was 1503, and Carlyle's matriculation number was 1403. The classes in which he was enrolled for that session, his fourth and last in Arts, were Leslie's 2nd Mathematical Class (attended a second time, we may suppose, for such higher instruction as might be fit for very advanced students) and the Natural Philosophy Class, under Professor John Playfair. In this last session, accordingly, as a student only of Mathematics and Physics, with no distraction towards either Classics or Mental Philosophy, Carlyle may be said to have been in his element. He worked very hard in both classes, and distinguished himself in both. My own impression, from talks with him on the subject, is that he was, by acknowledgment of professors and fellow-students, easily supreme in both, *facile princeps*. Leslie's second class that session numbered but forty-one students, and it was natural that his most distinguished student in two previous sessions should now be familiar with him and receive his especial notice. Certain it is that of all the Professors of Edinburgh University in Carlyle's time Leslie was the only one of whom he spoke always with something of real gratitude and affection. The affection was mixed, indeed, with

a kind of laughing remembrance of Leslie's odd, corpulent figure, and odd, rough ways; and he would describe with particular gusto the occasional effects of Leslie's persistent habit of using hair-dyes, as when a streak of pink or green would be observable amid the dark-brown or black on those less accessible parts of his head where the chemicals had been too liberally or too rashly applied. But he had a real esteem for Leslie's great abilities, and remembered him as a man to whose mathematical instructions, and to whose private kindness, he owed much.—A greater hero with him in pure mathematics than even Leslie, I may say parenthetically, was the now totally forgotten John West, who had been assistant teacher of mathematics in the University of St. Andrews for some time from about 1780 onwards, and of whom Leslie, Ivory, and all the other ablest mathematicians sent forth from that University, had been pupils. Of this man, of whom he knew only by tradition, but whom he regarded as, after Robert Simson of Glasgow, the most original geometrical genius there had been in Scotland, I have heard him talk I know not how often. He would sketch West's life, from the time of his hard and little-appreciated labours at St. Andrews to his death in the West Indies, whither he had emigrated in despair for some chaplaincy or other; he would avow his belief that Leslie had derived some of his best ideas from that poor man; and he expressed pleasure at finding I knew something of West independently, and had a copy of West's rare *Elements of Mathematics*, published in 1784. That book, obsolete now, was, I have no doubt, a manual with Carlyle while he was studying mathematics in Edinburgh University, as I chance to know it had been with Dr. Chalmers at St. Andrews in his earlier mathematical days.—Of Leslie's colleague, the celebrated Playfair, formerly in the Mathematical Chair, but since 1805 in that of Natural Philosophy, Carlyle had a less affectionate recol-

lection personally than of Leslie. Sharing, I believe, the common opinion of Playfair's great merits, and minutely acquainted with the facts of his life, as indeed he was with the biographies of all persons of any mark with whom he had come into contact, he rather resented a piece of injustice which he thought Playfair had done to himself. There were 131 students in the Natural Philosophy Class in 1812-13; and Carlyle, as he assured me, was single in that whole number for having performed and given in every one of all the prescribed exercises, mathematical or other. Another Dumfriesshire student, who came next to him, had failed in one, and that the most difficult. Naturally, at the end of the session, he expected that his certificate would correspond to his distinction in the class; and it was of some consequence to him that it should. When he called at Playfair's house for the certificate, and it was delivered to him by the man-servant, he was a good deal disappointed with the wording. The usual form for a good student was to the effect that the Professor certified that so-and-so had attended the class in such and such a session and had "made good proficiency in his studies." In Carlyle's case there was a certain deviation from this form, but only to the effect that he had attended the class and that the Professor "had reason to know that he had made good proficiency in his studies." I can remember Carlyle's laugh as he told me of this delicate distinction; and I have always treasured the anecdote as a lesson for professors. They ought to be very careful not only in noting talent on the benches before them, but also in signifying what they have noted, if only because, as in Playfair's case, they may be entertaining an angel unawares, and some angels have severe memories.

We have thus brought Carlyle to the summer of 1813, when he had completed his Arts course in our

University, and was in the eighteenth year of his age. Though qualified, according to our present standard, for the degree of M.A., he did not take it; but in that, as you are aware, he was not in the least singular. In those days, palmy days in the history of Edinburgh University though they were, hardly any one ever thought of taking a degree in Arts; as far as Edinburgh University was concerned, the M.A. degree had fallen into almost complete disuse; and only within very recent memory has it become customary again. After his course in Arts, therefore, Carlyle, with 95 per cent. of those of his contemporaries who had passed the same course, was in the position merely of a virtual M.A., who had obtained the best education in Literature, Science, and Philosophy that the Edinburgh University could afford. His own estimate of the worth of that, as you know, was not very high. Without assuming that he meant the university described in *Sartor Resartus* to stand literally for the Edinburgh University of his own experience, we have seen enough to show that any specific training of much value he considered himself to owe to his four years in the Arts classes in Edinburgh University was the culture of his mathematical faculty under Leslie, and that, for the rest, he acknowledged merely a certain benefit from having been in so many class-rooms, where matters intellectual in their different departments were steadily and professedly in the atmosphere, and where he learnt to take advantage of books. "What I have found the University did for me," he said definitely in his *Rectorial Address* of 1866, "is that it taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences, so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me." Similarly, in his *Sartor Resartus*, he made Teufelsdröckh declare that his

chief benefit at the University had been from his private use of the University library. "From the chaos of that library I succeeded in fishing up more books perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid: I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences." This may describe Carlyle's own use of the University library all in all, but hardly his use of it during the four years of his Arts course. Only in Latin and French, and to some small extent in Greek, could he then have ranged beyond English in his readings; nor can his readings, in whatever language, have been then so vast and miscellaneous as Teufelsdröckh's. We have seen, on the irrefragable evidence of preserved registers, what were the books, numbering between twenty and thirty volumes in all, which he actually took out from the University library in the first two winter-sessions of his course; and, though the series is very interesting, with some signs even of oddity, it contains hardly a book that the librarians would have had any difficulty in "fishing-up." I regret much that, from the destruction or at least the disappearance of our library registers for a considerable lapse of years immediately after Carlyle's second session, I am unable to exhibit his readings from our library in his third and fourth sessions. The list for those two sessions, when he was passing from his sixteenth year to his eighteenth, and had been bitten by mathematics and physical science, would doubtless have been even more interesting, and probably more extensive and various, than that for the two sessions preceding. That he did continue to be a very diligent reader from our library, if not from other libraries also, I positively know. He used to draw a ludicrous picture of the library accommodations of those days, when the books were in one of the surviving

old buildings on one side of our present quadrangle, and of the difficulties of access to it, physical and moral. As I understood him, the students came at definite hours when the library was to be available, and ranged themselves in *queue* in some passage, or at some entry, waiting for the opening of the door, and perhaps battering at it when the sub-librarian inside was dilatory. He was a sulky gentleman,—of Celtic blood, if I remember rightly,—at all events of stout build, who regarded the readers as his natural enemies; and, when he did open the door, he generally presented himself in *rear* to the impatient crowd that was pressing in, taking care to bend his body at the final moment so as to administer one last impediment of contempt for the entrants and send some of them sprawling. That was the kind of encouragement to reading, by Carlyle's account, that he and other University students had in those days. To the end of his life he was all but savage in his resentment of difficulties thrown in the way of access to books by those who had charge of them; and the great Panizzi of the British Museum came in for a good deal of his wrath in private for having refused himself certain exceptional facilities of access to the treasures of that national library.

"Entertaining an angel unawares" is the phrase I have used to indicate the relations of Carlyle's teachers in the University to the then unknown young man that sat in their classrooms. In fact, Carlyle, when he left our University in 1813, a virtual M.A., aged seventeen years and four months, was already potentially the very Carlyle we now revere, in consequence of his subsequent life, as one of the greatest and noblest spirits of his generation. Not yet at his full stature (which, when I knew him first in his yet unbent manhood, was five feet, nine inches, or something more), and of thin, lean, rather gaunt frame (he told me himself, he

had never weighed more than about ten stone), he was a youth of as great faculty, as noble a promise, as Scotland had produced since her Burns, born in 1759, and her Scott, born in 1771. This, or something very little short of this, seems to have been already recognised by those who knew him intimately. They were not many, for he was of peculiarly proud, shy, and reserved ways, if not even morose and unsocial. Poverty also kept him back. It was not for an Ecclefechan lad, chumming with one or two others in like circumstances in a poor lodging in Simon Square, or some other Old Town locality, and receiving his meagre supplies from home, to mix much with general Edinburgh society. The celebrities of that society, indeed, were no longer strangers to him by name or sight, as they had been on his first Edinburgh walk with Smail in 1809. He mentions particularly that Jeffrey's face and figure had been quite familiar to him since 1811 by visits to the Parliament House; and the same visits, or walks in Princes Street, must have made him familiar with the face and figure of Scott, and the faces and figures of not a few others that were among the civic somebodies of their time. But it was by sight only, and by no more introduction than he had to Arthur Seat or Holyrood House, that he knew these important personages; and into the circles in which they moved he had never entered. Even the Professors of the University, if we except Leslie, seem to have been known to him only by their aspects in college or the vicinity. Further, his acquaintanceships among his fellow-students do not appear to have been numerous. He is not known to have been a member of any of the literary and debating societies which in those days, as in these, were so important an appendage to the apparatus of lectures, class-rooms, and library, and which draw young men together so congenially for the exchange of ideas, the exercise of oratory, and the formation

of lasting friendships between kindred souls. His habits were those of solitary reading and musing, with intercourse only with a few companions, clannishly selected for the most part from among the Dumfriesshire or Galloway lads who could claim him as their district-compatriot, whose families he knew, and with one or other of whom he had made his pedestrian journeys homewards at the ends of the sessions. Smail has now vanished from his side; and we hear chiefly of James Johnston, afterwards schoolmaster of Haddington, the Robert Mitchell already mentioned as one of his fellow-students in the Moral Philosophy class, a Thomas Mitchell, afterwards one of the classical masters in the Edinburgh Academy, and the Thomas Murray already mentioned as having been with him in the 2nd Greek class. To these has to be added, on the faith of extant letters, a certain clever and whimsical fellow-student of the name of Hill, who used to delight in signing himself "Peter Pindar." In the circle of these, and of others whose names are forgotten, young Carlyle, at the time of his leaving college, was already an object of admiration and respect passing all that is ordinary in such cases of juvenile *camaraderie*. Intellectually and morally, he had impressed them as absolutely *unique* among them all, such a combination of strength of character, rugged independence of manner, prudence, great literary powers, high aspirations and ambition, habitual despondency, and a variety of other humours, ranging from the ferociously sarcastic to the wildly tender, that it was impossible to set limits to what he was likely to become in the world. The proofs are extant in the correspondence of some of them with him of a date only a few months in advance of our present point. On the 1st of January 1814, the above-mentioned Hill, who seems to have been the freest and most jocose in his style of address to Carlyle, and had nicknamed him "The Dean" or "The Doctor," by some implied comparison

with Dean Swift, wrote to him as follows.—"You mention some two or three disappointments you have met with lately. For shame, sir, to be so peevish and splenetic! Your disappointments are trifles light as air when compared with the vexations and disappointments *I* have experienced." Again, in a letter dated the 9th of May in the same year, he begins:—"Dear Doctor, I received yours last night, and a scurrilous, blackguardly, flattering, vexing, pernicky, humorous, witty, daft letter it is. Shall I answer it piecemeal, as a certain Honourable House does a speech from its sovereign, by echoing back each syllable? No; this won't do. Oh! how I envy you, Dean, that you can run on in such an off-hand way, ever varying the scene with wit and mirth, while honest Peter must hold on in one numskull track to all eternity, pursuing the even tenor of his way, so that one of Peter's letters is as good as a thousand."¹ More significant and serious is the following from one of the preserved letters to Carlyle by his friend Thomas Murray, the date "July 27" and presumably of the year 1814:—"I have had the pleasure of receiving, my dear Carlyle, your very humorous and friendly letter, a letter remarkable for vivacity, a Shandean turn of expression, and an affectionate pathos, which indicate a peculiar turn of mind, make sincerity doubly striking and wit doubly poignant. You flatter me with saying my letter was good; but allow me to observe that among all my elegant and respectable correspondents there is none whose manner of letter-writing I so much envy as yours. A happy flow of language, either for pathos, description, or humour, and an easy, graceful current of ideas appropriate to every subject, characterise your style. This is not adulation; I speak what I think. Your

¹ Quoted by Mr. Froude in his article, "The Early Life of Thomas Carlyle," in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1881.

“letters will always be a feast to me,
 “a varied and exquisite repast; and
 “the time, I hope, will come, but I
 “trust is far distant, when these, our
 “juvenile epistles, will be read and
 “publicly applauded by a generation
 “unborn, and the name of Carlyle at
 “least will be inseparably connected
 “with the literary history of the
 “nineteenth century.”¹ Strangely
 enough, Carlyle's answer to this letter
 has survived, and it is no less memorable:
 —“Oh Tom!” it says,
 “what a foolish flattering creature
 “thou art? To talk of future emi-
 “nence in connexion with the literary
 “history of the nineteenth century to
 “such a one as me! Alas! my good
 “lad, when I and all my fancies and
 “reveries and speculations shall have
 “been swept over by the besom of
 “oblivion, the literary history of no
 “century will feel itself the worse.
 “Yet think not, because I talk thus,
 “I am careless about literary fame.
 “No, Heaven knows that, ever since
 “I have been able to form a wish, the
 “wish of being known has been the
 “foremost. O Fortune! thou that
 “givest unto each his portion on this
 “dirty planet, bestow, if it shall please
 “thee, coronets and crowns, and prin-
 “cipalities and purses, and pudding
 “and power, upon the great and noble
 “and fat ones of the earth; grant *me*
 “that, with a heart of independence,
 “unyielding to thy favours and un-
 “bending to thy frowns, I may at-
 “tain to literary fame,—and, though
 “starvation be my lot, I will smile
 “that I have not been born a
 “King.”²

Brave words these from the moody
 lad we saw, not five years ago, plodding

¹ Quoted by Mr. Froude, *ut supra*.

² Printed in an appendix to Mr. Moncure D. Conway's *Memoir of Carlyle* (1881), with other fragments of letters which had been copied from the originals by Mr. Alexander Ireland of Manchester, and which Mr. Ireland put at Mr. Conway's disposal. The date of this fragment is “August, 1814”; and, as it is evidently a reply to Murray's letter of “July 27,” I have ventured to dissent from Mr. Froude's conjectural addition of “1816?” to the dating of that letter.

up to Edinburgh from Ecclefechan, hardly fourteen years of age, with Tom Smail for his pilot. From these words, and from the letters from Hill and Murray with which they connect themselves, we learn two things which I think we should have hardly known otherwise. One is the fact of Carlyle's decisive passion for literature at this early period of his life, and of his reputation then among his intimates for great powers and acquirements of the purely literary kind, and especially for great powers of style and literary expression. My own fancy, confirmed by one particular talk I had with him during a walk along the Thames Embankment and in the Temple Gardens, had rather been that the passion for literature came latish in his case, and that his original bent had been wholly the mathematical. He certainly did tell me that he had not cared much for poetry, or thought much about matters verbal, till the enthusiasm of an older companion, who used to recite Campbell's lyrics and dwell with ecstasy on their beauties, came as a revelation to him and set him on fire with a similar passion. My mistake must have been in post-dating the reminiscence. He must have referred, I now see, not to so late a period as that of his college life in Edinburgh, but to the previous days of his mere boyhood in Ecclefechan and at Annan school. Indeed, we have already seen, in the list of his readings from the college library in his first two sessions, that he must have brought with him to the University some strongly formed literary tastes and likings of Ecclefechan and Annan origin. Connecting this piece of evidence with that of the just-quoted letters of himself and his friends in 1814, we are entitled, I think, now to assume the literary stratum to have been the deeper and more primitive in Carlyle's constitution, and the mathematical vein to have been a superposition upon that. At all events, it is clear that in 1814, when he had concluded his college course, it was for his literary powers

that he was the wonder of his little circle, and it was on these powers that he set most store himself. For the letters reveal to us yet a second contradiction of what we might have supposed otherwise. No man was ever more contemptuous of fame, and especially of literary fame, than Carlyle was in conversation in his later life. The very phrase "desire for fame," or any synonym for it, if used in his presence as the name of a worthy motive to exertion of any kind, would have roused him to rage and provoked his most scathing scorn. He had no patience for "that last infirmity of noble mind," and would have regarded even such a designation for the feeling as much too honourable. Yet, as we have seen, he had not escaped the malady himself. Call the ambition after fame by the homeliest name of sarcasm you please, call it the measles of budding genius, and the fact, on the evidence of Carlyle's own confession, is that the attack in his case had been even more severe than it had been in the case of Burns, much more severe than we know it to have been in the case of Scott, and quite as severe as the records tell it to have been in the case of young Chalmers. The condition of his mind, in his nineteenth year, with all his moodiness, all his self-despondency, was that of settled literary ambition, an appetency after literary distinction all but enormous. That this rested on honest consciousness of his own extraordinary powers, and was accompanied by a resolve, as deep as was ever in any young man's heart, that the fame for which he craved should be won, if won at all, only by noble and manly methods and the hardest and most earnest work, there is no room for doubt. There we see him standing, an unknown youth, teeth clenched and face determined, fronting the world, and anticipating his own future in it, with something of that feeling which, call it what we may, and smile at it as every one may in the retrospect, has probably, by God's own ordinance, filled every great

and honest heart at the outset of a great career:—

"Lay the vain impostors low!
Blockheads fall in every foe!
Splendour comes with every blow!
Let me do or die."

Meanwhile the near future was not very inspiring. Hardly by any wish of his own, but in deference to the fond hopes of his father and mother, and to those social necessities which made the clerical career the only natural and possible one in those days for an educated Scottish youth from the humbler ranks, Carlyle had proceeded to qualify himself for the ministry. Not, however, for the ministry in that Nonconforming communion, called the Burgher Seceders, to which his parents belonged, but, apparently with no objection on their part, in the Established or National Scottish Church.¹ Now, the regular qualification for the ministry of the Scottish Church in those days, after a student had passed his Arts course in the University, consisted in further attendance for four winter-sessions in the Divinity Hall of one of the Universities, for instruction in Theology, Hebrew, and Church History, and for the delivery of so many trial-discourses, one in Latin and the rest in English, at appointed intervals. But, to accommodate students whose

¹ The first secession from the National Presbyterian Church of Scotland, as established at the Revolution, was in 1733, when differences on account of matters of administration, rather than any difference of theological doctrine, led to the foundation by Ebenezer Erskine of the dissenting communion called *The Associate Presbytery* or *Secession Church*. In 1747 this communion split itself, on the question of the obligation of the members to take a certain civil oath, called *The Burgher's Oath*, into two portions, calling themselves respectively the *Associate* or *Burgher Synod* and the *General Associate* or *Anti-Burgher Synod*. The former in 1799 sent off a detachment from itself called the *Original Burgher Synod* or *Old Light Burghers*, the main body remaining as the *Associate Burgher Synod*; and it was to the second that Carlyle's parents belonged, their pastor in Ecclefechan being that Rev. Mr. Johnston to whose memory Carlyle has paid such a tribute of respect, and whose grave is now to be seen in Ecclefechan churchyard, near Carlyle's own.

means made it difficult for them to reside in town during four consecutive winters, there was a device of "partial sessions," by which a certain small amount of personal appearance in the Divinity Hall, if protracted over six sessions, and duly signalled by delivery of the required discourses, was accepted as sufficient. By the former plan, Carlyle, entering the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh in the session 1813-14, immediately after his last session in Arts, would have been a qualified probationer or preacher in the Scottish Church, and eligible for a fixed parochial charge, in 1817, *i.e.* in his twenty-second year. The other plan, however, permitting him to find some occupation out of Edinburgh, if it could be had, and so to spare his parents further expense in his education, was altogether the more convenient. His connexion with Edinburgh was not yet over; but it was to be continued only in the form of such occasional visits through six years as might enable him to pass as "licentiate" or "probationer" in 1819, *i.e.* in his twenty-fourth year. *That*, however he may have reconciled it to his ambition or his conscience, was his immediate worldly outlook.

Divinity students did not need to register in the general Matriculation Book of the University, as the Arts, Medicine, and Law students did; and so we have not that means of tracing Carlyle's connexion with our University during his Divinity course. Another Thomas Carlyle, indeed, is found in the matriculation lists and in the Art classes, just after *our* Carlyle has left those classes; but he is a Thomas Carlyle from Galloway, and is probably the person to whom Carlyle refers angrily as his troublesome *double-goer*, about whom and himself mistakes were constantly occurring, from this early period in the lives of both, on even to the time when this Thomas Carlyle was an "Angel" in the Irvingite Church and an author of books, and took the precaution of distinguishing him-

self always on his title-pages as "Thomas Carlyle, *Advocate*." It is in the special Divinity Hall Registers that we should look now for *our* Carlyle. Unfortunately, these Registers are defective. I have not found a list of the Divinity Hall students for 1813-14, though I believe it must have been in that session that Carlyle entered himself in the books of Dr. William Ritchie, the chief Divinity Professor, as going on nominally for the Divinity course, if not attending lectures. The only sessions in which I do find his name registered are those of 1814-15 and 1817-18, both times as "Thomas Carlyle, Hoddam," and both times as one of 183 students then attending the Divinity Hall. Whether this means that his attendance in these two sessions amounted to something more distinct and real than in those in which his name is not found, I cannot determine, though I should like to do so. It would be a pleasure to me to know to what real extent Carlyle attended the lectures of Dr. Ritchie in Divinity and of Dr. Hugh Meiklejohn in Church History; and it would be a peculiar pleasure to me to know whether he ever sat in the Hebrew class-room and was called up to read his Hebrew Bible by Dr. Alexander Brunton. For I had the fortune to sit under this Rabbi Brunton myself in the same Hebrew class about thirty years afterwards, when he was a very old gentleman, a wonder of antique clerical neatness in his dress, and with a great bald head, and large, pink, bland face, which it did you good to look at. That was all the good you got; for, though he professed to teach Hebrew in two sessions, with the elements of Chaldee and Syriac, and, I think, Arabic in addition, the amount of linguistic instruction he gave, or was capable of giving, was as if you had boiled ten chapters of the Hebrew Bible in the same kettle with three or four leaves of Hebrew and Chaldee grammar, and drunk the concoction in two hundred doses. Carlyle on Rabbi Brunton's benches would have

been a picture to me worth a thousand; and I wish now I had asked him whether he did attend the Hebrew class. Once I spoke to him of Brunton's predecessor in the Hebrew chair, Dr. Alexander Murray, a real linguist, and one of the finest minds of his time in Scotland, as any one may see who will read his letters published in that most delicious of recent books of literary anecdote, *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, by the late Thomas Constable. This fine scholar and thinker had died in 1813, after having held the Hebrew chair only one year; and Brunton, who had been a rival candidate with him, had stepped into his place. That had been in the last year of Carlyle's Arts course, and he retained no more than a vague recollection of Murray's figure as seen about the College.

What makes it all the likelier that Carlyle did begin his Divinity course in 1813-14, and did give some attendance in the Divinity Hall that session, is that he informs us, in his *Reminiscences*, that he was in Edinburgh in May 1814, and was among the audience in the General Assembly of the Kirk for that year, when he heard Jeffrey plead and Drs. Hill and Inglis, and also Dr. Chalmers, speak. The annual meeting of the General Assembly in May was a great affair; and it would have been the most natural thing in the world for a young student of Divinity, fresh from his first session at the Hall, to be in the gallery of the Assembly, to see the physiognomies of the leaders, Moderate or Evangelical, and to hear the debates. If he had resided in Edinburgh through the preceding session 1813-14, the probability is that he had some teaching engagements which helped to pay the expenses of his residence. We do not, however, hear definitely of any such teaching employment in Edinburgh in 1813-14, but only that, later in 1814, he applied for the vacant mathematical mastership in his own school of Annan, won the post by competition in

Dumfries, and settled in Annan to perform the duties.

The Annan mathematical mastership lasted about two years, or from the autumn of 1814 to the autumn of 1816, bringing Carlyle from his nineteenth year to his twenty-first. His receipts were between 60*l.* and 70*l.* a year; and he boarded in the house of Mr. Glen, the Burgher minister of Annan, where he read prodigiously at nights in all sorts of books, latterly sitting up till three in the morning over Newton's *Principia*. But, though the Glens were pleasant, kind people, and he was not far from his father's house, and had two or three good friends in the neighbourhood,—one of them the Rev. Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, a man of many accomplishments, and the real founder of savings banks,—he found himself, on the whole, "lonesome, uncomfortable, and out of place." His character among the Annan people was that of "morose dissociableness," and he detested his school-work. The two visits which he paid to Edinburgh in the course of the two years were bright interruptions in his dull routine. The first was about the Christmas of 1814, only a few months after he had gone to Annan. His purpose was to read the first of his trial-discourses in the Divinity Hall, that being, as we have supposed, his second session in Divinity, and one of the two sessions in which, as we have seen, his name occurs in the Divinity Hall lists. The discourse was an English sermon on the text (Psalm cxix. 67): "*Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy Word.*" It was, he says, "a very weak, flowery, and sentimental piece,"—which we may believe if we like. The second visit was in the Christmas-time of 1815, for the delivery of his second discourse, a Latin exegesis on the question, "*Num detur religio naturalis?*" ("Is a natural religion possible?") This too, he supposes, was "weak enough," though the writing

of the Latin had given him some satisfaction, and there had been some momentary pleasure in "the bits of compliments and flimsy approbation from comrades and professors" which greeted this performance, as indeed had been the case with the previous year's sermon. But this visit of the Christmas of 1815 was memorable to him for something more than the delivery of his exegesis. That trouble off his mind, he was taking a holiday week, looking up old Edinburgh acquaintances; and it was one night, when he was in Rose Street, sitting rather silently in the rooms of a certain Waugh, a distant cousin of his own, and his predecessor in the Annan mastership, that the door opened, and there stepped in Edward Irving, accompanied by an Edinburgh mathematical teacher named Nichol. Carlyle had once seen Irving casually long before, when he was a boy at Annan School, and Irving had made a call there as a former boy of the same school, home from the University with prizes and honours; he had heard much of Irving since, — especially of his continued University triumphs and his brilliant success in schoolmastering, first in the new academy he had set up in Haddington, and more recently in a similar academy at Kirkcaldy; but this was their first real meeting. It was, as Carlyle tells us, by no means promising. Irving, in a somewhat grandiose way, asked Carlyle this and that about Annan, and what was going on there. Carlyle, irritated a little by his air of superiority, answered more and more succinctly, till at last, to such questions as, "Has Mrs. — got a baby? Is it son or daughter?" his answers were merely that he did not know. "You seem to know nothing," said Irving, after one or two rebuffs of the kind; "to which," says Carlyle, "I, with prompt emphasis, somewhat provoked, replied, 'Sir, by what right do you try my knowledge in this way? Are you the grand inquisitor, or have you authority to question people and cross-question at

discretion? I have had no interest to inform myself about the births in Annan, and care not if the process of birth and generation there should cease and determine altogether.'"

There might be worse subjects for a painter than this first meeting between Irving and Carlyle. The very room in Rose Street, I suppose, still exists, and there would be little difficulty in imagining the group. On one side, staggering from the blow he has just received, we see the Herculean Irving, three-and-twenty years of age, with coal-black hair, and handsome and jovial visage, despite his glaring squint; seated on the other side we see the thinner and more bilious figure of the stripling Carlyle, just after he has delivered the blow; and Waugh and Nichol are looking on and laughing.¹

The next meeting of Carlyle and

¹ This is not the first passage at arms on record between a Carlyle and an Irving. As far back as the sixteenth century, when Irvings and Carlyles were even more numerous on the West Border than they are at present, and are heard of, with Maxwells, Bells, Johnstons, and other clans, as keeping those parts in continual turmoil with their feuds, raids, and depredations, it would happen sometimes that a Carlyle jostled with an Irving. Thus, in the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, under date Aug. 28, 1578, we have the statement from an Alexander Carlyle that there had been a controversy "betwix him and Johnne Irvin, callit the Windie Duke." What the controversy was does not appear; but both parties had been apprehended by Lord Maxwell, then Warden of the West Marches, and lodged in the "pledge-chalmer," or prison, of Dumfries; and Carlyle's complaint is that, while the said John Irving had been released on bail, no such favour has been shown to him, but he has been kept in irons for twenty-two weeks. This Alexander Carlyle seems to be the same person as a "Red Alexander Carlyle of Eglisfechan" heard of afterwards in the same Record, under date Feb. 22, 1581-2, as concerned in "some attemptatis and slauchter" committed in the West March, and of which the Privy Council are taking cognisance. On this occasion he is not in controversy with an Irving, but has "Edward Irving of Boneschaw," and his son "Cristie Irving of the Coif," among his fellow-culprits. Notices of the Dumfriesshire Carlyles and Irvings, separately or in company, are frequent in the Register through the reign of James VI.

Irving was in Annan about six months afterwards. In the interval the Kirkcaldy people, many of whom were dissatisfied with Irving's conduct in the new academy there, and especially with the severity of his discipline among the young ones, had resolved on resuscitating their regular or Burgh School; and, on the recommendation of Professors Leslie and Christison, Carlyle had been offered the mastership of that school. If Carlyle accepted and went to Kirkcaldy, it would thus be as Irving's rival. The meeting, therefore, might have been awkward but for Irving's magnanimity. He invited Carlyle cordially to be his guest in the preliminary visit he meditated to Kirkcaldy for the purpose of inquiry; said that his books were at Carlyle's service, that two Annandale men must not be strangers in Fifeshire, &c. Accordingly, when Carlyle did accept the appointment, and transfer himself from Annan to Kirkcaldy in the autumn of 1816, the two became inseparable. They were the David and Jonathan of Kirkcaldy town; and one of the pleasantest parts of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* is his description of those Kirkcaldy days, from 1816 to the end of 1818, when he and Irving were constantly together, walking on the Kirkcaldy sands, or making Saturday excursions to Fifeshire places round about, or boating expeditions on the Firth, or longer rambles in holiday time to the Lochlomond country and the West, or to their native Dumfriesshire by Moffat and the Yarrow. Irving was by this time a licensed preacher in the Scottish Church; and Carlyle attended him in his occasional preachings in Kirkcaldy or the neighbourhood, or accompanied him to hear other preachers,—once, for example, to Dunfermline to hear Dr. Chalmers. This was the time too of those incidents of more private mark in the lives of the two young men,—Irving's intimacy with the Martins of Kirkcaldy Manse, and his engagement to a daughter of that family, though his

heart was with the Jane Welsh who had been his pupil at Haddington; and Carlyle's frustrated first love for Margaret Gordon, the "Blumine" of his *Sartor Resartus*, then an orphan girl, residing in Kirkcaldy with her widowed Aberdeenshire aunt. Though it is with the Edinburgh connexions of Carlyle during his two years at Kirkcaldy that we are concerned here, I cannot refrain from the episode of Margaret Gordon.

This girl, interesting long ago to all inquirers into Carlyle's biography as the nameless original of his "Blumine," has become even more interesting since the revelation of her name and the description of her by Carlyle himself in his *Reminiscences*. Even this description, however, falls far short of the impression made by that fragment of her own farewell letter to Carlyle which Mr. Froude has published in his *Nineteenth Century* article on Carlyle's Early Life. Nothing finer or nobler than that letter has come to light, or ever can come to light, in all Carlyle's correspondence:—

"And now, my dear friend, a long, long adieu! One advice; and, as a parting one, consider, value it. Cultivate the milder dispositions of your heart. Subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain. In time your abilities must be known. Among your acquaintance they are already beheld with wonder and delight. By those whose opinion will be valuable they hereafter will be appreciated. Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners. Deal gently with their inferiority, and be convinced they will respect you as much, and like you more. Why conceal the real goodness that flows in your heart? . . . Again adieu! Pardon the freedom I have used; and, when you think of me, be it as of a kind sister, to whom your happiness will always yield delight, and your griefs sorrow . . . I give you not my address, because I dare not promise to see you."

Valuable as an additional attestation of the enormous impression made by Carlyle upon all who came near him even at this early date, and of the prodigious expectations entertained of his future career, these words reveal

also such a character in the writer herself as almost to compel the dream of what might have happened if she had become his wife. That it was a real love on both sides is evident. The obstacle was partly in circumstances. In the opinion of her aunt and guardian, and of others, Margaret Gordon, who, though the daughter of a poor colonial, and left with little or nothing, was one of the aristocratic family of the Aberdeenshire Gordons, could not marry a Kirkcaldy schoolmaster. Perhaps some dread on her own part, arising from those perceptions of the harder side of his character which she communicated to himself so tenderly and frankly, may have aided in the separation.—Her subsequent history is known, and could be told with abundant detail by persons still living. She became the wife of Alexander Bannerman of Aberdeen, a man of note in the commerce of that city, and of a family of old standing and of landed estates in the shire. There were traditions of him in his youth as “Sandy Bannerman,” one of the wild Maule of Panmure and Duke of Gordon set, who filled the north with their jocose pranks; but my own recollection of him in his more mature days is of the staid and highly respectable Alexander Bannerman, latterly Sir Alexander Bannerman, who was long the Whig M.P. for Aberdeen, and in that capacity was very attentive to the interests of the city, and very kind to old pensioners and the like who had any grievances or claims on the Government. The Whigs promoted him at last to the Governorship of a colony; and I think he died in that post. I might have seen “Blumine” over and over again when she was Lady Bannerman, if only in a carriage when she drove through the streets of Aberdeen to grace one of her husband’s elections; but I have no recollection of her.—To my surprise, Carlyle did not seem indisposed to talk of the “Blumine” episode in his life. He once sketched the story to me, not naming names very distinctly (though I then knew for

myself that “Blumine” had become Lady Bannerman), but dwelling on various particulars, and especially on those casual meetings with his first love in her married state in or near Hyde Park, about 1840, which he has described in his *Reminiscences*. He used to make inquiries from others, I chance to know, about the Aberdeenshire Bannermans. Though he talked prettily and tenderly on the subject, the impression was that the whole thing had become “objective” to him, a mere picture of the past. But fifty years had then elapsed since those Kirkcaldy days when Margaret Gordon and he had used to meet.

Among Carlyle’s Edinburgh connexions in those Kirkcaldy days, one comes to us in a book form. It was in 1817 that Professor Leslie, not yet Sir John Leslie, brought out the third edition of his *Elements of Geometry and Plane Trigonometry*, being an improvement and enlargement of the two previous editions of 1809 and 1811. The geometrical portion of the volume consists of six books, intended to supersede the traditional first six books of Euclid, and containing many propositions not to be found there. The seventeenth proposition of the sixth book is the problem “*To divide a straight line, whether internally or externally, so that the rectangle under its segments shall be equivalent to a given rectangle.*” The solution, with diagrams, occupies a page, and there is an additional page of “scholium,” pointing out in what circumstances the problem is impossible, and calling attention to the value of the proposition in the construction of quadratic equations. So much for the text of the proposition at pp. 176-177; but when we turn to the “Notes and Illustrations” appended to the volume, we find, at p. 340, this note by Leslie:

“The solution of this important problem now inserted in the text was suggested to me by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, an ingenious young mathematician, formerly my pupil. But I here subjoin likewise the original construction given by Pappus, which, though rather more complex, has yet some peculiar advantages.”

Leslie then proceeds to give the solution of Pappus, in about two pages, and to add about three pages of further remarks on the application of the problem to the construction of quadratics. The mention of Carlyle by Leslie in this volume of 1817 is, I believe, the first mention of Carlyle by name in print; and it was no small compliment to prefer, for text purposes, young Carlyle's solution of an important problem to the old one that had come down from the famous Greek geometrician. Evidently Carlyle's mathematical reputation was still kept up about the Edinburgh University, and Leslie was anxious to do his favourite pupil a good turn.

More personal were the connexions with Edinburgh which Carlyle still kept up by visits from Kirkcaldy, either by himself or with Irving. As it was not much to cross the Firth on a Saturday or occasional holiday, such visits were pretty frequent. Carlyle notes them and the meetings and little convivialities which he and Irving had in the course of them with nondescript and clerical Edinburgh acquaintances, chiefly Irving's, here and there in Edinburgh houses and lodgings. Nothing of consequence came of these convivialities, passed mostly, he says, in "gossip and more or less ingenious giggle," and serving only to make Irving and him feel that, though living in Kirkcaldy, they had the brighter Edinburgh element close at hand. One Edinburgh visit from Kirkcaldy deserves particular record:—"On one of these visits," he says, "my last feeble tatter of connexion with Divinity Hall affairs or clerical outlooks was allowed to snap itself and fall definitely to the ground.

"Old Dr. Ritchie 'not at home' when I called to enter myself. "'Good!' answered I; '*let the omen be fulfilled.*'" In other words, he never went back to Dr. Ritchie, and ceased to be a Divinity student. Such is the account in the *Reminiscences*, confirmed by a private note in Carlyle's hand, published in Mr. Froude's article:—"The theological course, which could be prosecuted or kept open by appearing annually, putting down your name, but with some trifling fee, in the register, and then going your way, was," he says, "after perhaps two years of this languid form, allowed to close itself for good. I remember yet being on the street in Argyll Square, Edinburgh, probably in 1817, and come over from Kirkcaldy with some intent, the languidest possible, still to put down my name and fee. The official person, when I rang, was not at home, and my instant feeling was, '*Very good, then, very good; let this be finis in the matter.*' And it really was." This is precise enough, but perhaps with a slight mistake in the dating. The name, "Thomas Carlyle, Hod-dam," as we have seen, does stand in the register of the Edinburgh Divinity Hall students for the session 1817-18, its only previous appearance in the preserved lists being in 1814-15, though it is likely he had begun his Divinity course in 1813-14. It must, therefore, have been after 1817 that he made the above-mentioned call on Dr. Ritchie in Argyll Square. The probability is that it was late in 1818, in anticipation of the coming session of 1818-19.

DAVID MASSON.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1881.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

PART I.—ADVERSITY.

CHAPTER I.

OF NEW ENGLAND FORESTS; AND THE NATURE OF TRUE INDEPENDENCE; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WITCH'S HEAD, OF THE TROGLODYTE, AND OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRUSTING TO LUCK.

FORTY years ago there were more trees than anything else in the northern part of New England. A wild, rough-haired-forest grasped the rocky soil with lusty roots, and, fertilising itself with its own decay, seemed to have solved the problem of earthly immortality. It thronged seaward almost to the water's edge, peopled the tallest hills, and silently established itself in the most secret recesses of the valleys; go where you would, the trees trooped on beside you, and were before you at every halting-place, and crowded curiously round you, intrusive, yet unsympathetic. For the savage and limitless woods of the new world are a very different affair from the educated and judicious arborescence of the mother country. The latter groups itself to please you, and each tree, in its full-fed complacency, observes a picturesque courtesy towards the claims of its neighbour; it takes no small pride in its own personality; and, in short, expresses the virtues and vices of civilisation. Not so the republican

forest of Vermont and Maine. Here the myriad boles thrust straight aloft, so close together that even after death they still must stand erect, supported by the relentless up-growth of their living brethren. There is no individuality here, nor mutual consideration, nor separate beauty of character, nor rank, nor precedence; but each tall barbarian identifies himself with his swarthy-limbed comrade, till all together feel as one, and the jaunty tossing of their feathery tops is like the rolling of a homogeneous sea. Civilisation, except it carry an axe with it, soon goes mad in such companionship as this; a man must have within him a wildness answering to the wildness of the forest; otherwise it destroys him, or he it. There is immensity without variety, and repetition without regularity; there is nothing in nature so untamable as a forest tree; nor is it easy for the sophisticated human being to sympathise with an existence which can afford to spend a thousand years in waving an undistinguished plume of leaves towards the sky. Life without personal distinction appears almost inconceivably terrible to our dapper churchmen and agnostics, who must needs have their characters appreciated and their exploits recognised, be the same good or bad, wise or otherwise; independence, for them, meaning that sort of private self-sufficiency which,

by setting up each man for himself, renders him abjectly dependent upon the envy or eulogy of all other men. But the forest of New England, which preaches the novel and as yet unpopular doctrine of independence based upon natural identity—a strictly impersonal independence, not only compatible with, but inseparable from, the completest private humility and self-effacement—this forest is a thing which the European moralist either shuns or chops down.

In one of the seaward gorges of the rocky coast there existed, at the time of which I write, a remarkable boulder, known as the Witch's Head. It was one of those natural phenomena called loggan stones—an egg-shaped mass of granite some seven yards in diameter, so nicely poised upon a small pyramidal pedestal or base, that a slight impulse would set it rocking. How it came to occupy its position was an enigma which, to the unscientific mind, invested it with a semi-supernatural importance. The Indians, in bygone times, were known to have made it the scene of their pagan rites and observances; and later, when the mysterious curse of witchcraft fell upon New England, the human subjects of the Black Man were believed to hold their Sabbath revels there. Nor was the stone an insensible or inactive participant in these transactions. It answered the questions of the soothsayers with a titanic nod, thus dignifiedly forestalling the antics of the spiritualised mahogany of our own day; and there was a tradition afloat that it had revealed the guilt of a malefactor by trembling at the touch of his hand. At all events the Witch's Head was, and remained, until comparatively recent times, a celebrated and formidable object: a thing which people did not care to visit by moonlight, or alone; and which served, even in its decadence, as a handy helper to nurses of refractory children. To be threatened with a shake of the Witch's Head would give pause to the most unorthodox urchin in Suncook. Within living

memory, however, the Head never did anything of great and appalling significance but once; and in the doing of that deed it ceased to be a Head and became a mere boulder; as shall be fully explained further on. Be it said meanwhile, that, apart from its supernatural complexion, it was a rather picturesque and agreeable object. It stood conspicuous and imminent at an angle of a narrow winding ravine, along whose rocky bottom a slim brown brook slipped with glance and gurgle towards the sea. The ravine cleft a crevice through the serried forest, yet not so wide but that the eager trees could span it with their arms, and bend their heads across it in the breeze. Save in the midst of leafless winter, the sun never had much opportunity to explore the secrets of this gorge; but he peopled it with shadows more beautiful than himself. There was a delicious dewy greenness about it, and a blueness of forget-me-nots, and a twitter of pleased birds, and the innocent cool smell of damp earth and weeds. It was barely a dozen yards across at the top, and it was as deep as it was wide; a long-drawn oasis furrowed out of the arid heart of an American forest. An engineer would have seen in it a useful basis for a road; and in fact a road was wanted just in this place between Suncook and the neighbouring town of Cranmead. But the time for such things was not yet come; and people were more apt to pass between Cranmead and Suncook by a roundabout path over the spur of the hill, than to take the shorter, rugged way along the ravine. Possibly the sinister reputation of the Witch's Head may have had something to do with this avoidance. Viewed from below, the great stone must certainly have looked forbidding; if that nice balance should become a trifle disturbed—if, in other words, the Head should decapitate itself—he who stood underneath would be both dead and buried before he could be sure that an accident had happened. But if you contemplated the stone from

some more comfortable standpoint, it assumed a benignant aspect. Its surface was painted with the sober hues of lichens, and hundreds of crimson and yellow columbines—jolliest of woodland wild flowers—grew in the cracks and hollows of the rock. Round its brow might still be discerned the traces of an ancient Indian inscription—a rude sort of hieroglyphics, the key to which has been lost for centuries. The stone could be ascended from a certain direction, and once mounted on the top of it, you could rock there all day with a long, pendulum-like motion, always running on the verge of disaster but never passing it. The motion, when one had got accustomed to it, is said to have been very pleasant; but it was a pleasure which few persons in the vicinity had ventured to indulge themselves with. The stone was unlucky; it had a bad name; it was stained with blood very likely; and, at any rate, it was an outlandish affair which no one could explain the sense of. Consequently, all God-fearing people, and those who were of opinion that there was trouble enough in the world without going in search of more, gave the Witch's Head a wide berth. Nevertheless, during several years previous to the opening of this history, the Head had not lacked a human companion, both by night and by day; a solitary human being, who had his abode in the Head's very jaws as it were, who enjoyed himself unaffectedly, and who was neither an Indian nor a misanthropist, nor hardly even an outlaw. There will be more to tell about him presently. The abode alluded to was a cave in the face of the cliff immediately behind the head. The entrance to it was narrow, and was partly concealed by the landward limb of the stone itself, and partly by the hanging roots of a tree growing in the bank above. Within, however, it opened out to unexpected dimensions, affording easy enough accommodations for a bachelor,—one, that is, whose soul had never aspired to

the level of blue china, but was content with shelter, dryness, and an even temperature. The ground plan of this little cavern was like an irregular cross, the head lying towards the entrance; the right arm containing the mattress of sweet-fern; the left arm the fireplace; while the deep recess inward was used as the store-room. The floor was strewn with white sea-sand, the inequalities being filled in or levelled down; the walls and ceiling were of granite, sparkling with black facets of mica: and the height was such that a tall man could have stood erect in the central part, though elsewhere he must stoop or go on all fours. Through the rock above the fireplace was a chimney, which, though nothing more than a natural aperture, had the more than civilised qualities of drawing well and never smoking. Besides a store of dried provisions and some simple but effective cooking utensils, the cave contained a bow and arrows, evidently of Indian make; a coil of fishing tackle both for sea and river; a pair of snow shoes, and a banjo. The latter instrument was kept in a woollen case, and, although rudely framed and somewhat clumsy in appearance, it could discourse excellent music when rightly entreated. Altogether, this cave, which had been discovered by the occupant of it, and which he had never shared with anybody else, was as serviceable and handsome a dwelling as many a more pretentious affair of planks and shingles in Suncook; and if seclusion were an object, the barrier which superstition had raised around the spot was more secure than any thickset hedge, or picket fence, and far more easily kept in repair.

The Witch's Head was situated about half a mile north-west from the outermost house of Suncook village; the ravine in which it stood taking a southerly turn just before leaving the woods, and sending the brook to join the sea on the western side of the long headland, on the eastern side whereof lies Suncook village and bay.

The place was originally a fishing settlement of minor importance; though with a special reputation for hard swearing and deep drinking. In course of time some of the worst people died, others took to farming; a small church was built, and a parson got to preach in it; the women became more respectable, and the children more numerous: at last Suncook was esteemed as pious a spot as it had heretofore been ungodly. A school was started, and the schoolboys were strictly looked after and soundly birched. Something was done towards making the fishery business a regular and remunerative industry; and citizens came to be esteemed or otherwise according to their practical usefulness to the community. It was at about this time that the cave behind the Witch's Head found a tenant: since no community is so small but that some member of it will rebel, either secretly or openly, against practical usefulness in any form. The troglodyte in question was duly excommunicated by the Selectmen, the schoolmaster and the minister; but was ardently admired and envied by the not inconsiderable number of those who would have liked to follow his example, if they had not liked still better the maintenance of their social repute. One avowed challenger of orthodoxy and convention serves as safety-valve to a score of reticent malcontents, who imaginatively make his attitude their own, while actually wearing starched collars and listening to the safety-valve's damnation from the Sunday pulpiteer. It is a mistake to suppose that examples of lawlessness are necessarily contagious. To the interior man they may be so; but the external man is by them enabled to wear the more easily his armour of demure smugness. To be led is more comfortable than to lead, and involves less moral responsibility; in fact, leadership always costs a certain amount of social respectability. As touching the troglodyte of Witch's Head, he cannot, perhaps, be said to

have merited the title of leader, at any period of his career. He regarded his life as an opportunity for independent experiment, and would have counted it loss of time to avail himself of the experience of other people. He neither laid down nor observed any set rules of conduct, but swam free in the current of existence, and trusted less to himself than to luck for the realisation of his desires. Looking upon himself as a version of human nature, he gave great weight to the human nature, and attached very slight importance to the version; in other words, he delighted in himself as a man, but seldom enjoyed himself as a person. One consequence of this was, an aversion from attempting to shape his individual destiny in accordance with the dictates of intellectual prudence: it seemed happier to believe that the general set of human affairs was towards improvement; and that inasmuch as the welfare of the many had always been consistent with the suffering of the few, he would be a fool who should presume by his own efforts to identify himself with either one party or the other, or even to decide what was misfortune, and what was the reverse. But it is doing injustice to this modest troglodyte to represent him as entertaining theories, or, indeed, views of any kind. We may deduce his philosophy from his history; but he himself could have given no account of it. To the end of his life there was a deep fund of boyishness in him, and at the period of his life with which we are at present concerned, he was in years as well as in disposition a boy. But this subject demands another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A HERMIT WHO WAS NEITHER A MISANTHROPIST NOR A PHILOSOPHER. A LESSON IN THE ART OF MAGIC: A BANJO: A PORTRAIT IN OILS: AND AN UNACCOUNTABLE OLD FRENCHMAN.

It was a warm day in June, and the troglodyte, not dressed much to speak

of, was lying on his stomach on the crown of the Witch's Head. He lacked both hat and shoes ; and from the free spread of his sunburnt toes and the riotous betanglement of his brown hair, it might have been inferred that he dispensed altogether with such appliances. But boys who live above the fortieth parallel of north latitude learn betimes that the power of frost is not mechanical merely, but also opens the way to moral and intellectual culture. By nipping this urchin's ears and toes, for example, it cultivated his mind up to the level of felt and leather—a feat which would probably have transcended the unassisted capacity of the local board of education. It is but fair to remark, on the other hand, that if he went shod and bonneted only upon compulsion of winter, he wore jacket and breeches all the year round of his own free will. Though he knew little as yet of the refining influences of the hairbrush and the Bible ; though he was as shy, and in some respects as untamed, as the squirrels in the tree over his head ; and though he was quite unversed in the Teufelsdröck philosophy ; nevertheless he drew the line—and drew it instinctively—this side sans culottism. He might live as wildly as the squirrels, but there was blood in his veins which prevented him from limiting himself to squirrels' views.

Misanthropic he certainly was not ; but his desire at present was towards solitude, and his human intimates were few. As a general thing, healthy boys avoid mankind, as being a form of creation too much cut-and-dried, too sophisticated, and too opinionated to be of much use. They find better company and entertainment in the face of nature and in animals. In truth, the man could afford the boy all that nature and animals can, if only he would show him his manhood instead of himself. But that is not to be expected : and so the boy holds back until he has become cut-and-dried, and all the rest of it, in his

turn. The boy we are speaking of affected the society of the woods, the streams, and the ocean, because these let him have his way ; or if they constrained him it was not captiously, nor without due warning. Man—that is, the particular men and women whom he knew—presented themselves to his mind in the light of a *coterie* opposed to his freedom of action. He may or may not have been aware that America is the land of liberty ; but he had discovered for himself that to appropriate Farmer Bunker's water-melons, and even to make faces at Widow Klench, were liberties which carried a penalty. Now, since the sea never punished him for catching its fish, nor the forest for capturing its game, it was clear to this boy that nature was more enlightened than mankind, and less fussy.

Sprawling there in the chequered sunshine on the granite boulder, which swung slowly to and fro in response to the impulse which he occasionally gave it ; the boy was probably as happy as a creature who is more than an animal can afford to be. His five senses were all in good order, and he needed neither reminiscence nor anticipation to fortify his felicity. He possessed a perhaps exceptional capacity for the discovery and enjoyment of natural loveliness—not taking it indiscriminately for granted, as most boys do. For all animals (except bats, which curdled him with helpless horror) he had a curious and inexhaustible affection, and pondered over their ways and movements with an intensity of observation truly flattering to the objects of it ; and they in turn took him largely into their confidence. He tamed many of them ; but the taming was always incidental, so to say, to the acquaintance : he never interfered in any way with their liberty, except upon occasion to kill and eat one of them. His hunting implements have been already referred to ; he had no firearms, but his bow answered all purposes as far as raccoons, squirrels, ducks, and partridges were concerned ;

and several times he had killed deer; and once he had mortally wounded a bear by an arrow through its eye. As for fishing, the brook that gurgled beneath him had trout enough, and there were salmon and pickerel in the lake above; but he liked better to take a fisherman's dory and scull out beyond the cape, and there haul in great cod and haddock, or cast a flying hook into a shoal of mackerel. The sea entered so deeply into his conception of existence, that up to his fourteenth year (of which period I am treating) he had never considered the possibility of a life away from it; and geography figured itself to him as a continual sea-coast. Ships sailed away with his imagination, and never stopped short of Eldorado; some day he contemplated an actual voyage thither; but thus far he had not sufficiently digested the idea of travel to do more than wonder about it. The magnitude of the earth and its rotundity are not among the intuitions of the un-instructed mind: but to remain where you are comfortable, is so. And this boy was upon the whole, remarkably comfortable.

He had no very vivid recollection of ever having been otherwise. Even before his discovery and occupation of the cave, now some five years ago, he had been as well off as most boys seem to be. All the boys he knew either had, or had had, fathers and mothers; he had never had either, so far as he was aware; and observation disposed him to the belief that one was better without them. The fathers and mothers of Suncook, at all events, appeared to be persons of a uniformly arbitrary and despotic disposition. His own domestic experiences had not been of a complex nature. He could bring before his mind a picture of a brown old room, with a smoky ceiling, and dusty windows: the backs of books emerging from the gloom of an alcove; a table heaped up with learned disorder; and in front of it the low-seated, leather-covered arm-chair, with the white-haired, black-eyed old man

in it. This aged, but astute and nervous countenance was among the very earliest apparitions in the boy's memory; and there was a sense of its having sometimes stood between him and the oppression of the outside world. It was a face which exercised influence and power; and the boy had never doubted its ability to hold its own in spite of any odds. He addressed it as Monsieur Jacques; and it called him Jacques; or Jack when there was occasion for severity. Their conversation was generally carried on in French; but Jack in time came to understand English; and then, if he wished to enrage M. Jacques, he had only to speak to him in that language. What might be the relation between this effect and its cause, Jack never could understand; the less so, inasmuch as scarcely anybody besides himself in Suncook could speak French at all, and M. Jacques (or Mossy Jakes, as the village tongue translated it) never got angry at anybody else's English. This led him to suspect that there was some special tie uniting him to M. Jacques, a notion which was strengthened by the fact that they lived in the same house, and ate their dinner in company, and was further confirmed by the strange tenderness which M. Jacques sometimes betrayed towards him—a tenderness very different from the careless or capricious goodwill of other people. But when, one day, it occurred to Jack to settle the question by asking it, the old gentleman burst out in a shrill, angry laugh, and exclaimed with a kind of fury, "You? You are nobody—you are nothing! You belong to nobody! You are from the mud! Speak no more of it!" Whereupon Jack gazed at his antique companion with a certain grave curiosity, and allowed the subject to drop. After all, he could not see that it was a matter of any consequence. He was that which he was, and no information as to how he became so could make much difference to him.

It was an odd comradeship, there-

fore, which subsisted between the recluse of the arm-chair and him of the cave, and not the least singular feature in it was, that it never ripened—or degenerated—into familiarity. Though the old Frenchman's roof had sheltered the child in infancy, and though, at all times, his board and hearth had been free to him as to no other, yet whether from constitutional reserve, or for some deeper reason, the senior constantly refrained from discussing any personal affairs with the boy. Neither was it his cue to attempt what is called the formation of the youngster's mind; on the contrary he often took occasion to draw him out—testing him, as it were, for this or that quality; and albeit his face or voice would sometimes express gratification or the contrary, he never explicitly commended the good or reprobated the evil. This omission was no more due to mental inaptitude on the boy's part than to mere carelessness on the part of the man; and the result, of course, was to keep the two in a manner estranged from each other, although such relations as there were between them were easy and amicable enough.

Jack, indeed, felt no more constraint in Mossy Jakes's presence than in that of a woodchuck or a water-melon; he even went so far as to deem the Frenchman the better company, when the story-telling vein was active in him. For Mossy Jakes had a store of marvellous tales in his head, to which, on winter evenings, it was Jack's dear delight to listen. Quaint histories were those that fell from the old gentleman's lips; and the listener, curled up on the warm hearth, beheld the scenes described in the wreaths of tobacco-smoke which circled upwards from the bowl of the narrator's long-stemmed pipe. Immersed in this world of imagination he forgot the presence of narrow and dusky walls, and the low ceiling grew to a loftier vastness than the sky itself. He thought the stories more real and reasonable than were the circum-

stances of his own palpable existence; the latter being lifeless fact, while the former were vivified by the electric and forming touch of art and fancy. The storyteller enjoyed them too; in thus giving rein to his invention he requited himself for who shall say how much rigid self-repression and literalness; and perchance under the guise of allegory and fable, he sometimes ventured to relieve his soul by alluding to persons and events whose actuality had made him the unknown refugee and alien that he was.

These stories, together with the conversation which they elicited, formed a large part of Jack's education. He would not go to school, and Mossy Jakes, when interviewed by the school board on the subject, supported the boy in his refusal; but Jack's escape was less complete than he imagined. The word school was banished; but it is to be feared that the thing itself was not seldom present under a specious disguise. For example, Jack had given forth that nothing should induce him to learn to read. His conception of reading, it should be observed, was to stand up on the schoolroom floor, between a gang of jibing schoolmates behind, and a scowling and birch-brandishing schoolmaster in front, and there to emit a variety of incoherent and inharmonious sounds called the alphabet. Jack had seen this ceremony performed on one occasion (himself unseen), and returning to M. Jacques's study afterwards he announced the determination above mentioned.

It was a December evening, and there was an ardent crackling and oozing of hemlock logs on the hearth. The boy, as his custom was, lay on the floor in front of the blaze, which warmed his back pleasantly through his deerskin shirt and leggings. His eyes were fixed upon his host: the ruddy firelight (there was no lamp lighted) brought into prominent relief the high features of the Frenchman's wrinkled physiognomy, flickering brightly upon the point of his long

chin and the arched ridge of his nose, and reflecting red sparkles from his black eyes. Fitfully discernible in the background were the heavy cabinet of dark wood, with its brass nobbs and hinges and its sombre-covered books; on the shelf below, the dusty jars of drugs and chemicals, and the grotesque forms of retorts and crucibles; and above, the tarnished frame of an inscrutable oil-portrait. Mossy Jakes turned to the cabinet and took a volume from it.

"Do you know what that is?" he inquired in French.

"It is a book!" replied Jack, with a gesture of aversion.

"You do not understand what you say," was the Frenchman's answer. "You are thinking of a spelling-book. But this is nothing of that kind. It is—a thing which tells stories!"

He leaned forward in saying the last words, and pronounced them in a mysterious whisper, with a quick raising and lowering of his thick eyebrows.

Jack gazed penetratingly at the man, and at the thing he held in his hand. At last he said, "Whatever tells stories must be alive."

"Very good! Then I tell you that this is alive, and has been alive three or four times as long as I have. And it has told its stories, day and night, without stopping, ever since the beginning. It is telling them at this moment Listen!"

There was a dead silence for about a minute, during which the boy sat erect, with his eyes upon the magic volume, and his hand to his ear.

"I can hear nothing," he murmured at length, "except the crackling of the hemlocks, and a thumping inside of me."

"Ha! look—it was not open—that was the difficulty!" the Frenchman exclaimed. "Its voice was smothered. But now that I have opened it—ah! now you can hear it—listen again!"

Jack listened till he might have heard the snow falling into the sea;

but nothing came of it. "Can you hear it? you, yourself, M. Jacques?" he demanded.

"Without doubt! I hear it very plainly. But it is necessary to keep one's regard fixed upon the page—thus. It speaks, but not altogether as we do. The stories pass through your eyes before they reach your ears—do you comprehend?"

"To hear with your eyes is the same as to see," returned the youngster after a pause.

The elder wrinkled his cheeks and pressed his lips together for a moment. "Humph! you would as well say that to see with your ears is the same as to hear," was his rejoinder. "Well, be it so; to hear and to see are in a manner the same. Now, hear this story." He held the open book before the boy's face.

"Let me hold it in my hands. Now, Monsieur Jacques, you are very sure that you can hear the story yourself?" The old man nodded. "Then," continued the other, "so can I also!" And he set to work.

He began by applying the open pages to his ear, occasionally giving the volume a shake, by way of setting its machinery in motion. But nothing was extracted by this treatment. He placed the book on the floor and lay down to it with his head supported between his hands, and tried the effect of a persistent and unwavering stare, at the same time stimulating his imagination to enormous efforts; but his exertions were in vain. "If you can hear what it says," he exclaimed at length, looking up at M. Jacques with a flushed countenance, "tell me a little, and that will perhaps help me."

"Willingly," the Frenchman replied, taking his pipe from between his teeth, and pointing with the long stem to the top line of the page. "Listen to what this is saying: '*Of the behaviour of the Robbers to the Lady. Of the great design which Gil Blas projected, and its issue.*'"

"How could you tell?" demanded

Jack, now greatly excited. "I was nearer to it than you were, and yet I heard nothing."

"The truth is, my little Jacques," answered the other, resuming his pipe and speaking in a kindly tone, "this world is full of magic and mysteries; and all men are either enchanters or fools. The enchanters make the spells, and control the world by understanding it; they are rich and fortunate, and hear and see beauty where the fools are blind and deaf. Nothing is anything until you know its secret; and as for this storyteller which you hold in your hand, you will never hear it until you have found out the secret of how it talks. The words which I repeated about the Robbers and Gil Blas—you know how they sound; but that is the way the sound looks when you can see it. Those little black marks are words which an enchanter has forced to become visible; and if you know his spell, you can disenchant them, and they will speak to you."

"But you know the secret—you can tell it me?" said Jack, with painful earnestness.

"My faith, but the secret is a very long one, look you; it will take many days to reveal itself: perhaps even some months. I have other things to do: and you—you do not really wish to know it. It is as difficult as to learn how to read!"

"But it is not difficult in the same way," persisted the eager Jack. "And rather than not know it, I would learn how to read also!"

"Well, well," returned the elder, blowing a thick cloud from his pipe and crossing his thin legs, "the secret will be enough for the present; especially since those who know it seldom need to learn reading afterwards. Tomorrow morning, then, we will begin."

Jack felt that a great concession had been made to him: the revelation of the mystery began the next day, and before the end of the winter it was a mystery to him no more. And from the start to the finish he never once

harboured a suspicion of whither his conductor was leading him. Men are, to some extent, ruled by names. Unquestionably Jack owed a good deal to their judicious administration.

But it is by no means necessary to follow the footsteps that he made in the direction of learning; very irregular and eccentric footsteps they for the most part were. No school curriculum that ever was devised could have taught Jack the things he learnt from the old Frenchman; nor, on the other hand, did the latter care to instruct him in the technicalities of schools. He let the boy's inclinations declare themselves, and then put them in the way of being fulfilled; but at all times he acted more as a commentator than as a pedagogue. It was a dogma of his that no one could know anything which he had not taught himself of his own free will. All the teacher's duty was comprised in affording the learner an explanatory catalogue of subjects, and certain practical suggestions.

Allusion has been made to a banjo. It was one of the first of Jack's acknowledged possessions; but it was given to him, not by M. Jacques, but by the negro cook and housemaid, Deborah. Deb was a waif of slavery; she had lived in New Orleans; and it was probably owing to her consequent knowledge of French that she had obtained her footing in M. Jacques's household. She was a broad-beamed and portly negress, fastidiously cleanly, and fond of veracity, elementary colours, and music. Her turban was crimson, her scarf yellow, her petticoat blue; she never excused an untruth or told one; and in her leisure moments, which were not few, she sat on a three-legged stool before the kitchen fire, and thrummed on her banjo, which she had brought all the way from New Orleans, and which had formerly belonged to her ole man Jim, who had been sold away from her. An excellent instrument it was, though not expressed in fancy; and Deb valued it above anything belong-

ing to her. But one day Jack got hold of it in Deborah's absence, and in the course of an hour or two had picked out some bars of a tune by the light of nature. Deborah, returning unheard, beheld the ravisher from the kitchen threshold; but her first stern impulse to deal summarily with him was disarmed as she listened to his performance. The end of it was that the banjo was placed at his service; he had found out its secret, and thus obtained rights over it; and certainly he elicited such melodies from it as poor Deborah had not suspected it of containing. Now, this banjo was destined to bring about an important modification in Jack's life; and the way it happened was this. The boy had taken it into the study one morning (Mossy Jakes being away on the headland, according to a custom of his at certain hours of the day), and was amusing himself with trying to catch an air which had long been hovering in his head, come from he knew not whence. After many attempts, at last he got firm hold upon it, and it was at this moment of success that M. Jacques opened the door and came into the room. His face wore a look of strange alarm or agitation, and he glanced nervously from the boy to the murky portrait on the wall.

"What was it, Jack?" he stammered, "what was it that I heard? What have you done?"

"Be silent and you shall hear," replied Jack, flushed by the muse; and he began to play the air, singing to it without articulate words, as his general habit was. But before he had finished, the old Frenchman, who had sat down heavily in his chair, hoarsely called upon him to stop.

"Now tell me, Jack," he said, in a harsh but tremulous voice, "from whom did you learn that? That is not one of Deborah's tunes: who taught it to you?"

"It is my own," replied the musician, confidently. "I learnt it from myself. No one ever knew it before

me. Listen to the rest of it. I like it the best of all."

But for some reason or other, M. Jacques would not listen; on the contrary, he fell into one of his incomprehensible rages, and cast at the astonished boy a shrill torrent of threats and abuse. Jack did not know what he meant: and nothing in what he said led him to connect the Frenchman's outburst with the air which he himself had just invented. At last he became indignant.

"I don't know who first brought me here," he said, in answer to some of M. Jacques's concluding objurgations; "but if I had been asked, I would not have come. At any rate, now I can go away! I don't care if I'm not a Frenchman; they are no better than other people. If Frenchmen are all as old and cross as you are, I hope I never shall be one. Good-bye; I am going away, and I never shall come back!" Jack gave so eloquent an intonation to the word "never" that he melted with self-pity, and tears came into his eyes. Nevertheless he tucked his banjo under his arm, and went to the door.

"Wait a moment!" said Mossy Jakes, in a breathless voice. He partly rose from his chair, and his face worked as if under the influence of a vivid impulse: but after a little he sank back again, and his expression darkened. He appeared, in this short space of time, to have formed and abandoned an important purpose.

"No! I claim no right to control you," he said, with a wave of his hand, and showing his set teeth between his lips. "You exist, and I accept your existence; no more!—Bah! a child, and I talk to him as if he were a man!" he went on to himself, in a muttering tone. "He is in the right, after all: I should not be like this if he were—any one! But why should I care if he goes? . . . yet even then it would be folly to lose sight of him. I am a fool, however; I have been fooled from the beginning!—Monsieur Jack," he con-

tinued, now addressing himself again to the boy, "you may do just as you please; but if you decide not to put an end to our acquaintance, I shall hold it an obligation. It was, perhaps, a mutual misfortune that we ever encountered each other; but perhaps a separation would not be the way to remedy it.—Ah, my little Jacques!" he cried again, abandoning his formal manner, and holding out his arms imploringly to the boy, "I love thee, my child: I love thee and I hate thee: I hate thee because I must love thee. You do not know whose portrait that is, there? No . . . and yet that song was not yours, unless the dead live Bah! I talk nonsense, and thou dost not comprehend me. Stay, then, my little Jacques; only promise never to sing like that again!"

For the time, Jack stayed; but this affair, combined with several others, kept the notion of an independent habitation before his mind; and when, a week or two later, he made the opportune discovery of the cave, he hesitated no longer. Here he could live undisturbed and free, and yet be within visiting distance of Mossy Jakes and Deborah. The cave, moreover, must unquestionably have been meant by destiny for his special and sole accommodation. For as he had sat one day upon the Witch's Head, meditating upon the inscrutable oil-portrait, whether it were a man or a woman, and poking meanwhile with the end of his fishing-pole at a small black crevice in the face of the adjoining cliff, all of a sudden a fragment of rock gave way, and his rod slipped through into a hollow which was evidently of considerable extent. Jack had read enough about enchanted caverns to feel that this was a discovery worthy of any hero of romance. With no great difficulty he broke down enough of the wall to admit of his getting through the aperture: he carried flint and steel at his belt, and with the aid of these and a twist of dry grass he had very

soon explored the cave. There was no enchantment about it; apparently, except that legitimate enchantment which invests a new and useful discovery. Here he would be absolutely safe from intrusion; the Witch's Head, standing just before his door, would be a better guardian than a dozen watch-dogs, and would moreover never be absent from its post. So there he established himself, banjo and all; and for a long time no one knew whither he had betaken himself, though he appeared in the village nearly every day. He was never much disturbed, even by the Selectmen, who contented themselves with pointing him out to their sons as a frightful example of all that misbecame a boy: the sons meanwhile regarding him with a secret and guilty admiration. When it became known (as in course of time it did) that his habitation was in the neighbourhood of the Witch's Head, this admiration developed into a still more awful sentiment: what a hero this Jack must be, not to be afraid to spend the night in the haunted ravine! and what a formidable distinction to be occasionally prayed for in church, and never to be present to hear the prayer! Verily the good things of this world were, in the judgment of the youth of Suncook, unequally divided.

But as years passed by, and Jack grew older, he began to question within himself whether life might not contain something more than had as yet been revealed to him. The Indians who occasionally visited the district, and with whom his relations were of a friendly and even confidential character, disclosed to him tempting glimpses of a world beyond his world: and the vessels which tacked in the offing, or came to anchor in the bay, offered another and not less alluring avenue to adventure and change. The solitary hours which he spent singing to his banjo on the Witch's Head, made him in some way aware of impulses and emotions which his surroundings did not afford the means

to gratify. Besides, his privacy was no longer so inviolate as formerly it had been. The prestige of his eccentricity had begun to wane, and his old enemies the Selectmen had resolved in full meeting that Jack's morally unregenerate and physically barbarous mode of existence was a scandal to the community, and that measures must be taken to suppress it; and their pious hostility finally became so menacing that Jack was fain to take thought how he might defend himself in case of attack; and he hit upon a plan which he fancied would be effective, with what reason may hereafter appear. It was at this epoch of his history that we find him enjoying the June warmth on the crown of the Witch's Head, as described at the beginning of this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

A CLERICAL VISITOR: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOW A MAN BECOMES LEARNED BY ASKING QUESTIONS: AND OF THE PROVERBIAL TRUTH THAT THE LOSS OF THE DONKEY THAT DIES ABROAD COMES HOME.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon; a period of the day in which there is very little noise. The birds were for the most part still, though now and then the absurd scream of the blue jay sounded in the distance, or the croak of a hawk circling high in air, with steady wings and mobile, down-looking head. The babble of the brook was also pleasantly audible, and a minute hum of insects, mad to exhaust their whole lives in one hour of noonday sunshine. Sometimes, moreover, borne on the faint sighs of the south-easterly breeze, a far-off, throbbing roar made itself heard—the mellow utterance of the azure, everlasting sea. It brought pleasant visions of plunging coolness and salt-dripping sea-weed into the hot languor of the ravine, and made Jack contemplate the possibility of his being enterprising enough to go down to the

shore and have a swim, and perhaps a shot at a sea-gull with his bow and arrow, which lay on the rock beside him.

But while this question was still in mid-argument, something happened which rendered argument superfluous. This was a noise as of the approach of some walking animal, treading heavily down the rocky pathway which skirted the margin of the rivulet. Jack's ears were trained to distinguish between one kind of tread and another, and it wanted but an instant to convince him that his first wild hope of his visitor's turning out to be a deer, or even a caribou, was baseless. These were the feet of a human being—of one shod with sole-leather, and of one not well-accustomed to such rough going. Having acquainted himself with this much, Jack deemed it prudent to withdraw, crab-like, beneath the shadow and concealment of the bank, where he could see and not be seen. The footsteps were now near at hand; they were the footsteps of his destiny, though he had little suspicion of it. Ostensibly, indeed, they were the footsteps of a rather tall and heavily-built man, dressed in black, and with black whiskers and eyebrows. He was carrying his coat flung across his arm; his black felt hat was pushed to the back of his head, in order that his red, perspiring brow might catch whatever coolness was about; over his shoulder was slung an oblong metal case some nine inches in length; the expression of his strongly-marked features indicated both fatigue and irritation; and, in fact, he was pursued by a couple of gad-flies, who swung and whizzed about his head despite all his efforts to drive them away, and who doubtless rendered his life a burden to him. He looked full forty years of age, but he might have been younger; many of the lines in his visage seemed to tell of a life that had been hard rather than long, and which, long or short, had never known serenity or contentment. There was, also, a disagreeable trace of intentional sanctimoniousness

on this countenance, as of a man professionally accustomed to transact all his affairs, whether of light or of darkness, behind the screen of a charitable Christian grimace. It was suggestive of pulpits, chasubles, and sermons, and also of simony and humbug; and this clerical flavour was enhanced by the cut and hue of the garments and by the dingy whiteness of his stock. But it would obviously be unjust to pronounce judgment upon a man on the mere testimony of his personal appearance, especially when seen under the disadvantages of heat, dust, and exhaustion. This man evidently belonged to the upper classes of society, and had been familiar with all the ins and outs of good-breeding. If circumstances had made him also familiar with classes and breeding of another kind, it is proper to assume this to have been his misfortune rather than his choice. It was evidently not his choice to be as footsore and uncomfortable as he was at this moment; and from the anxiety of his forward glance, it seemed probable that he had lost his way. Jack scrutinised him narrowly as he approached, and liked him not. He was a stranger, in the first place; and his appearance, being thus taken off his guard, was not prepossessing. But what was more to the purpose, he was invading Jack's privacy; and as he must be ignorant of the terrors of the Witch's Head, it was upon the cards that he might attempt to penetrate into the cave itself. This, however, he did not do, and in fact he scarcely seemed to remark the great boulder at all. He passed beneath it, and was tramping on with the intention, apparently, of getting to the end of the ravine before halting, when he missed his footing on a slippery stone, and stumbled into the brook. The accident brought him to a standstill, and seemed to suggest to him the propriety of taking his noonday repose. There was a mossy protuberance on the bank of the stream, close at hand, overshadowed by the dense foliage of a butternut-

tree, and upon this the gentleman in black seated himself. He then took off his shoes and stockings, thrust his feet into the water, and emitted a grunt of weary satisfaction. He lolled back on his elbow, took off his hat, wiped his forehead, and began to gaze about him. The beauty of the spot seemed to interest him less than the question of its locality; he glanced at the sun, and at the direction and length of the shadows; and consulted a thick silver watch, which he pulled out of a pocket in the waistband of his trousers. "I must be right after all," Jack heard him mutter, in the indrawn tone which men sometimes use when alone. Finally he opened the metal case which he carried slung on a strap, and taking therefrom a hunch of bread and meat, he proceeded to eat his luncheon. While doing so he surveyed his toes in the current with an air of serious meditation; occasionally murmuring to himself, and grimacing, or emitting brief snorts, as of unmirthful laughter. His meal over, he shut up his case, and getting prone beside the stream, took a long draught of the pure water. From the way in which he shook his head as he arose, Jack fancied that pure water might not be the beverage in which he took most pleasure. He now sat for a time as if undecided whether to pursue his journey at once, or to allow a quiet interval for digestion. The latter was the course which he adopted; and by way of beguiling the time yet more agreeably, he produced a tobacco-pipe and a twist of negrohead, and having shaved off a sufficient quantity of the weed with his penknife, he filled his pipe and began to search for a light. Unfortunately, no light was forthcoming.

Now for a confirmed smoker to have made up his mind to smoke, and then, when everything is ready, to be balked for want of a light, is a severe trial of Christian forbearance, and a most lamentable mishap in itself. The man in black, when he had fully convinced himself that his

resources did not include the means of setting his pipe agoing, gave utterance to a phrase often used by clerical gentlemen, albeit with a less particular application. But this apart, the situation demanded a Good Samaritan. Could the backwoods of New England furnish such an article?

The man with the black whiskers evidently thought not; for he put his pipe back in his pocket, and prepared to resume his shoes and stockings.

But Jack's heart was stirred with compassion. Though he did not smoke himself, he was aware from observation how fond some people were of it—Mossy Jakes, for instance; so leaving his bow and arrows where they were, he clambered noiselessly down on the further side of the Witch's Head, and approached the stranger with his flint and steel in his hand.

The stranger looked up, and his expression at first was both suspicious and forbidding; but as Jack drew near, and his proportions and purpose became manifest, the man in black rapidly assumed an affable and inviting demeanour, culminating in a benevolent and wide-mouthed smile.

"You can light your pipe with this," Jack said.

"That is particularly obliging of you, my little man—particularly kind, upon my word! Yes, a smoke would be highly acceptable: though perhaps it is an indulgence seldom used by men of my cloth. I am a clergyman, by the by, Mr. Murdoch. Ah, that is really very acceptable—thanks very much. Yes, in this grand country of yours, so primitive still and so beautiful, even we clergymen feel that we may occasionally take a little airing beyond the bounds of propriety—of clerical propriety—ha, ha! But when I am in England—I am an Englishman, as probably you have already discovered—when I am on my native heath, I put the pipe and the tobacco away."

All this was spoken in a full, luscious voice, with murmurs of sound connecting the sentences. The lilt

of the speech was novel to Jack, who, knowing nothing of what is called national accent, supposed this up-and-down inflection to be peculiar to the reverend gentleman. He had never seen an Englishman before, and the spectacle stimulated his imagination. It seemed charitable to suppose that what appeared offensive and unlovely in him were qualities common to all English people, and that in himself he might be a very charming and excellent person.

"Do you know any Frenchmen?" Jack suddenly inquired.

The clergyman glanced at him quickly, and his eyes travelled over him as though he were taking his measure afresh. Prudent people, who know the world, are shy of answering a question of which they do not see the bearing; and Mr. Murdoch's first impulse was, perhaps, to give a diplomatic reply. But a later impulse modified the first.

"I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with several Frenchmen, my dear boy," he said. "But why do you ask?"

"I should like to know if they are all like Mossy Jakes. But you have never seen him, so you could not tell. He is thin, and has white hair."

"Then I am to understand that Mossy Jakes is a Frenchman?" said Mr. Murdoch, in a slow, contemplative tone, with a caressing cadence in it. "Rather a singular name for a Frenchman, is it not? I don't think I have ever met a Frenchman of that name."

"His real name is Monsieur Jacques," Jack explained. "People in the village call him Mossy Jakes because they don't know how to speak French."

"Ah, I see! But you, my dear boy, you know how to speak French very well, as I can see by your pronunciation of M. Jacques's name."

"He and I talk together, and he does not like to have me speak to him in English."

"Ah, to be sure! And so M.

Jacques will be some relative of yours? or connection?—something of that kind, I presume.”

Jack looked somewhat doubtful, and shook his head. The Reverend Mr. Murdoch, possibly mistaking the cause of his silence, tried a new departure.

“I dare say, now, my dear young friend—you must let me call you so, because you did me a kind and unsolicited service, and also because your face and manner have quite won my heart—I dare say you can tell me whether there is a place called Suncook in this vicinity, and in what direction it lies? Suncook, I think, is the name; am I right?”

“You can be there in less than half an hour,” replied Jack. “Down this gorge is the shortest way, but it is not the way people generally come. The road goes round the hill. That is, if you came from Cranmead.”

“Thanks very much. Yes, Cranmead was my last halting-place. Let me see—I don’t remember meeting your friend M. Jacques in Cranmead.”

“He never goes there. He has always lived in Suncook. His house is the first you see after crossing the ridge. It is the house with the long roof and the big chimney.”

“Ah, of course! And he is not the only French gentleman in Suncook, I dare say.”

“There has never been any other but him,” returned Jack, somewhat resentful of the contrary supposition, as if there could be two M. Jacqueses!

“Dear me, to be sure! How very stupid of me not to have known it. And so you two live in the house together, all by yourselves?”

“Why do you say things that I have not told you?” demanded Jack, feeling a return of his original dislike for this black-whiskered gentleman. “I do not live with M. Jacques.”

“Now, my dear boy, you must not be impatient with me. How can I help feeling interested in you? What should you say if I told you that I

had come all the way from England here on your account? What should you say if I told you that I had known your father——”

“I never had any father, nor any mother,” interrupted Jack, with as much confidence as if spontaneous generation were as commonplace as matrimony. “And if you come from England, you cannot have come about me; because I never was there, nor any one who knows me.”

The reverend gentleman listened very closely to everything that Jack said; but the conjecture or hypothesis, whatever it might be which he had suddenly formed about the boy, was thwarted and disconcerted by the latter’s intrepid ignorance of certain elementary axioms. Simplicity is popularly supposed to lend itself readily to beguilement; but the truth is that a really thoroughgoing simplicity is, as often as not, a match for any cunning. How to get at the origin of a boy who professed to have none? and who, moreover, was disinclined to submit to unlimited questioning. Bribery might succeed in eliciting something; but Mr. Murdoch was not at that moment in possession of good bribing materials. However, as the reverend gentleman scrutinised the cast of Jack’s features, the line of his curly hair, and the dark blueness of his eyes; and especially when he noted an odd impatient trick of drawing the eyebrows together when listening to Mr. Murdoch’s leisurely and involved speeches; these indications, together with the boy’s apparent age, his presence in the vicinity of Suncook, and his knowledge of the French tongue, combined to inspire the clergyman with a reasonable conviction that his long journey over sea and land had not been in vain. Some points yet remained to be cleared up—M. Jacques himself among the rest; but perhaps an application to that gentleman would get more light upon the matter.

“Shall I be likely, do you think,” he inquired, getting to his feet and

putting on his hat, "shall I be likely to find M. Jacques at home at this hour?"

"I don't know whether he will want to see you; he does not generally see any one, unless it is about sickness or quarrelling; but you can try."

"But if I tell him that . . . Floyd . . . sent me, he will receive me, will he not?"

In pronouncing this name, which Mr. Murdoch did abruptly and with distinctness, he fastened his gaze narrowly upon Jack's face; but there was no change in the lad's expression to show that he attached any significance to it. "Did you not tell me your name was Floyd?" pursued the reverend man, appearing to collect his thoughts.

"I did not even tell you that my name is Jack; but I would have told you, if you had asked me," returned the young hermit, with a somewhat contemptuous air. The clergyman had been steadily losing ground with him for several minutes past, and Jack now thought of him as of a timid and unveracious creature, who was incapable of speaking his own mind. Mr. Murdoch, who was by no means wanting in acuteness, divined something of the boy's mental attitude towards him, and made an effort to turn it to his own advantage.

"Come, Jack!" he exclaimed, in a voice which had in it all the elements of heartiness except the coming from the heart, "I like a frank, straightforward fellow, and I see that you are one. And so you will find I am, when you know me better. Now, I want to do you a great piece of good service. I want to take you with me and show you the world—France, England, and all the rest of it. But in order to do that I must first be quite sure that you are the boy I think you are. You have told me that your name is Jack, and that is very well so far. But everybody, you know, has two names, and sometimes three or more. Now, what are your other names? Is—let me see—is Vivian one of them? or Malgrè? or both?"

"I never heard them. My only name is Jack. M. Jacques calls me Jacques sometimes, but that is the same. I don't want to see the world with you. I mean to see it alone."

"Ha, ha! bravo! You shall go alone by all means, if you prefer it. But before you start I shall have something to say to you that will do you good to hear. By the way, you have not told me where you live—unless you do live with Mr. Jacques after all—eh, you rogue?—ha, ha!"

"I used to live with him, but now I do not," returned Jack, not at all entering into the other's genial facetiousness. "You need not ask me any more questions, for I shall not speak to you again. You laugh and try to look pleasant; but I believe you would like to say 'damnation!' as you did just now when you could not light your pipe."

The Reverend Mr. Murdoch had one failing, which on more than one occasion in his life had stood in the way of his advancement. This was a malignant and violent temper, which was apt to betray itself at inopportune moments. There could scarcely have been a moment more inopportune than the present one, and of this no one could have been so well aware as Mr. Murdoch himself. Nevertheless—whether it were that something in the boy's tone and bearing recalled to his mind another person against whom he bore a grudge; or whether his patience had been tried beyond endurance by the combination of heat, fatigue, and contradiction—be that as it may, Jack saw the black-browed face suddenly lower and darken, and felt a grasp roughly fastened upon his arm. The boy strove vigorously to wrench himself free; but the clergyman now had got him in both hands, and the clutch was not easily to be shaken off; and Jack, though as lithe and as tough as a panther, felt himself held by a strength greater, if less elastic, than his own. Mr. Murdoch on the other hand found the lad so unexpectedly sudden and active in his movements as

to render anything beyond holding on to him and squeezing him an impossibility. Thus they stood or staggered, like the old world and the new, with no love lost between them. Jack, who had at first been frightened by the sudden attack, was rapidly becoming angry; and with his anger came courage, and a feeling prompting him to explode his enemy like a charge of powder, and devour the fragments. But a blacker sentiment than this was beginning to uprear its ugly head in the reverend gentleman's heart. His original intention had been merely to give the boy a sound shaking, with perhaps a bang on the side of the head, or a kick in the rear, by way of inculcating better manners. But the resistance he met with kindled another thought; for now there flashed across his mind, as a revelation, yet a revelation for which he had in some way been prepared—what he should do with this boy! Why bother himself any longer to lure him away over seas, or otherwise to sequester him where he might for ever escape discovery? Such partial measures were never safe; the old method of Richard the Third of England was the surest. And then, the reverend gentleman would be secure; no more anxieties, no more doubts. And again, what better spot could be selected for the execution of such a piece of business? No eye saw them; here was water—here were rocks and stones. A body found dead in the bed of this rivulet would be thought to have fallen from above, and been stunned and drowned. And as for Mr. Murdoch himself, he would depart up the coast to Newburyport or elsewhere, with clean hands and a good digestion; and M. Jacques might remain uninterrogated.

Such was the revelation of which Mr. Murdoch was the subject—presented not in detail, but with its various elements welded together in one savage mass by the fire of murderous passion. Jack's participation in it was confined to feeling the grasp of his antagonist shift from his arm to his throat. But this, which was intended

to expedite matters, had the effect of instantly altering the complexion of the struggle. For Jack, finding his arms free, lost no time in taking his clerical visitor underneath the left thigh, with such effect as to make him lose first his balance and then his hold. The pair swung round and fell with a lamentable thump into the stony-hearted brook; and the clergyman fell undermost. Before the water which splashed aloft had returned to earth again, Jack had shaken himself loose and sprung to his feet. Without wasting any time, he leaped forward to the Witch's Head, hoisted himself to the top of it, and stood there at bay, bow in hand, and the arrow drawn to the head, and covering Mr. Murdoch's carcase; and the Witch's Head trembled the while, as if in sympathy with the young archer's ire and indignation.

The shock which the clergyman's system had sustained indisposed him to a renewal of the conflict; and it needed not the threat of that uncompromising arrow to make him sue for peace. Indeed, being of gentle blood himself (though by the course of destiny befouled in many a ditch since boyhood) he recognised and respected a kindred dignity in Jack, who had fought not like a clown nor like a savage, but like a gentleman; and who showed his strain by not letting that arrow fly at once, but merely holding it aimed *in terrorem*. So Mr. Murdoch (reflecting likewise that, in the present aspect of affairs, forgiveness was a better policy even than honesty) picked himself tenderly out of the hard-hearted brook, conscious of many contusions, and relieved to find no breakages—and shook his fist at his defiant foe, accompanying the gesture, however, by a forced spasm of cachinnation.

"Huh! huh! huh! you young scapegrace," blurted the suffering man, "is this the way you treat gentlemen who come to try a little wrestling with you! Well, I confess myself beaten; and I bear no malice! Come, turn that arrow somewhere else,

there's a good fellow, and let me depart in peace. I sha'n't try to catch you—take my word for it—huh! huh!"

To this Christian appeal Jack made no answer, nor did he cease to cover Mr. Murdoch's figure with his perilously sharp arrow head, so long as the gentleman remained in sight. The boy was not, by nature, of a savage or revengeful disposition, but this attack had called out whatever was fierce and implacable in his heart. He could never forget it; he did not know how to forgive it. For some time after Mr. Murdoch had disappeared, he still stood erect and watchful, with the glow fixed in his cheek, and eyes sharpened and bright. But at last he crouched down, and then threw himself at length upon the rocky brow of the Witch's Head, and gave way to passionate sobs and tears. There was no one to comfort him. The old Frenchman, who had aided him to guess so many secrets, had never hinted a word to him about the secret of his soul.

CHAPTER IV.

"L'HISTOIRE D'UN HOMME EST DONC L'HISTOIRE DE TOUS LES HOMMES," SAYS ALEXANDRE DUMAS; "UNE ÉPREUVE PLUS OU MOINS LONGUE, PLUS OU MOINS DOULOUREUSE! LA VOIX DE L'HUMANITÉ TOUT ENTIÈRE N'EST QU'UN LONG CRI."

THE house in which M. Jacques lived was the oldest house in the village of Suncook. It stood at the southwestern extremity of the congregation of dwellings which bore that name. At its landward corner towered an enormous elm-tree, whose lower branches drooped till they swept the roof of weather-blackened shingles. The roof, on that side, descended in a long slope to within eight feet of the ground; on the seaward front it was shorter, giving room for two rows of windows, one above the other. The entrance was at the end, and was ornamented by a gable porch; the house, like most American houses of

that epoch, was built of wood throughout, except the foundation, which was of granite; it was clap-boarded, and had been painted red, but was now of a dull mahogany hue. The grass around it was green; at the back was an inclosed garden about an acre in extent, containing a dozen cherry and plum trees, unpruned and ancient, and bearing little fruit. The surrounding wall was built of large round stones taken from the waste land between the house and the sea, piled loosely one upon another. Within, the rooms were low and small, and sparsely furnished; but only two of them—the kitchen and the dining-room—had been entered by any one but the owner of the dwelling since he first took possession—he, and the child who had begun its life there. And even the child had been only partially admitted into the confidence of his sombre birthplace.

It was fourteen years since M. Jacques first made his appearance in Suncook, on a windy evening of March, and so reached the end of a long, wandering, and unhappy journey. It was a journey begun suddenly, in wrath and anguish; and it ended in misery and disaster. Pain may sometimes be relieved by sharing the knowledge of what has given it with some one who has also suffered; but there was not, either in Suncook, or in the world, a single human being to whom this old Frenchman could speak of his grief. It lay dungeoned in his own heart, beneath the surface of common life; but it lived there, feeding on the juices that make existence sweet, and turning them to bitterness. M. Jacques was a man of the world before he became a recluse and a misanthrope; he had lived familiarly with men whom all the world knew, and had taken his share in events of which all the world had heard. In his youth he had seen the king's head fall on the guillotine; he had sunk and risen with the rest on the waves of the great storm that taught mankind that license, the child of despots, is itself of all despots the most

terrible; he had lost friends and lands; but through all he had never lost heart, or belief in his fellow men. But all these trials were in a manner impersonal; the blows which fell on him fell equally on those around him, and he did not grudge the smart. It was another matter when he was called upon to feel a wound aimed at himself only. Says a saturnine humourist of our own day, "I have considered all the most harrowing and lamentable evils whereof history has given record; there was not one that I could not have endured; the misfortune which actually befell me I found alone insupportable." M. Jacques, who had forgiven mankind so much, could not forgive the man who did him an injury affecting none outside his own private circle; nay, for that man's sake he hated the whole human brotherhood. To wreak a private revenge for a private wrong he abandoned his country and his career, crossed the ocean, and groped his uncertain and tongue-tied way among an alien and unsympathetic people. He reached his goal too late; and luck thenceforward was a devil to him, not a deity.

Of all this the inhabitants of Sun-cook knew nothing. The facts, so far as they were acquainted with them, were as follows. On the March evening in question, when it became known that an elderly French gentleman had turned up, it suggested itself to the wisdom of the village fathers that he would be the person to attend to the affair of the French young woman, who was then lying in sore straits at the house of Mistress Dudgeon under the elm. This young woman spoke little or no English, and since, according to Mrs. Dudgeon, who was skilled in such matters, it was quite possible that she did not live through her confinement, it might be as well if some one of her own nationality was in attendance to take down her last utterances. Accordingly, a deputation was selected for the purpose of "approaching" the French gentleman on the subject. The deputation consisted

of three persons, and the spokesman was Silas Bunyan. They found M. Jacques in the kitchen of the place which by courtesy was called the inn, with a plate of fried fish before him. When he understood that the gentlemen wished to speak with him, he arose courteously, bowed, and begged them to be seated. Then there was a pause.

"For what shall I to put the honour of seeing you?" the Frenchman inquired at length, in his halting English.

"Wa'al, sir," began Silas, smoothing down his right leg, and eying the toe of his cowhide boot with apparent interest, "I guess you kin talk the French lingo and no mistake—native to it, eh? Wa'al, that's right. Because me and these gentlemen called about that ar French gal what's been stayin' along here for a spell back, and was took bad last night."

The foreigner's attention was riveted at once, and an expression of dark eagerness entered into his face.

"This lady—how does she call herself?"

"Wa'al, she calls herself Mrs. Floyd," returned Silas, with a significant emphasis on the verb; "but there ain't no fixin' the rights of them things, anyway. There's some as thinks she was married over the broomstick, ef she was married at all. Leastways, the fellow what was with her, he sloped about three months back, and he ain't turned up since; though I'll say this for him, he left money enough to see her through for a good long spell to come, and bury her at the end of it, ef it comes to that."

"Since how much time have they arrived here?" inquired M. Jacques, passing his hand over his forehead, and rolling his eyes a little.

"Let's see—wa'al—I guess it might be nigh on six months back," replied Silas, absently drawing a chunk of tobacco from his pocket, and biting off a piece of it. "He was one of them ar paintin' fellows—loafed about with brushes and colours, and made picters

of things. Why, he up and made a picter of Eph Mullen here, his old smack—her as got her nose knocked off her in a gale last September—didn't he now, Eph?"

"Wa'al, mebbe he did," said Eph guardedly, "though mind you, mister, I'd sooner a had a new boat than all the picters he could paint—and so I telled him. But he gev the picter to my old woman, and it's fixed up along uv the Declaration uv Independence in our best sittin'-room, naow."

The Frenchman breathed quickly, and the bony white hands which were clasped before him on the table separated and clenched themselves together. "This man—is it that you have no—how do you say?—no address of him—to write—to find—nothing?"

"Wa'al, ef there be, I ain't heard of it, nor Eph neither, nor yet Pete Simmons," the spokesman replied. "The young man he started off sudden—some says he got a letter, and started right away next mornin'—and mebbe he forgot to post us up whar he was agoin' to."

And Silas spat abruptly at the knob of the brass andiron, hit it, and sighed.

"Look-a-here, old man," exclaimed Pete Simmons, opening his mouth for the first time, and delivering himself in a thin querulous drawl, "do'n' know what yeow may think, but I guess stoppin' heer an' gassin' 'baout nothin' in pertircler ain't a goin' to dew that ar gal no good, anyhaow! Sa-ay, air yeow goin' to hitch along, or ain't yer?"

"Pete has got the bulge on us this time, sir, and no mistake," remarked Silas, sighing again and rising to his feet. "So, ef you ain't got nothin' to say agin it I guess mebbe we'd as well get out o' this, and lay for old marm Dudgeon's."

The Frenchman silently signified his assent, and the party, with no more words, left the inn and set out for the house under the elm. Having escorted M. Jacques to the door, and given three solemn and weighty knocks upon it, the deputation severally shook

hands with him and departed, leaving him and their responsibility to Mrs. Dudgeon.

The old woman took the visitor up stairs to the door of a chamber on the right of the passage, the window of which looked eastwards across the Atlantic towards England. The door stood a little ajar, and from within came the sound of a woman's moaning, clearly audible amidst the dull thunder of the surf on the distant shore. Mrs. Dudgeon paused with the latch in her hand, and surveyed M. Jacques from head to foot by the light of the rush candle which she carried.

"Air you a medical man, mister?" she demanded.

"Madame, in my life I have often cared for unfortunates who have been ill," said the Frenchman solemnly, and in a husky tone. "I have also had myself a wife, and infants. I pray you, permit that I enter; and favour me to remain out of door till I summon."

"Wa'al, she's a pretty sick woman, that's my idee," remarked the lady, holding open the door and making way for him to pass. "Mind you be kindly to her, mister; for ef she's gone wrong she ain't the fust, nor she won't be the last, neither! Whatever goes crooked in this world, it's the women what gets the wust on it, every time. They're down on their luck, from mother Eve to that ar gal, every one on 'em; an' it's the men as brings 'em to it—that's my idee! There's a bottle on the mantelshelf, mister, and t'other duds afore the fire; an' when you want me, you thump on the floor, which I'll be underneath."

The door closed softly behind M. Jacques. Mrs. Dudgeon went down stairs. She, too, had melancholy days in her memory; she had been Eve's daughter, and had felt the enticement of passion, and had feared the mule's heel of society. Whether or not she had escaped immaculate no one knows. In either case the situation is hard enough.

There is an arrogant, self-sufficient devil alive in the world masquerading

under the plausible title of Honour. His cajolery consists in dangling before our eyes the smug security of the moral law, and by means of it persuading us to worship ourselves in him. His reward for this squalid idolatry is that we should be enabled to thank God that we are not as other men are. Too late—often not at all—we discover that there is no respect of persons with God: in other words, that only our common nature is God's creation, and only our private individuality is our own; the former being God's image, the latter, the image of God's opposite. To ascribe to this perverted and isolated little shape, therefore, the miracle which the creative mercy is accomplishing in humanity at large, is to claim Heaven for that quality in us, only in spite of which Heaven can receive us. And to think about honour as a possible private possession is for an atomical creature, lifeless and impotent in himself, to assume the awful garment sacred to the Omnipotent Perfection alone. So that if M. Jacques, or anybody else, thought that his honour was compromised by a failure to observe the moral law, he must first have imposed upon his own shoulders the responsibility of universal human nature; and thereby relieved of that burden no less a rival than God Himself.

Men, however, are fortunately but seldom aware of their own absurdity, though this is the only feature of their character that ever rises to the dimensions of the sublime; and it may be hoped, consequently, that M. Jacques did not altogether know what he was about in his interview with the unknown woman in the cottage bedroom at Suncook. What passed at that interview has never, indeed, been made public, and it is from subsequent developments only that any inferences with regard to it can be drawn. In an hour or so Mrs. Dudgeon was summoned up stairs; before morning a son was born into the world, and in the evening of the same day the young mother died, her dying eyes fixed to

the last on the line of the eastern horizon, for the sea was visible from where she lay. M. Jacques, who had not learned from her what he most wished to know, appeared to regard her decease with a certain gloomy composure, as being probably the best thing that could happen under the circumstances; though how, from his philosophical standpoint, he could rationally believe this, is a question not readily answerable. The woman was buried, and M. Jacques, after some hesitation, seems to have decided to spend the rest of his days in the remote New England village where her body lay. He bought Mrs. Dudgeon's house, paying that lady a handsome sum for it, procured a nurse for the child, sent to Europe for certain of his belongings, and settled down to a lonely and reserved existence. He admitted no social visits, and made none; but he occasionally gave his services to the villagers in the double capacity of physician and lawyer. Popular he certainly was not, but he was respected and in some degree feared. He wielded the silent influence which belongs to a man who can keep his own counsel and dispense with familiar intercourse with his kind. No one knew who M. Jacques was, why he came to Suncook, or wherefore he remained there. The suggestion was made, of course, that some peculiar relation had subsisted between him and the young woman whose death he witnessed; but the hypothesis lost vitality for lack of contradiction, even more than because there was no definite proof to adduce in support of it. He was a countryman of hers, no doubt, but there was nothing to show that he was anything more than that. As for his adoption of the child, that was no more than might have been expected. The child had French blood in him, and M. Jacques was therefore more likely than any one else to take an interest in him. He was, moreover, an exceedingly attractive little fellow, and might grow up in time to be a credit to the community. This, of course,

was before Jack arrived at the age when it was proper for him to go to school, and before, therefore, the school board had had that interview with M. Jacques, the issue of which was so unsatisfactory to the advocates of orderly and respectable citizenship. But there was no one bold enough to defy the old man's will. A semi-superstitious awe enveloped him. What did he do in all the hours of his solitude? It was asserted and believed that the room in which the French girl had died had been kept locked up ever since, yet fishermen, anchored by night in the offing, were ready to affirm that they had seen the window of that room alight, and that the shadow of more figures than one had fallen on the curtain. Belated wanderers along the shore had heard, or fancied they had heard, strange voices proceeding from the ancient house, voices raised in altercation, or moaning in entreaty. The study was another subject of ingenious speculation and rumour. It became known in some way that a portrait hung upon its walls which, when it first arrived from abroad with the rest of the old gentleman's possessions, had showed the clear and lovely lineaments of a young girl's face. Since occupying its present position, however, a mysterious and murky obscurity had come over it, only a dark square of canvas was now discernible, with the bare suggestion of a shadowy human countenance in the midst of it. There were, moreover, certain chemical appliances in this room, concerning the nature and object of which explanation was urgently needed. To maintain that they were merely the materials and instruments of M. Jacques's medical investigations was to shirk the true import of the enigma. That was the superficial and obvious solution; but M. Jacques would not be the M. Jacques of popular imagination if his appearances were anything else but the cloak and disguise of very different realities. The traditions of the days of witchcraft were not so obsolete but that the old Frenchman could be ac-

credited with some knowledge of its unholy arcana. Who could tell whether he were not in search of the elixir of life, the universal solvent, or the philosopher's stone? Or perhaps he was prosecuting studies into the nature and properties of poisons, with a view to concocting some infernal mixture which should make men die an apparently natural death, or cause them to evaporate away into thin air!

The record of benighted gossip like the above is worth making only in so far as it may show how much idle mischief may be generated by those whose lives, for any cause, are shrouded from the simple daylight. Men know so little, that they are ever prone to improve opportunities for justifying the probability of what they do not know. Persons, therefore, who furnish such opportunities are chargeable with some of the responsibility of the survival of superstition; and probably few persons' secrets are so valuable as to compensate for that drawback. Moreover, the secret is tolerably sure to come out sooner or later, and so forfeits even the poor excuse of personal expediency.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW MEN OF ONE PURPOSE ARE NOT ALWAYS MEN OF ONE MIND: AND HOW THE UNEXPECTED IS SOMETIMES OPPORTUNE, AT LEAST TO SOME PEOPLE.

It was not easy to lose one's way in Suncook, and even a stranger like Mr. Murdoch had no difficulty in recognising Mossy Jakes's house; it was the first object that met his eye after leaving the ravine. His mind, so much of it at least as he could spare from the consideration of his own aching bones, was absorbed in speculating as to who M. Jacques could be, and what attitude he was likely to hold with reference to Mr. Murdoch's designs. In planning out his enterprise, the sagacious clergyman had not included in his calculations any

such being as M. Jacques ; and it was of course possible that this unexpected personage might necessitate the readjustment of the whole scheme. But upon the whole, Mr. Murdoch was disposed to think that his hopes would be facilitated rather than thwarted by the Frenchman's intervention.

As he approached the house he eyed it with the curiosity of a general who endeavours to form some estimate of the character of his antagonist from the aspect of his fortifications. But the indications in this instance were of a severely non-committal sort. The place had an indrawn look, as though its life were carried on so deep within it as to leave few traces of its nature outside. There were no flowers in the windows ; the walls had an uncared-for appearance ; the grass grew tall and raggedly in the shaded corners, untrodden by feet of mankind or animals, as round a place which domestic existence has deserted. There was no cackle of fowls in the farmyard ; the leaves of many autumns lay rotting beneath the broad canopy of the elm. No tread or voices of children or of servants made the threshold cheerful. The organic ebb and flow of a human dwelling—the beating of its heart and the movement of its breath—were absent. If anything had its abode here, one might have expected it to be some dry old skeleton, grinning silently at the emptiness of its own brown ribs, and mocking the spiritual death whereof it was the emblem.

Mr. Murdoch knocked at the front door ; but the sound echoed hollowly through the house, and drew forth no answer but an echo. After waiting a while he went round to the back door, which bore more symptoms of having been used some time within the present century ; but his efforts to obtain admittance here were as fruitless as at the other end. Rather disconcerted at this unresponsiveness, and beginning to doubt whether his active young acquaintance of the ravine might not have mischievously misled him as to the place being inhabited at all, the reverend gentleman

now walked round to the seaward side of the edifice, and endeavoured to investigate the aspect of the interior through one of the windows. The light fell upon the glass in such a way, however, and the glass itself was so dim with dust on the inside and with the saline deposit of the sea breezes without, that he could not be certain whether he beheld a room or the dull reflection of the external landscape. He was just about to give up his efforts, when he was startled to find that there was a human face on the opposite side of the pane, the eyes of which were staring into his own. He involuntarily gave back a step ; but the face moved forward, until its wrinkled forehead rested against the sash. It was an aged face, and almost colourless ; with hollow cheeks, thin white hair, and prominent nose and chin. If it had not been for the singular blackness and intensity of the sunken eyes, the visage might have been taken for that of a corpse.

In a moment or two the clergyman had recovered himself sufficiently to take off his hat and make this apparition a bow. Whether or not the courtesy were returned he could not tell ; but presently the sash was slowly raised, and the apparition stood revealed in the attributes of palpable reality. It continued to gaze at the clergyman without speaking.

"May I inquire," said the latter, with another bow, "whether I have the pleasure of addressing M. Jacques?"

"I am M. Jacques," the other replied, in the tone of one to whom speech was unfamiliar. "I have not the custom to receive visits."

"Permit me, then, to carry on the conversation in French," rejoined Mr. Murdoch, ignoring the latter sentence, and expressing himself fluently and with good accent in his interlocutor's native tongue. "Though an Englishman by birth, and a clergyman of the Established Church, my life has been spent for several years past in France, and I have many friends there."

"You would probably find more

friends there than here," observed the Frenchman indifferently; "for me, I live here in order not to be disturbed by friendly attentions." And he appeared to be on the point of closing the window.

"One moment, monsieur!" exclaimed Mr. Murdoch, thus constrained to bring matters to the test without further preamble. "Did you, during the earlier part of your residence here, happen to have heard mention of a person by the name of *Malgrè*?"

The old gentleman remained silent and without movement for a full minute after the asking of this question; only there was a slight lifting of the upper lids of his eyes, such as is said to occur with one who beholds a vision. At length he said, in a voice which steadied itself by a manifest effort, "You have not told me your own name, monsieur."

"Ah, pardon me for the omission! Murdoch—a clergyman of the Church of England—at your service. Can I, then, hope to secure your attention for a short time?" he added, with an engaging manner, and an inward conviction that this time he had fallen upon his feet.

"I will come out, M. Murdoch. We will speak together in the meadow; my house is not a place to entertain visitors," said the Frenchman, still uttering his sentences with difficulty. "I will come out," he repeated; and then, after a pause of a few seconds, he abruptly shut the window and disappeared.

"He is an odd old beggar!" muttered Monsieur Murdoch to himself, as he paced across the grass-plot and found a seat upon one of the fallen stones of the wall. "Well, I intend to get a glass of wine out of him, if I get nothing else; though he doesn't look as if he had ever heard of such a thing. Humph! I touched him in some sensitive place, whatever it was. At all events, he can't do much to hinder me, and possibly he may be useful. Damn that boy! I sha'n't sleep comfortably for a week after

this. Ah! but I shall sleep the softer for the next—well, say thirty years, possibly longer. What a thing it is to be a man of enterprise—wide-awake—eh? Oh, my prophetic soul! Anybody else would have called it folly; but I knew my man. Of course, nothing might have come of it; but the wise man leaves nothing to chance. What shall I do with the young brat? I almost wish—however, there'll be time enough to consider about that. First impulses are sometimes the best, though, after all!"

Mr. Murdoch had plenty of time to take counsel with himself before M. Jacques came out; and it was not until he had almost come to the conclusion that he had been entirely forgotten that the Frenchman appeared. His bearing now was neither so apathetic nor so distraught as it had been at the previous interview: on the contrary, he seemed alert and keen, and even younger by some years than at first. He had on a hat and coat of antique fashion, but of fine quality, and altogether looked like a man in whom a new fire of life had been kindled upon the embers of one nearly extinct. He walked up to Mr. Murdoch with a firm and balanced step, and saluted him ceremoniously with the old-fashioned clouded cane that he carried.

"Before we discourse any further, M. Murdoch," he said, standing before the other in a formal attitude, as if he were having his portrait taken, "I wish to know whether you are here to ask questions or to answer them?"

"I am not quite clear, M. Jacques, how far your own acquaintance or connection with the subject in view will enable me to do either," the clergyman answered. "I am anxious, on the one hand, to avoid any indiscretion, and on the other not to withhold any information I may possess from any person entitled to receive it."

"It is not impossible," said M. Jacques, after intently eying his interlocutor for a few moments, "that I may be as able as any one alive to speak with knowledge on the matter

which seems to have brought you hither. But there is a purpose here," he added, striking his breast dramatically with his hand, "which has abode with me for many years, and to execute which is the end for which I live. Unless you can aid me in that purpose, you need look to me for no aid in whatever project you may have in view."

"My dear M. Jacques, to be quite sincere with you, I am inclined to doubt whether the assistance which I may have the good fortune to render you could be repaid by anything that you could elucidate for me. In fact, it is not information that I chiefly require; I took the precaution to furnish myself with that before setting out on my journey; and I have already, since coming here, found confirmation of most of the conjectures I had formed. I have come here to act: and my object in calling upon you was in the main to apprise you, as a matter of courtesy, of the action that I intend; and, should you object to it, to learn in what way it might be modified to suit your inclinations."

"If your position be so impregnable," returned the Frenchman, wrinkling his cheeks, "you will perhaps not refuse to declare more explicitly what it is?"

"A few facts, at all events, shall be at your service, if only to justify you in reposing confidence in me," answered the other, with a wave of the hand. "Fourteen years ago or more there was a young lady living in Paris called Annette Malgrè. She left Paris suddenly, and was never seen or heard of there again. A gentleman travelled with her . . . and in short, my dear M. Jacques, they came here, and, as I presume you are aware, things took their ordinary course. The poor girl was disgraced; she became a mother; but the child was never claimed by its father. It survives, however, and is now a well-grown lad, with a good deal of his father's look."

"You know him, then?" demanded M. Jacques, in a quick, sharp tone,

and stretching his head forward like a bird of prey scenting its quarry.

"I had a conversation with him an hour ago in the ravine yonder, and came very near getting shot by one of his arrows," returned the clergyman with a genial laugh.

"Bah! it is not of him I speak!" cried the other, violently; "it is of the father!"

"Oh! I understand!" said Mr. Murdoch, slowly, and with the dawn of a new perception expanding in his face. "You are interested in the father? Yes, yes—to be sure! And probably . . . it would be no more than natural if . . . you bore him a little grudge?"

"A grudge! Body of God, monsieur," rejoined the old Frenchman, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, while his face became deadly pale, and his limbs trembled, "if to bear a grudge is to wish to see him buried alive in the grave of her he ruined . . . bah! You will pardon my intemperance, monsieur. But, in short, I do not love him: and I should like to hear more of him."

The reverend gentleman arose from the stone on which he was seated, walked two or three paces away and back again, ran his fingers through his hair, and betrayed a number of other similar symptoms of being impressed and aroused. He did not, however, as yet see his way clearly before him. Much of what he had said to M. Jacques, though he had given it a turn as of a matter of established fact, admitting of no doubt, had been in reality little better than shrewd conjecture, which he was anxious to see confirmed without betraying his own uncertainty. And now he was doubtful as to how far, without cost or compromise to himself, he might venture to take his new acquaintance into his confidence. The light just obtained upon M. Jacques's attitude towards the father of the boy, while it promised decided advantages in some respects, in other respects tended to produce undesirable complications. Two men may strongly desire the

same end, and yet differ so widely in regard to the means they are willing to employ to compass it, as to thwart each other more than ordinary opponents would do. However, Mr. Murdoch had met with such fair success thus far, that he trusted to luck to prosper him a little further.

"M. Jacques," he said, brusquely, turning upon that personage, and speaking with an air of impulsive candour, "let me tell you at once that I love the gentleman you refer to no more than you yourself do; and that I know—what you do not—the way to make him sensible of our reprobation. He has done me an inexcusable injury: I must call it so, although, as a clergyman, it is my duty to put as charitable a construction upon it as possible—" Here the speaker was interrupted by a harsh, significant burst of laughter from his auditor. "Well," he continued—"well, M. Jacques, I will concede that I am but human, and that I cannot but feel my wrongs as keenly as any other man. He has injured me, then; and I presume I am not mistaken in assuming that he has injured you. Now, in a case like this, when our central common object is—shall I speak the word?—revenge, it is plain that we can afford to respect one another's reasonable prejudices and reserves. I shall not inquire, my dear friend, what may be the particular circumstances of your case; I shall not ask who you are or how you have suffered; it is enough for me to know that you desire—once more I say it—revenge, and that I am prepared to co-operate with you to that end to the extent of my ability. I concede this much to your sensibilities; and I am thereby justified—am I not?—in claiming as great, or nearly as great, an indulgence from you. Is it agreed?"

"You are a man of many words, monsieur," said the old man, grimly. "For my own part, once I can see my way to strike my enemy where he may feel the agony of the thrust most poignantly, I shall care little for reserves or concealments of any kind.

Assuredly, on the other hand, I can feel no curiosity regarding yourself, apart from the attainment of my desire."

"Have I also the assurance that you would not shrink from striking at him, even should the blow in some degree threaten other interests which you——"

"Monsieur, in one word," broke in M. Jacques, impatiently, "I have no other interest, no other concern in the world beside this. After that—the deluge!"

"The interest of which I was thinking," rejoined the clergyman in his slow tone, "was the one I alluded to a few minutes since . . . the boy, Jack."

"I do not comprehend you, monsieur," said the other, dropping his arms to his sides, while a look of trouble began to relax the hard rigidity of his former expression. "A boy—a boy so young as that can have nothing to do with affairs like ours. It cannot be. You did not intend it so."

"You will remember, my dear M. Jacques," returned the other, handling his whiskers and glancing aside, "that the boy Jack is the son of the man on whom you wish to be revenged."

"He is not his son," exclaimed the Frenchman, with agitation; "not in the sense that you insinuate, monsieur. In the course of nature he is his son; but not by growth, not by education, not by sympathy or knowledge. And this father of his, who has never even seen him, who cannot even know whether he exists, and who, if he knew it, would gladly forget it again—do you mean to tell me that this man is to be harmed by inflicting suffering upon an innocent boy? No, monsieur, I cannot agree with you; and I inform you that I desire no deputed revenge; it is my enemy in his own person with whom I would deal. If you have no better suggestion to offer than that, we have wasted one another's time to no purpose."

"Stay one moment, my friend," said Murdoch, composedly, laying a finger upon the old man's arm as he was turning away. "I fancy you have not quite caught my meaning. There is no harm coming to the boy, in the first place; he may attain any height of happiness or prosperity that he pleases, for all that I should do to prevent him. But the case is this; his father is a man who owns vast estates and a great property in England. This property has been in the family for several centuries, in the direct male descent. But the conditions of its inheritance are a little peculiar It will be enough, for the moment, to tell you that it is of the last importance to the holder of the title to have a son. It is so important, my dear M. Jacques, that if no son born in wedlock survives, and there be a son born out of wedlock, then that son will be made legitimate, and the inheritance will be his. Well, then, the man we are speaking of, after he returned to England thirteen years ago, leaving this unhappy girl to die uncared for—he, I say, married a lady of his own rank in life; and three children were born; but they were all girls, and they all died in infancy; and about a year ago the mother died likewise. All that is very sad; she was a most estimable person, and incapable of harming any one; perhaps she was better in another world." The clergyman rolled these periods under his tongue with evident gusto; he was sailing with a fair wind, and was inclined to make a good run of it. The Frenchman, meanwhile, had seated himself upon a stone, with his head between his hands, and his eyes fixed in a point-blank gaze that seemed to see nothing. Murdoch continued—"Now, here is this gentleman, left a widower, and childless; and, to make matters worse, he is afflicted with a disease which may carry him off at any moment. He is in no condition to marry again, and yet, for special reasons, he would sacrifice what remains to him of life, without hesitation or compunction, if by so doing he

could secure a son of his own in the succession. I trust I am making myself understood, my dear M. Jacques; this man is so given up to worldly lusts and cares, that he accounts life itself as nothing in comparison with the gratification of seeing his own flesh and blood inherit his possessions. Now our point that we have been coming to is this; this man, recollecting the sins and wickedness of his youth, says to himself, 'Perhaps out of that very sin I may raise up the means of realising my ambition. I will send and make investigations on the scene of my wickedness, and discover whether a child of my iniquity yet survives, to whom I may hand over this great legacy, and be at peace.' Such, my friend, is the language of the man whom we have determined to chastise; and I should like to know," added the reverend gentleman, dropping the pulpit vein, and relapsing into the colloquial, "I should like to know what better or fairer revenge we could take, than simply to remove that son of his out of the way; to destroy all proofs of his identity, if any exist; and so to see his lordship go down to his grave without one solitary gleam of hope or comfort. Upon my soul!" exclaimed this worthy person, rubbing his large hands together in the overflow of his enthusiasm, "it will be as poetical and complete a thing as ever I heard of; if it were only possible to let him know of the boy's existence, while for ever preventing him from getting hold of him that would be perfect indeed!"

"You spoke of removing the boy out of the way," observed M. Jacques, raising his head from his hands at the conclusion of this oration. "What does that mean?"

"Anything you like, my dear M. Jacques! The boy himself does not seem to be at all cognisant of his true history, and he would therefore be safe in any other part of the world than this, where there are probably persons to whom some of the circumstances of his birth are known. I am ready to take him with me to any country you

choose to name; it makes no difference to me; and if you contemplate enriching him with this world's goods——"

"I should not trouble you, monsieur, with any of those details," interposed the Frenchman, with sufficient dryness. After a short pause he rose to his feet, and added, "Have the kindness to follow me into the house, monsieur. I desire your opinion upon a matter which cannot be entered into here."

They crossed the grass plot, passing round towards the front entrance of the house. Before reaching it, M. Jacques faced round towards his companion, and said—

"You have not yet told me what you are to gain by depriving the boy of his inheritance. Does anything he loses go into your pockets?"

The clergyman jerked his head back and puffed out his cheeks.

"You forget, monsieur," he said, with gravity, "that neither have I pried into the grounds of your hostility against his lordship."

"Well—very well!" returned the other, with a movement of the mouth and eyebrows of no complimentary import. "Would it likewise incommode you to mention his lordship's title?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply. "His name is Floyd Vivian, Baron Castlemere."

M. Jacques was silent a moment.

"I shall not forget it," he then said, slowly and inwardly. "Where is Floyd Vivian, Lord Castlemere, to be found?"

"That I cannot take the responsibility of telling you—at least, not at present," said the clergyman, stroking his long black whiskers, and staring abstractedly past his companion down the lane that led to the village. "He is at least three thousand miles from here, to begin with . . . and . . . if——"

He stopped short.

M. Jacques looked at him. An extraordinary change had come over his countenance. Its rubicundity was gone, and the pallor revealed unpleasantly the unsightly roughness of the skin. His mouth was relaxed, while his eyes were strained and bloodshot, and the pupils distended.

"What is the matter?" inquired M. Jacques.

Mr. Murdoch, still with his strained stare, slowly lifted one arm and pointed down the lane. At the distance of some three hundred yards, two figures were approaching, hand in hand—a middle-aged man of slender build and rather feeble bearing, and a little black-haired girl of about ten years of age. There were only these two.

Murdoch caught the Frenchman by the lappel of his coat, and moved backwards beneath the porch, pulling the other after him.

"Did you know—know he was here?"

The man spoke as if there were an obstruction in his throat.

"What do you mean, monsieur? Who is here? They? Who are they?" the Frenchman demanded curiously.

"Let me get into the house," exclaimed Murdoch, his voice breaking out with a harsh note of panic in it. "Put me in some room—say nothing of my being here! Let me in."

He grasped the door handle and shook it.

"Do you mean that this is——?" began the other, in a strange tone.

"Great God! don't waste any more time here; don't you see he will be here in another moment?" cried the clergyman, his ugly pallor deepening. "I tell you I must not be seen."

"It is he, then," said M. Jacques, very quietly, opening the door and allowing Murdoch to enter. "My faith, he comes in good season."

(To be continued.)

CHURCH CONTROVERSIES DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.¹

THE idea has probably prevailed in every century of Church history that the Church is at the moment in a state of unprecedented crisis. It certainly prevails now, and after making due allowance, no one can deny that the present century has witnessed, and is still witnessing, momentous changes of opinion and feeling within the National Church, as well as with respect to it from without. The controversies may not be fiercer, and certainly some of them are of far less importance than those of past years, but they are carried on under different conditions, in the presence of spectators, some hostile, some anxious, some neutral—men who bear no ill-will to the Established Church, but who will not feel called upon to preserve it unless it can show itself worth preserving. The crisis is certainly serious if any of the parties in the Church continue in the conviction that it is necessary for its well-being that one or another must be driven out. It is in the strongest conviction that the downfall of the National Church would be a frightful calamity to the English nation that I have taken upon me to write this paper. There is no other society which could take the place of the Church, and an epoch of selfishness would follow. *Apparent diræ facies.* But with the vision of such an evil I see a better vision and hope of brighter issue. And I desire now to review the history of the Church during the last fifty years, with a view to chronicle the good which has been done, and also the warnings which are presented by the past errors.

Fifty years ago, Charles Simeon was still at the height of his influence. He died in 1836. The Evangelical party

at the end of the last century had been denounced as enthusiastic and methodistical, as readers of Cowper's poems and Newton's letters know. But it was not so in Simeon's later years. Mainly, as it seems, through the influence of Bishop Heber, who died in 1826, there had been an approximation of Evangelicals and the old Church School. Old port-wine rectors looked out keenly for the young popular preachers, and the young men used different language from what their teachers and masters had done about the State Church. The old Evangelicals had been violently Anti-Erastian; the new ones looked coldly on the Dissenters, met them once a year on the platform of the Bible Society, but otherwise reprov'd what they called "political dissent," and exalted the Establishment, perhaps, somewhat at the expense of the spirituality. This might have gone on, and Evangelical phrases would have dwindled down, like other phrases, into stock commonplaces with all force gone out of them, but for the menaces directed by the Whigs against the Establishment. Readers of Sydney Smith will remember how a worldly yet excellent and generous parson looked upon all this.

Out of the terrors and heartburnings thus generated, the *Tracts for the Times* began in 1833. The writers, looking upon the possibility of an organised attempt to overthrow the Church as an Establishment, started the Tracts with a view of showing ~~that~~ ecclesiastical institutions do not depend upon the authority of kings and parliaments, and therefore should not be meddled with by them. That is, they took up the old Puritan ground as regards Erastianism, a ground now occupied by a large body of Scotch Presbyterians and English

¹ A paper read at a meeting of clergy, with additions.

Dissenters, whilst in nearly all other respects they denounced Puritanism with passionate earnestness. The English Church, they declared, had suffered grievously from mixing with Puritanism; nevertheless the English ministry was apostolic, its doctrines identical with those of the Church before the separation of East and West; it renounced the Pope's authority because that authority interfered with the authority of the other bishops.

The outcry with which the Tracts were received at their appearance came first from Dissenters, and from the most moderate of them. No wonder, since by the new teaching they seemed almost excluded from the pale of salvation. Then came a clamour from Conservative Churchmen because of the scorn displayed in the Tracts against the State and all Establishments, then also from Evangelical Churchmen, who were aroused out of their half sleepy state into the renewed conviction that inward faith and not outward institutions must be the groundwork of a spiritual society. Men, too, who were well read in history were terrified by the conviction that these Tracts were leading a movement which would land us in the Church of Rome. And they were met by a passionate denial by the chief writer. He has told us in his religious autobiography how he resented such an opinion himself, how he told those who expressed it to him that they were to go on boldly, for they would find a clear line of demarcation presently. But when in Tract XC. he laid down the principle that a man may hold all Roman doctrine, and yet remain in the Communion of the Church of England, four Oxford tutors became the utterers of this conviction, and, seeing what the result was likely to be among the young men of Oxford, made their famous protest. Hereupon the Tracts were stopped on the recommendation of the Bishop. That the result as regarded their chief author would have been the same in any case we

know from himself. One might say it was a foregone conclusion with him, though he was hardly conscious of it, when he wrote "Lead, kindly Light," in 1833.

His dearest friend has, indeed, by way of disproof of the Romanizing character of Tract XC., republished it within the last few years, and it is triumphantly said that "no fuss has been made against the republication." Exactly; nor is there if one republishes a polemical tract by Milton or Tom Paine. It is interesting as a literary curiosity; no one adopts its principle, certainly not the editor—*Clarum et venerabile nomen*. The tide has swept by and he has clung to the bank, but he is left isolated. Yet all men love him, not only for his holy life, but for what out of his great learning he has given to the Church of the future in his Commentary on the Minor Prophets.

But while the fears of the protesters were entirely justified by the action of the writer of the culminating Tract, the series had won hundreds of young men, disgusted with the heartless tone of statesmen who seemed to regard religion as a useful instrument for keeping the lower classes in due subordination to the upper, dissatisfied with the individualism and selfish teaching into which Evangelicalism was sinking, wearied of themselves and craving after new excitement. The Tract writers commended themselves to religious men, who tried to hold themselves above party and to look on the world with honest eyes, by their evident zeal and earnestness, by the craving which they displayed after unity as the means of strength, by their endeavours to make English clergymen more aware of their responsibilities to God, and of the powers which they might use for the good of their people, by their impatience of secularity, by their willingness to suffer obloquy and loss for the sake of their convictions. They were helping to break down the barriers between rich and poor, were awakening thoughts in the minds of

laymen which led to such deeds of unostentatious piety as are recorded of Joshua Watson and Sir William Page Wood—why should not one add of Mr. Hubbard and Beresford Hope?—and they were doing more for English theological study than had ever been done before.

Who were the men who kept calm in the midst of the clamour, who had no sympathy with the Romanizing phase, but who recognised and revered the good of the movement? We will name three—Thirlwall, Bishop of S. David's, Frederick Maurice, Julius Hare. The voice of each was raised on behalf of the Tract writers, and each was angrily assailed in consequence.

But the cessation of the Tracts was accepted by Newman as defeat, and he went into close retirement. The condemnation of Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* on February 13th, 1845, as ludicrous in some of its surroundings as a broad farce, was nevertheless an eventful day. Another voice was raised against that step by a young Oxford Liberal who has since become celebrated. Arthur Stanley is ticketed "Broad Churchman" in company with Maurice and Hare, yet none could be more unlike them than he. They were alike in their love of what is good, and their hatred of falsehood. But Stanley never cared for metaphysics or theological speculation. They were theologians, he was an historian. *Requiescat in pace.* He has done more than any man living or dead, to lead Englishmen to study and to love the Bible, to judge men fairly, whatever their opinions, and to see good where others saw only evil. There never was any man who more entirely answered to the idea of a *godly* man, as the framers of our language intended the word. Through an ever-widening circle of friends, he was always forming new ties, and leaving the impress of his character in new directions for good; "uniting (to use his own touching words concerning another) many hearts from many lands, and drawing all towards

things above." He had that rarest gift of courage, to live without an aim or a pretence, to be transparently himself beneath the eye of God and man. Too strong and simple to hide his tender affections, too deeply faithful to be ashamed of his sense of right, too full of natural piety either to repress or to display his spirit of Christian reverence and susceptibility of divine realities, his steadfast faithfulness to his earliest friends and latest pupils had its source in the grace of Him whom he served from his youth up. A "godly" man in that he refused the low standard of the world around him, that he hated things mean and impure, sympathised with all his soul with high examples of honour and self-sacrifice, and whatever work he undertook, made it his aim to do it well.

It is noticeable that the whole of the Tract movement up to this time was upon questions of doctrine; that of ceremonial had not come up at all. We must pause here to chronicle a change in this direction which now appears for the first time.

Those who remember Bishop Blomfield mainly for his brilliant wit, his sense of humour, his power of mimicry, will have a very onesided idea of him. He had these gifts in abundance; his *bon mots* are almost as many as Sydney Smith's; but he had besides great learning and great zeal. His clear grave tones in preaching, or in addressing confirmation candidates or the House of Lords, live on in the ears of any who ever heard them as vividly as does the memory of his geniality among the school children of Fulham. He now threw himself into the raging Tractarian controversy, and not with very happy results. When the protest of the four tutors appeared he entirely approved, "hoped that many more tutors" would do the same, and "was not sorry" for the censure put forth by the Heads of Houses, indeed "feared that some more decisive step would be necessary."¹

¹ *Life of Bishop Blomfield*, p. 229.

Before long, however, he was "hedging," if the expression may be allowed. He felt that the Tract writers had more hold on public opinion than he had supposed, and that it would be better not to raise controversy against them. He had taken the same hesitating course with regard to the Whig Education Bills three years before. But in 1842 he thrust his hand into a hornet's nest by his celebrated Charge. It was directed partly against Newman and "Romish novelties," such as flowers on the Communion Table, honour done to saints, and intercessions for the dead; partly in favour of stricter ritual. He wished to see "daily matins" restored, more frequent Communion, the surplice in the pulpit at the Morning Service, and the Offertory. This was really the beginning of a new controversy. The quiet way in which the Charge was received at first somewhat deceived the Bishop. He had quite made up his mind that he should be able to enforce his injunctions on the diocese of London. But when he came to Islington for a confirmation, and was met by the clergy in a body with the announcement that if they read the Church militant prayer, and collected money by means of the offertory, they would alienate all their congregations, he again gave way. He wrote a circular letter assuring the clergy that he had no intention even of recommending the *immediate* adoption of a weekly offertory. This vacillation produced much mischief. Those clergy who adopted the Bishop's views, and preached in the surplice, and catechised children at the afternoon service, were denounced as Tractarians by the *Record* week after week, and even year after year; and many years elapsed before this state of things was changed. It was the good Bishop's misfortune to show himself too ready to sacrifice zealousness to popular clamour, not indeed because he coveted favour in high places, but because he misjudged the signs of the times. He inhibited Charles Kingsley

from preaching in his diocese, though he was soon induced to withdraw the inhibition; he announced that if Maurice were not expelled from King's College he would refuse its candidates for ordination; and having led Mr. Bennett on at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, he threw him over in consequence of the silly clamour which arose over the "Papal Aggression" in 1850. For "Latitudinarianism" in any form the Bishop had an utter aversion. In his time it had very few adherents, and formed no power in the Church. The Bishop saw only the unfavourable side, had no acquaintance with science, and knew nothing of discoveries which have arisen out of it to modify old-fashioned views. Had he had the opportunity of seeing the better side, he would have been fairer to it. Certainly he would have had no word of approval for the conduct of his son on a somewhat memorable day, to which, though altogether against my will, I feel it right to refer. At the last S. P. G. meeting which Stanley attended, he did so in order to defend a bishop who was supposed to favour the Bishop of Natal. It was, it must be confessed, just one of those cases where his "very virtues ran sometimes into pugnacities," to use the happy expression of his brother-in-law in his funeral sermon, and no one could have complained that some of his speech should call forth opposition. But when he suddenly burst out into a strain of pathetic eloquence, and told how Colenso had stood up for the oppressed, "for that poor savage man," and, in his zeal after justice and mercy, had forfeited even the support of those who up to that time had clung to him, the whole meeting was electrified into sympathy, and many a throat swelled with emotion as a hearty cheer broke out all over the room. It was a shock probably to every man besides in the meeting, when Archdeacon Blomfield followed with the expression of a hope that for the future, if Stanley should ever speak again there, nobody would take any notice of him. He never

did speak again. But the taunt did not hurt him, for I happen to know that some of his warmest opponents crowded to him and thanked him ; and I have a letter from him, written two days afterwards, in which he fervently thanks God for such a blessing.

I have altogether anticipated here and return now to my chronicle. Ward's condemnation in 1845 completed for the time being the collapse of the Tract movement. But though the Romeward character of the Tracts was demonstrated by the spectacle of Newman's exit from the Church, a permanent good remained. The higher value which clergy and laity alike set on Church ordinances, and also their deeper appreciation of Christian holiness and duty, were some results which followed the great movement. But there were other results not so happy. The bitterness of the old conflicts was not forgotten, and a narrow hatred was displayed against those who had opposed the movement. The Tractarians, it is true, were in a large minority as regards numbers, but the learning and literary power had fallen on their side. When the battle was over, parties, as is ever the case, displayed their cruelty, and the proscriptions began. Then for the first time began the religious novel, and it may be doubted whether Sir Walter did more to create sympathy for the Stuart cause than did the stories of Messrs. Sewell, Paget, Neale, and Gresley, and the author of *From Oxford to Rome*, to popularise Tractarian opinions. Mr. Paget had great humour, and employed it as unfairly as the author of *Hudibras*. No student of history believes that Butler's representation of the Puritans is a fair one, but it is not more one-sided than the stories we have before us. Thus the Puritan preacher, Mr. Mahalaleel Mumgrizzle, is odious in character, and canting as Mawworm and Stiggins. And all his fellow religionists are in harmony with him. The Evangelical clergy talk nonsense at
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the Reformation meeting at Chatterton, the Romanist lady (the only non-member of the Church of England who is civilly dealt with in the tales) has been perverted through disgust at Low Church teaching, and is finally brought back by the High Church parson. A story directed against scepticism accounts for the unbelief of the most decent of the characters by representing him as secretly immoral ; as for the rest, they are all hateful alike, the model rationalistic governess is vile and brutal. But the tales are told with point, and they had a great effect. Epigram and satire are all very well, but historical truth is better. Mr. Gresley's pamphlet, *The Real Danger of the Church of England* (published in 1847), was an appeal to the Church to cast out the Evangelicals. The attempt was made in 1850 when Bishop Philpotts of Exeter endeavoured to prevent Mr. Gorham from taking possession of a living to which he had been presented. The controversy was the moving cause which led Manning and two of the Wilberforces to join the Church of Rome. And what did it all amount to ? A question of terminology. I, for one, believe what I say, in the words, "This child is regenerate." But so do many who would prefer to use another word. There is no practical difference concerning the Baptismal blessing between Dr. Pusey and the Bishop of Liverpool.

The same men that came forth before to deprecate panic and hard words did so now, and not without good results. One learned man, the late Professor Mozley, being called upon to write down Mr. Gorham, but bringing a cool head and warm heart to bear upon the question, ended by writing in his defence.

The Hampden case, which occurred in 1847, is not worth spending time upon. Let us pass on to the year 1853, when one of those who had stood up bravely for the unpopular side, desirous of teaching men to be

fair towards each other, became himself the object of attack. Mr. Maurice was expelled from the Chairs of Ecclesiastical and Modern History at King's College, London, because he expressed a guarded and solemn hope that "there is an abyss of love deeper than the abyss of death." It may be that the two great parties, tired of worrying each other, welcomed a *rapprochement* by which they might join in worrying somebody else; for the *Record* and *Guardian* went hand in hand over it. And now, after thirty years, how does this matter stand? What Maurice expressed as a hope has become the settled conviction of probably a majority of the English clergy. Dr. Farrar expressed that conviction in a somewhat rough and hard way. Dr. Pusey's answer, written in a very different tone, comes practically to the same thing. Maurice never stood higher with the lay members of the Church than in the years that followed. His calm meekness and quiet confidence in God disarmed even the bitterest foes, and when he died in the faith and love of Christ in 1872 not a voice but spoke lovingly and reverentially of him.

One little circumstance of 1854 should be noted in passing—the genesis of a phrase. Mr. Conybeare wrote a clever, smart article in the *Edinburgh* which created a good deal of sensation at the time, on *Church Parties*, making these to be High, Low, and "Broad." The last word has become a stock phrase in the description of current theologies. But it was not a very satisfactory term after all, seeing that it included Maurice, an ardent disciple of Coleridge, and Whately, who held the Highgate sage in contempt. Still it was a recognition, which thinking men were glad to see, of a number of divines who desired to assimilate any good which they got from either side, though they could not class themselves with either. So the word remains. And after all it does not cover a wider ground than the Church of England,

than the Sermon on the Mount. Take another noteworthy indication of the state of religious feeling. In the earlier days I have been reviewing, the use of hymns in public worship was a thoroughgoing mark of the Evangelical school. High Churchmen not only looked askance at it, but Bishop Mant preached an uncompromising sermon against hymn-singing. The publication of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* in 1861 marks a wonderful change. It was a pure and simple surrender of their view on the part of the High Churchmen. How popular this work has become may be seen by the fact that (according to Mr. Grove's *Dictionary of Music*) up to 1880 twenty million copies had been sold. And the effect in popularising the doctrines contained has been incalculable.

Meanwhile two great questions had been steadily rising, and now forced themselves to the front among religious discussions. The one was Biblical criticism on historical bases, the other was scientific discovery. Traditional opinions were at first tacitly then openly called in question, and the clergy found themselves awkwardly pressed. An attempt to meet some of the questions which had been raised was made in the *Essays and Reviews*, which appeared in 1860. Little fuss was made over the book until the appearance of two review articles. One was in the *Westminster*, and it declared that the writers were sceptics and had no right to remain in the Church of England. The other was in the *Quarterly*, from the pen of Bishop Wilberforce. That remarkable man had in earlier days belonged to the Hare and Maurice school. He and the present Prime Minister were Maurice's warmest defenders in the King's College controversy. But speculation and metaphysics were not in Bishop Wilberforce's line. He was plunged into active work, was at one time the most popular ecclesiastic in

England, and popular applause became to him like his life's breath. He would never stand his ground on what seemed the losing side. This article, which marked his final breach with the "Broad Church" school, was an unmeasured denunciation of the Essays. And now that twenty years have passed by, what do we see? One of the Essayists is a Bishop deservedly respected; another, the author of the Essay which was, not unreasonably, regarded as the most objectionable in tone, was unsuccessfully prosecuted by his Bishop, and afterwards became one of his dearest friends. But the book as a whole is pretty well forgotten. Nevertheless, let us say this for it. The difficulties which it stated were not created by the writers. They were already in the mouths of thousands. The object of the authors, however unsuccessful we may regard its execution, was to discuss what beliefs could be maintained, what were to be regarded as merely transitory. This shared the fate of most tentative books. A furious clamour was raised against it. Prosecutions were commenced against two of the writers, but the charges, at first numbering over twenty, dwindled down to two, and these the House of Lords dismissed. More than 10,000 clerical signatures were attached to a solemn protest, and Bishop Thirlwall quietly remarked, that if a decimal point were placed before the number the value of the document would be exactly expressed. Answers too were set on foot. One, edited with characteristic rashness by Bishop Wilberforce, contained two very interesting essays. One was by the learned and pious A. W. Haddan, professedly in answer to Mr. Mark Pattison, but really no answer at all, for it was simply another essay, not conflicting, on the same subject, *The Religious Thought of the Eighteenth Century*. The other was by Mr. Rorison in answer to Mr. Goodwin on the Mosaic Cosmogony. Mr. Rorison very wisely demonstrated

that the question is a difficult one, not to be decided rashly, which was exactly what Mr. Goodwin had said. But another volume called *Aids to Faith* was a much abler book, whatever else may be said about it. In one of its Essays, and in his *Bampton Lectures*, published in 1861, Mr. Mansel, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, raised this standard against the sceptics. He said, "You have an external Revelation supplied to you on sufficient evidence. You have no faculty and no right to judge the Revelation itself, only to test the evidence. God is unknowable in Himself; all that you can say you know is what the Revelation tells you. It is only a relative knowledge, not an absolute. It will serve for practical purposes, and there is nothing for you between it and absolute darkness." It was a momentous issue to raise, and the challenge was accepted; accepted by men who might have been won to believe a better gospel. "We have tried your external evidence," they said, "and we declare it insufficient. We look for God, and you tell us we cannot find Him, and send us to broken and second-hand evidence, and tell us you have nothing better to offer us. Therefore we must turn away from you."

This is the history of what is known as Agnosticism, and its parent is not some headstrong, blatant sceptic, but a Church dignitary. And this appalling contribution to the controversy with unbelief was hailed by the clergy with acclamation. For, as Carlyle said, "there is no animal so short-sighted as man." The same sage, quoting an ancient chronicle, tells of a clown who killed his donkey. It was a hard-working, faithful beast, but he killed it because it had drunk up the moon, and he held the moon to be useful to mankind. So he cut open the donkey, *ut lunam redderet*, as the chronicle has it. And he found, too late, that what it had swallowed was not the moon, but only the reflection

of it in the water which the foolish man had poured into his pail. The parable finds new interpretations in every generation.

In 1862 Bishop Colenso published his book on the Pentateuch. The Bishop of Capetown acted, no doubt, the part of an honest man. But was it that of a wise one? There were three courses open to the clergy. There were some who said, "We find many of your calculations sound and unanswerable; we think you have established many cases of error so far as literal statements are concerned. But we feel also that you have left out of sight altogether the moral and spiritual aspects of the Pentateuch, and therefore we judge your book to be unfair, one-sided, and mischievous." This is the line that was taken by Charles Kingsley, by Maurice, and Stanley, and there were those who thought it dangerous to admit so much. This second class attempted to disprove the Bishop's calculations. Have they succeeded? Let the minister speak who has met with a satisfactory refutation. Ask any intelligent layman who has gone into the matter what he thinks about it. There was a third course, and this unhappily was taken by a great number of English clergy, namely, to rage and howl and sign protests, to declare that they would hold no communion with the apostate, to express the hope that he might die the death of Arius, sooner than be allowed to enter his cathedral again. They did not reflect how in all this they were alienating the English laity from them. Mr. Froude says bitterly, but not without some truth, that though the laity still go to church they don't attach any value to the preaching part of the service. The Bishop of Capetown in his metropolitan cathedral and in the Lower House of Convocation won two Pyrrhic victories. He got overwhelming majorities of the clergy to declare for him, and he caused the English folks who are *not* clergy to hold up their

hands in amazement and sorrow. Who is one penny the worse for his sentence of deposition and of "the greater excommunication"? It was an attempt to suppress by force what hundreds and thousands were reading and trying to get to the bottom of, and his attempt was hopeless. The then Primate, Longley, foremost in place as in the sweet grace and beauty of his character, tried in vain to calm the violence of headstrong partisans. And there were two other Prelates, since departed, who claim reverent mention here for their righteous desire not to cry down unpopular men, but to be just and even-handed. One was St. David's, "the most learned Bishop in Christendom," as his brother of Ely bravely called him when he was standing in a great minority. The other was Lichfield. The great learning, the unwearied industry of Bishop Lonsdale were unsurpassed in his day, yet even these were of less import to all who were brought into contact with him than his chivalrous love of truth and justice, his patient, humble, deep faith, his love of God and man. And poor Bishop Gray too is gone to his rest. He was a far more honest and brave man than many who hounded him on, and then, seeing he had got into a scrape, ran away and left him in it, and so embittered his last days.

And now we are in the midst of the Ritualistic quarrel. But let me remind you that the question which the country looks to us to settle is not whether the Church of England shall dress up her ministers in certain clothes, but whether she can persuade the present and future generations to believe in God. The Agnostics are declaring that Dean Mansel was right in asserting that God is unknowable in Himself, but that he was wrong in declaring that this unknowable God had given a written Revelation proveable by external evidence. Maurice passionately declared that God is not unknowable, that His true light lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and that

this light is higher than logic, deeper-penetrating than all evidences of the senses. But Maurice was ostracized by the "religious world." The result, time will show. But you cannot blink the fact that unbelief is increasing among cultured, thoughtful men. Has the Church of England any mission to bring them back? This is the question of questions which we have to face. I am not without hope, in spite of dark clouds. Rest assured that the old Evangelical belief in an "infallible Book" will not do it. The Book is not infallible. It is the word of life to those who receive it honestly and faithfully; but to enforce it on the "all-or-none" principle, with arguments drawn from Paley or Locke, is absolutely out of the question. There is more hope perhaps from the High Church side, for one sees there a conception of a polity and brotherhood based upon self-sacrifice. The old Anglican theory of thirty years ago, it is true, is nearly broken down; but though laymen regard Mr. Mackonochie and Messrs. Green and Enraght as utterly unreasonable in refusing to obey anybody, those who know how these men laboured among the very poorest of their brethren, without hope of any reward but the Master's blessing, and who see that their conscientiousness is met with brutal persecution, will not fail to respect them, and to declare that tenderness, nay, justice, would not have acted thus. If these foolish Ritualists had been let alone by the Church Association, things would have righted themselves, and public opinion, while honouring zeal and self-denial everywhere, would have proved to them that their extravagances instead of helping their cause were marring it. I knew good Charles Lowder. I doubt whether he converted many of the dockyard men to his peculiar views. But there has been no man of our time who, by his beautiful life and godly zeal, has done more to teach toiling, suffering men to believe

that God loves them and holds their souls in His hand. They will tolerate a good deal of eccentricity when they see such love. And after all, is it not better to be a Ritualist than to be Bill Sikes? If all the London clergy were as self-denying as Lowder, the danger, which certainly is not unreal, of a terrible outbreak one of these days, would vanish away. The elements of a Social Revolution are not absent from the problem of politics.

I had intended in this survey to have spoken at some length on preaching, past and present, but space will not suffer this. I shall therefore sum up what I feel in a few words only. I believe that the quality of our sermons, judging by those which are published in the present day, has greatly fallen off. Henry Blunt, Bradley, and Melvill will perhaps be regarded as antiquated and out of date by my brethren. I can only say I wish I enjoyed modern preachers as much. There is a depth of practical piety and earnestness in them which I desiderate in almost every volume of modern sermons which I take up. There are a few noble exceptions, the Bishops of Truro (that he would publish more such volumes as "Boy Life") and Bedford, the Dean of Llandaff, Henry Burrows, Montagu Butler. But modern preaching is for the most part either controversial, or it is clap-trap, founded on queer texts, or running into buffoonery. I find one sermon on the text, "the snuffers," to prove that Christians should be like snuffers; another, on Judges vii. 13, proves that the cake there means the Holy Eucharist. But the most wonderful is a sermon for Michaelmas-day, in which the writer gives distinctions of character between Cherubim, Seraphim, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, and between the ministry of Angels, Archangels, Powers, Principalities, Dominions, &c., &c. I very much fear if we had to sit through a sermon with all this nonsense, we should ejaculate Milton's line—

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

But now let me venture to give to young High Church zealots some earnest exhortations. Take heed of your allies, for some of them are broken reeds which will pierce your hand. Mr. Newman declared that the final authority was the Bishop, and that obedience to him was always a prime necessity. That is exploded now; though, as I heard the ablest of the High Church proctors (Canon Butler) say in Convocation, England never had so good a bench of Bishops as she has now. In our day, an invisible pope summons all classes to his tribunal, and absolves any one of them, whether bishop, priest, or layman, from any obligation whatever, on his own sovereign authority. Maurice said so long ago, but since then this pope too has made fresh canons of his infallibility. And this pope is—the editor of the religious newspaper. The young priest disobeys and insults his bishop, sets the law of the land at defiance, scorns such insignificant dunces as Lords Selborne and Hatherley, will put his trust in nobody but the newspaper pope. You buy your pope's weekly bulls with the same instinct that a London rough looks on at a street fight—a *cruel* instinct. You want to see whom your pope calls "Raca" this week, and whom "Moreh." For the pope delights in cursing—it is his livelihood; and it is he if any who will bring the Church of England to ruin.¹

¹ In the single number of the newspaper before me there are angry adverse remarks against a good many people, which may be regarded, as times go, as a common rule of the game. But there are also charges of *wilful falsehood* against the following persons: the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Selborne, Dr. Leathe, Mr. Cadman, Lord Oranmore, the Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool, the whole bench of Bishops collectively. Does it never occur to the clergy that it may be wicked to *buy* these things?

Since writing the above note, I have seen another paper in which a *clergyman* finds in the prayers concerning the weather which the Archbishop of Canterbury put forth, evidence that the Archbishop "has found an Act of Parliament to allow him to say his prayers," that "his Erastianism has freed him from all

In our time a great statesman, Sir Robert Peel, broke up his party. So before him did the Duke of Wellington, and before him Canning, and before him Burke. Yet they were all men of high character, as well as the ablest men of their time. Are they not like a handwriting on the wall to declare that government by party can never succeed? Fight for your "High Church" or your "Low Church," party, and your work will crumble; fight for Christ, in His spirit—not for self, but for God—and you will not have much to complain of among your lay members. If you remember not only that they have rights and feelings, but also that they can think seriously as well as you, they will reciprocate the trust, and even listen to your sermons with respect.

If one were to judge the clergy by the sayings and doings of the Lower House of Convocation, it might be said not unreasonably that they oppose and obstruct every reform, and never say or do anything worth remembering. But it would be an unfair inference. The clergy are wiser and more useful than their representatives after all, and the laity are disposed to think the best of them and not the worst. It rests with ourselves. If you look upon the Roman Church collectively as the harlot of Babylon, and upon all Nonconformists as Korah, and upon all so-called "sceptics" as cut off from Christ, does it never occur to you that you will never convert the world to agree with you—in fact, that you have no message to the world worth delivering?

Bibliolatry has been the bane of Protestant theology. It is breaking down under the criticism which has

consciousness of sin," and that he regards himself as God's creditor rather than debtor. If the time has come when the English clergy can regard such ribaldry without shame and sorrow, we are indeed in a bad way. It really matters little that the prayer, as a matter of fact, is taken from the Liturgy, which this person did not know till it was pointed out to him.

found a mixture of untrustworthy elements in the sacred narrative. But that discovery will not shake the reverence of thoughtful men towards God's Revelation. The downfall of literary superstition, if your own innermost faith stands fast, will enable you to preach the spiritual freedom of man and the internal evidence of a God who has power to turn each conscience into a mirror of Himself, and each life into a witness of His glory. Idolatry of "the Church" has degraded the Church almost to the condition of a great female goddess. That too is breaking down among Englishmen, as the goddess has shrunk down more and more into a shadowy and indefinable form which Romanists jeer at and Dissenters reject. Yet if you will go below the letter, regarding it as the evidence of a great spiritual unity comprising all who love the Lord in sincerity, the outward form will have its true and even priceless value, as a symbol of that Divine truth. The outcry against scientific investigations has probably almost exhausted itself, except among very bucolical persons indeed, so thorough and careful have the inquirers been. One

hears indeed sometimes that Professors A. and B. are "dogmatical and overbearing;" but I will merely put it to you in passing, "Don't you think the clergy are the same, now and then?" I at any rate have always found the natural philosophers the most gentle of men, modest and patient learners in God's great school, who think no labour too great if only they can win the truth for which they yearn; and I am quite sure—I have heard it from probably the most eminent of them—that they do not desire to oppose the clergy, that they appreciate and reverence the work of the Church. I believe, therefore, that there is a possible future before the Church of England which will make her more than ever the Church of the people, so that, like Him on whom we believe her to rest, she shall "grow in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." But if that hope is to be fulfilled, the clergy must aspire to be learners as well as teachers, not lords over God's heritage, but shepherds of the flock, in reality as well as in name.

W. BENHAM.

A LITTLE WESTERN TOWN.

WE have been keeping the tenth birthday of Colorado Springs. Ten years is quite a respectable age for cities in the west, yet it must be allowed that this little town is especially "well-grown." It cannot, indeed, claim the advantage of being a business centre, but for this very reason, perhaps, it is generally admitted to be the pleasantest place of residence in the state of Colorado.

Standing on the very edge of the prairie, yet close to the first range of the Rocky Mountains, and surrounded by the bluffs and foot-hills which here first set a limit to the vast expanse of the plains, it lies among beauties of a widely varying kind. And this encircling grandeur will prevent it from ever getting a townified air. When the summit of Pike's Peak, 14,000 feet high, looks at you over the top of the church steeple, and the street in which you live merges into an ocean of golden grass, it is difficult to imagine yourself in a town. There is something *naïve*, too, about the look of the wide, unpaved streets, laid out at right angles, and planted with rows of trees. The houses are chiefly of wood, and two-storied; some, indeed, have but one story, and as yet very few are built of stone. Each house has a veranda, and stands in an inclosed yard or garden, where in summer, by dint of copious irrigation, the grass is kept emerald-green, while the verandas are covered with creepers. This shady and verdant air reminds one of villages in the Eastern States. Yet Colorado Springs is more than a village. Though it has but five thousand inhabitants, it enjoys advantages which many a provincial town in older lands is without.

The telegraph having penetrated everywhere nowadays, its place as an indicator of modern progress is taken

by the telephone, and this mark of civilisation is to be seen in a great number of private houses in Colorado Springs, as well as in places of business; it also affords a means of communication with Manitou, a small watering-place among the hills, five miles distant. In the two business streets of Colorado Springs, where the houses are built in blocks beside wooden pavements, there are plenty of shops, whose proprietors, though belonging to a variety of nationalities, are all equally enterprising and ambitious. Here is the English bookseller and stationer, who keeps quite an attractive "store:" further on is the Italian barber's shop, and next door the fruiterer from the Apennines, who imports the best Californian fruit, and dreams meanwhile of soon making money enough to go home and build a "palazzo" in his native village. Opposite stands the Chinese laundry, and then come the plate-glass windows of the grand ironmonger, whose father is a rich citizen of Chicago. There is the German upholsterer, the French builder—finally, the little milliner from New England, whose folks at home are well-educated, and not badly off, but she must stay in Colorado for her health, and cannot afford it unless she contrives to spin money out of her pretty knack of bonnet-making. Besides the shops, there are places of business—railway offices, land agents, mining companies. Several livery stables do a brisk trade here, where every one rides or drives, and they are very good, if rather expensive. Besides the ordinary carriages and saddle-horses, they now and then have a real fast trotting-horse, behind which, in a light buggy, a gallant grocer may drive his sweetheart out on a Sunday.

Tradesmen are not the only enterprising folk in Colorado Springs, how-

ever. Some old citizens who went into mining at Leadville, and "struck pay-ore," have invested their gains in an opera-house, a charmingly pretty little theatre, and the pride of Colorado Springs. At present the house is superior to the artistes who appear there, as the dramatic and operatic troupes who visit Denver and come on here, are never *more* than second-rate. The citizens fondly hope, however, that the fame of the opera-house and of the appreciative public that fills it, will soon entice hither some brighter stars.

A short time ago some of the principal residents built a pretty club-house, and they have now formed a company for the erection of a model hotel, which will soon be finished. It promises to be a charming building, for taste in architecture and house-decoration is greatly improving, the impulse from the other side of the water being felt even out here. Great care will be given to the management of this hotel, as it is intended to supply a deficiency in the accommodation of the town. Furnished cottages, both comfortable and pretty, can, as a rule, be easily obtained, but people do not always wish to go to housekeeping immediately; the two or three existing hotels, however, are very bad, and there is but one good boarding-house—scant accommodation for the ever-increasing number of people who visit Colorado Springs for business, pleasure, or health.

This little town is, indeed, becoming one of the best-known sanitoriums in the States, especially for consumptive patients. Standing at an elevation of 6,000 feet, it has an excellent winter climate, dry and bracing, without much snow; and there is every facility during the summer of escaping to the mountains in hot weather.

It is, moreover, not exclusively a health-resort; but has attractions and resources which prevent life from sinking into the mere routine of invalidism. So much has been written of the capabilities of Colorado—of its agriculture, cattle-breeding, and mines, that it is

easily conceivable that men, coming here in search of health, and regaining it in some degree, as is so often the case, should find occupations and interests to console them for the loss of the professions and the enjoyments they have had to give up at home.

Most of the young men who are settled on ranches, or have otherwise found occupation here, came out for reasons of health in the first instance, and every year sees other Americans and Englishmen arriving to try the same experiment.

As for the mining fever, it attacks even the strongest constitutions after a short sojourn in this country; and for those who do not fear the infection, it is an advantage that Colorado Springs, situated on the main line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, seventy-five miles south of Denver, is within easy reach of Leadville and most of the important mining-camps of the state.

By a fortunate chance, on the other hand, there are no mines—with their devastating machinery and their train of roughs—to be seen within many miles of the little town, so that the beautiful country around is unspoiled.

And if business and health bring people to Colorado, surely pleasure is to be found here too. During winter, in rides over the prairie, where from any slight eminence one can look over a rippling sea of yellow and red grass to a blue range of mountains two hundred miles away. And when spring and summer come, in exploring the cañons—deep and narrow ravines—that wind among the foot-hills.

One hears people speak of being disappointed in the scenery of Colorado. They expect a larger Switzerland, and they do not find it. They do not find the snow-peaks, the blue lakes, the varied vegetation, the abundance of torrents and waterfalls. They find, instead, plains as vast as the ocean; mountains, not snowy, but rocky and barren, covered here and there with dark forests—mountains whose massive forms and gradual slope make

them appear less lofty than they are; they find no trees but the pines, save by the rare streams, and in the cañons (pronounced *canyons*) where the fresh, light green of the cotton-wood trees appears.

But they find a flora richer than that of the Alps—for while it comprises many of the same flowers, it includes a number that are not found wild in Europe at all; they find atmospheric effects, colouring, light, and shade, which almost surpass those of Italy; and they find—rocks.

Rocks are, perhaps, the most unique part of the scenery. They are of nearly every colour—red, salmon, cream, grey, green, bronze. They are of nearly every shape. There is a small valley near Colorado Springs, which is shut in by battlements and gateways of red rock, smooth, and 330 feet high. Inside, the short grass is covered for two miles with piles and monuments of the same rock, which look as if a giant-sculptor had been at work on all of them in turn, trying to bring out some mysterious, ponderous form, and had never finished anything. Another valley, to the north of this one, has gateways of grey and green rock; but within, the red predominates again. Here, among other fantastic masses, stands a straight column 200 feet high, but scarcely thirty feet in diameter. The glen is watered by a stream, flowing under shrubberies of scrub-oak and cotton-wood, which issues from a cañon at the head of the valley. This narrow, lofty, red-walled cañon winds up such a long way among the hills, and flings itself into such wild contortions, that no one has yet been able to follow it up to the end. Close to the entrance of the mysterious ravine, right under the tower of fiery rock, stands a charming house, and its presence converts the valley, wild, but no longer desolate, into a beautiful—a most beautiful—home. People who have such homes as these, naturally become fond of Colorado; but even those who are disappointed in the

country at first, come, in time, to own that there is an irresistible fascination about it—and having once visited it, from necessity perhaps, they are apt to return to it for love.

Winter is the “season” for the residents at Colorado Springs. “Everybody” is at home, and they all know each other well. Perhaps some pleasant new people arrive from the east to spend the winter, and increase the small social circle, where so much hospitality and friendliness is shown to new-comers. The winter gaieties only consist of informal gatherings among this intimate and comfortable circle, yet the winter is far from dull, and the field of festive possibilities is considerable in a country where the climate allows of picnics in February and March.

In June, tourists begin to appear, and for a few weeks fill the hotels of Manitou, which, with the exception of one or two private cottages, is, indeed, built of hotels. In the midst of the village are some mineral springs to which no one pays much attention; and right above it rises Pike’s Peak, which the tourists conscientiously ascend on ponies or donkeys.

A branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway connects Manitou with Colorado Springs, but, except in summer, there is not much coming and going between the two places, as the hotels are nearly all closed, and the little watering-place is in a great measure deserted during winter.

In hot weather, while ignorant tourists remain sweltering at Manitou, which, being shut in under the hills, is very hot, the wiser residents of Colorado Springs go away into the mountains. Here are several easily accessible valleys, between seven and eight thousand feet high, which are green, cool, and pleasant in summer. In one or two of these “parks,” as they are called, small mountain hotels have been built, but people generally camp out, and either keep house for themselves, or get board at some neighbouring ranche. Estes Park, of

which an English traveller wrote so enthusiastically in its earlier and wilder days, has now in summer a stage-coach running to it daily, an hotel, several boarding-ranches, and innumerable camps—its pretty lake and fine mountain views making it a favourite resort. One ranchman who takes boarders has even ventured upon a printed programme, in which he offers the public “an excellent table, the best Denver society, and game on the hills from bear down!”

Camping outfits of every description, from the most elementary up to the most luxurious, can be procured in Denver; and a large tent, with a plank floor, a “combination” cot, and a little ingenuity, may be converted into as comfortable a room as could be desired. When the house-keeping is done in camp, a dining-tent is put up, with a kitchen-tent attached to it—a deep hole dug near by does duty for cellar. A pretty spot among the trees is chosen, where hammocks are swung, and camp-chairs arranged as for a drawing-room. In the evening, the whole place is illuminated by as big a camp-fire as can be built; this is an indispensable feature of the encampment, and adds wonderfully to its picturesqueness. The horses of the party are picketed close at hand, and—if the party consists of wise people—they will not be without some sort of vehicle too; for certain necessities of life, such as butter, eggs, and milk, have to be fetched from neighbouring ranches. Plenty of stores however have been sent up with the waggon which brought the camping outfit from the nearest railway station, and among them, the famous “tin can,” the invaluable friend of the pioneer of the West, plays an important part.

Big game has already been driven away from these more frequented paths, and the sportsman who wishes to carry out the programme above mentioned, must follow it to the wilder and more distant Middle and North Parks, where it is still found in abundance. In the nearer valleys there are only left, of all

the noble company that crowded them not long ago, a few solitary pumas, and bands of harmless though noisy cayotes—a small prairie-wolf, which makes night hideous with unearthly yells. Deer are seldom seen here now, but there are rabbits, squirrels, snipe, wild doves, and occasional grouse about the country, and plenty of trout in the mountain-streams—none of which things, when scientifically cooked, are despised by the camper.

It is no great hardship to spend a summer in just such a model camp, but any one who should find the life monotonous, can enliven it by making longer trips through the State. Everywhere in the mountains, new towns, laying claims to greater advantages of climate and scenery than the older settlements on the plains, and offering fresh fields for enterprise, are beginning to attract the attention of travellers and settlers. Thus, a great future is prophesied for Poncha Springs, in the valley of the Arkansas on the line to Leadville, and for Durango, in the San Juan district near New Mexico, where the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, making extensions in every direction, has just arrived. This plucky little road climbing over passes, and winding through cañons, is fast opening up new tracts of country in the south of the State—the San Juan and Uncompahgre districts—which are reputed richer in ore than the northern portions of the State, and where some considerable claims are already being developed.

These mining-districts are indeed the most important and extensive, not in Colorado only, but in the whole region; and they differ from the district about Leadville, already known to fame, in that here are true fissure-veins, which promise more permanence, although they are slower and more expensive in development than the Leadville mines. Work has been delayed here by the difficulty of bringing in machinery, transporting ore, and so forth; but now that the railway has

penetrated into the country, everything will progress rapidly, and great opportunities will present themselves to enterprising capitalists, not only for acquiring mining property, but also for erecting smelting works, &c., which are in great demand.

This part of the State is at present in an unsafe condition, robberies and "shootings" are of only too frequent occurrence in the mining-camps; and the great distances between the settlements enable the "road-agents" to have a fine time of it. The proximity of New Mexico—as yet but half-civilised, and the refuge of unruly folk—is another disquieting element. However, the railway, the invaluable railway, will bring quieter times in this respect; the long stage-rides over solitary roads will be at an end, and the noisy, new settlements will be brought within reach of discipline and authority. Already, many public-spirited citizens in the south have declared their intention that "this thing shall not go on," and have effected the capture of several robber-thieves. This sounds very thrilling, and when one reads the reports from the south, sitting at home in quiet Colorado Springs, it seems impossible to believe that there are robber-chiefs within two hundred miles.

A more peaceful part of the San Juan is the district around Lake City. The scenery is very fine; here are greener

valleys, more abundant mountain torrents, and, if possible, a greater variety and quantity of wild flowers than in the north of the State. Lake City is as yet sixty miles from the nearest railway station; a stage runs daily between the two, passing through a magnificent gorge, to which the poetical western settler has given the name of Slumgullion Gulch. Lake City stands at a height of 8,550 feet, near the entrance of another grand ravine; and still higher among the surrounding peaks are a number of mining-cabins. The mouth of the "Dolly Varden" mine, for instance, is at an elevation of 12,000 feet, and close under a mountain summit which commands a view more picturesque than that obtained from Pike's Peak, and nearly as extensive. The base of this cone is surrounded by flats of pasture land, which in summer are absolutely carpeted with the most rare and brilliant of flowers.

It will be a great gain to Colorado when this beautiful tract of country becomes more accessible and more civilised, which will surely soon be the case. But whatever other charming spots there may be to visit in the State, I am convinced that Colorado-Springs is the place to choose for head-quarters. And because of this conviction, I must be pardoned if I have spoken at too great length of a "Little Western Town."

ALMA STRETTELL.

THOUGHTS ON ENGLISH UNIVERSITY REFORM.

ENGLAND, as has been well remarked by intelligent foreign observers, is the land of anomalies; and of all its anomalous institutions, perhaps the most anomalous is the English university. Brought up as I was in a Scottish, and afterwards transplanted at an early age to a German university, I had ample occasion, when in later years I visited the classic bowers and crusted walls of Oxford, to stand in astonishment at the strange customs, and, as it appeared from my point of view, contrarieties and perversities of the place. I rubbed my eyes as one suddenly jerked into one of Browning's most inaccessible poems; what I had been accustomed to see in Edinburgh and in Göttingen as the prominent figures in the academical picture, were not there at all, and what was not to be found in Göttingen or Edinburgh, anyhow or anywhere, was to be found in Oxford everywhere. I was reminded forcibly of a verse in Ecclesiastes which says, "I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth;" that is to say, in its application to Oxford as I first saw it some thirty years ago, I saw tutors doing the teaching work, and professors doing nothing at all, or doing a sort of work subsidiary or even servile, and in a great degree dispensable. The professors in Scotland and in Germany meant the university, both body and soul; in Oxford they either did not exist at all, or they were a sort of adjunct, belonging in many cases to the university, not even as the chaplain belongs to an army, in order to give it a sort of consecration, nor, again, even as the figure-head to a ship by way of ornament, but merely as buttons belonging to a dress-coat, which may be buttoned, but never is buttoned. What the tutorial system meant I found it

difficult to comprehend. I found no such system in Germany, where the pioneers of research and the high priests of knowledge are more largely bred than in any part of the world; I found nothing of the kind in my own poor universities, where, though the standard of classical learning was shamefully low, and scholarly research showed itself here and there only by a lucky accident, nevertheless, taken overhead, a much larger amount of solid academical work, with the great mass of the students, was realised, than Oxford with its overflowing wealth, and numerous army of intellectual drill-sergeants, could with any honest pretence lay claim to. The practical working of this anomalous system continued from time to time to attract my attention; the more so that reiterated rumours of academical reform, projected or achieved, came across the Tweed, and satisfied me that my suspicion that there was something wrong in the state of Oxford was not altogether unfounded; while it was pleasing to observe that the disease under which this venerable institution laboured was not of that worst description, under which the patient, as suffering no pain from his creeping malady, feels no want of a physician. On my last visit to the venerable metropolis of classics and cricket, I found the air full of projects of reform, and statutes of a reforming commission which I set myself to peruse with laudable diligence. How far these reforms are honestly meant to remove the radical evils under which the Oxford system at present labours, or are mere concessions to blind the eyes of the public by giving an appearance of motion to an attitude essentially stationary, it would be presumptuous in a mere outside observer to decide;

but, as it was only too apparent that the published statutes were far from satisfactory in the view of many who had proved themselves well calculated to judge both of the practical working of the system as it now exists, and of the ideal to which an intelligent university commission should strive to approximate, I thought I might do some small service, as an old academical soldier, now of forty years' standing, by simply noting down in a few paragraphs what the necessities of the case are as they appear to a Scottish academical eye. In doing this I will endeavour to realise as much as possible Adam Smith's position of the impartial observer; for, though it would be in vain for me to conceal my decided conviction that the German universities are by far the most perfect type of the Academical Corporation at present in the world, I am, on the other hand, far too strongly impressed with the imperfections and inadequacies of our Scottish system, especially in the field of philological and historical research, to be capable of any undue bias in a patriotic direction.

What is a university? A university is an association of the most intelligent and most highly-educated men of a country, set apart by the nation for the pursuit of truth, the preservation, increase, and communication of knowledge, and the general elevation of the intellectual character of the people. So far its character and scope is identical with that of a royal academy or museum, after the model of the Ptolemies in Alexandria. But it is something more; it has also an educational function; and in this capacity, as distinguished from a secondary or upper school, its special business is to stimulate the highest intellectual energy of the nation, by developing under wise guidance the peculiar intellectual spontaneity of each intelligent individual who comes within the range of its stimulating action. The specific difference from every species of school

is determined by Nature, in the distinction which she makes, though without any invariably sharp line, between the boy and the youth. The object of all education, no doubt, of the youth no less than the boy, is to aid the natural growth of the subject operated on; but the specific difference of treatment lies in the fact that, while the boy, as in a lower state of development, must submit more largely to the passive reception of an external mould, the young man, in whom the internal factor begins emphatically to assert itself, must above all things be allowed free play for the spontaneous action of his faculties; and the teaching which he receives at the university must have for its main result the ability to teach himself: in other words, the function of a schoolmaster is in the main discipline and drill, that of a university professor stimulus and guidance.

The distinction here laid down is one of the most indubitable propositions in the whole doctrine of education; the more sorrowfully therefore must we confess that both the English and the Scottish academical systems, though in very different ways, and from altogether opposite causes, run directly in the teeth of it—the Scottish system, by peopling the lecture-halls with a motley congregation of mere schoolboys, or of young men utterly crude and untrained; the English by subjecting young men, who have passed through a long stage of good schooling, and who in no sense can be called boys, to a forced routine of minutely prescribed and curiously circumscribed intellectual task-work, under the training of academical drillmasters; an educational method which effectually destroys all that spontaneity of mental action which in the plan of nature distinguishes a student from a schoolboy, and practically ignores the stimulating function of the professor, whose strategic guidance is no longer required in an arena which contents itself with the attainment of a curiously calculated dex-

terity in a certain narrow field of intellectual tactics.

The word *strategic* which we have here used furnishes us with the best possible analogy for the function of the professoriate in a university. The professors are the commander-in-chief and the generals who plan the campaign and direct the movements; they are supreme; whether present or absent, their influence must be everywhere felt, and their commands implicitly obeyed; they are not to be the slaves of a government board, or an examination board, or a board of the heads of houses; for all directing and controlling, fashioning and moulding purposes, they are the university, and can admit of no superior, any more than the bishops in the Church, or the chiefs of the clan in the Highland clan system. Whatever other persons exercising teaching functions may exist in a university, whether as assistants, demonstrators, readers, fellows of colleges, or teaching graduates, are the captains or sergeants of the professorial commander-in-chief, and must be absolutely at his disposal. To invert this order, and to make the professor play a subordinate part in the work of academical education, or to act merely as an adjunct to a system of intellectual drill established in residential halls or colleges, is to thwart the course of nature, and to limit and cramp the budding process of intellectual growth, instead of to enlarge and to expand it.

The relation of tutors to professors, as it has gradually formed itself in the English universities, is one of the most singular phenomena in educational history. Whereas in Germany and in Scotland, till within a quite recent period, the academical functionary called a tutor did not exist at all, in England he became so important as, like the Roman tribune, to usurp the highest functions of the educational state, and plant himself in antagonism to the power as whose minister alone he had a reason for existing. *De facto* he was a usurper.

It was Mercury kicking Jove from his throne, and telling him to sit at home with Juno attending to his domestic affairs, while the sceptre and the thunderbolt were in the hands of the son of Maia.

What unhappy influences in English academical history brought about this monstrous inversion of the natural order of things it has not lain in the way of my studies to ascertain clearly. Sir William Hamilton, as is well known, in his trenchant article in the *Edinburgh* (June, 1831), attributed this usurpation of the tutors to the selfishness of heads of houses, anxious to secure the monopoly of education to the fellows of their own colleges. The head of Lincoln College, on the other hand, whose authority on such a point of local learning ought to be superior even to that of the most erudite hoplite the Scottish universities ever produced, distinctly says that "the level of learning fell in the universities because it first fell in the National Church. It fell in both because the sovereign authority used its power over both Church and universities for political ends."¹ But however this be, it is certain that Germany contrived, and still contrives, to do without either colleges or tutors, and that in a most efficient way for all academical purposes (*by their fruits ye shall know them*); for no man who has ever associated with German students can for a moment maintain that they are either less intelligent, less learned, or less zealous in the pursuit of knowledge than the best-trained of the honourmen of the English universities. The fact is there is no absolute necessity, under a well-conditioned gradation of school and university, for any tutors at all: tutors belong to boys stupid or backward; to students only when, as in the English universities, two-thirds or three-fourths of those who take a degree are students only in so many counted years of ineffective schooling, not in intellectual tendency;

¹ *Suggestions on Academical Organisation*, by Mark Pattison. Edinburgh. 1868.

or, as in Scotland, where the whole arrangements of the junior classes being more or less of a puerile character, some machinery to supply, however inadequately, the want of a good school discipline and drill is rendered imperative. But the Scotch, whether from poverty or from carelessness, or from the lowering tendency of their democratic Church, instead of appointing tutors to do the drill work of their raw scholars, thought it easier to make the professor perform both functions; that of the tutor, as supplementing in a loose sort of way the neglected work of the middle schools, and that of the professor, in giving a top-dressing of something that looked like university learning to the few that might be able to give a passing snap at it—a method of teaching elementary Greek, Latin, mathematics, and logic the cheapest, and the worst possible; and which would have produced even more lamentable results than we see, had it not been for the extreme poverty of the majority of the students acting as a powerful spur to exertion, and for the readiness which an inferior class of professors by natural instinct, and a superior class from severe constraint of conscience, showed, to sink their higher university function, and to content themselves with playing the part of disciplinarian tutor or schoolmaster efficiently. At the present day, since the notable reform in the northern universities made by the present Lord President of the Court of Session, when Lord Advocate for the Conservative Government, some twenty years ago, assistants have been assigned to certain of the Scottish university chairs, to do tutorial work under the eye of the professor; which, so far as it goes, is no doubt an improvement; but no satisfactory reform can take place in the Scottish universities so long as they continue their present abnormal practice of attempting to rear the academical edifice without the sure foundation of well organised middle schools. Anyhow, in the

English no less than in the Scottish fashion, tutorial work done within the college walls is a limping substitute for efficient school preparation before entering college; and a good system of middle schools, with an efficient professoriate, as in Germany, will do ten times more for the higher education of the country, by calling out the spontaneous energy and enterprise of its youth, than the best organised system of tutorial drillmasters without them.

If the genius of the professors is to be the soul of the university, and, so to speak, the steam of the intellectual machine, it is manifest that the common government and direction of all academical matters must belong to them, subject to a university court, or ministry of education—where such exists—by way of appeal in extraordinary and exceptional cases; and, if they are to exercise this influence efficiently, care must be taken in the first place that they be appointed purely on the ground of recognised intellectual eminence in their several departments, that they be adequately remunerated, and that no other university officials shall exist clothed with such influence and authority as to render the professorial element nugatory or secondary in the counsels of the university. In a country so much the slave of ecclesiastical party and political faction as Great Britain, few things are more difficult than to get any sort of patronage exercised on principles of purity. Politicians almost regularly appoint the best man of their party, rather than the best man absolutely; and Churchmen in the same way will be ready to postpone the most accomplished man in his walk, if slightly tainted with what they call heresy, to a man of ordinary attainments who may be ready, at the regular recurrence of Easter Sunday, to swallow the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed without any uncomfortable sensation. Nevertheless it would be easy to place the patronage of all academical places of honour in the

hands of a board of notables composed of such various and mutually counter-acting elements, as that the disturbing bias arising from political, ecclesiastical, or local influences would be at a minimum. The difficulty here lies not in the want of materials, but in the want of will to use them.¹ Then, as to remuneration, it is plain that professors should be paid in such a way as to enable the most highly gifted intellects in the country to accept the responsibilities of the professorial position, without either lowering their social status or cramping themselves in their intellectual action. The precise figure at which this remuneration should stand will depend on the value of money in the country to which the professor belongs, and on the moral habitude with regard to the comparative worth or worthlessness of the things which money enables a man to do or not to do. In England, of course, which an eloquent American described as "the paradise of the rich, the hell of the poor, and the purgatory of the wise," it ought to be comparatively higher than in other countries.

An important question here arises, how far the incomes of the professors, which, in this country at least, should in no case be less than 1,000*l.* a year, should be paid as a fixed sum from the university chest, or be derived mainly from fees. Here there are dangers on both sides, from which only a middle course can steer clear. A professor paid by a regular fixed salary has a temptation to become lazy and fat; while on the other hand, if paid mainly by fees, he will be under a sore seduction to lower his teaching in order to increase his fees; as has notoriously happened in Scotland, where every attempt to elevate materially the standard attained in the university is met by the financial difficulty arising from the practice of paying professors prin-

cipally or mainly from fees. The professor of Latin or Greek in Edinburgh, for instance, if he were to depend for his subsistence on the fees paid by those few students who have the appetite or the capacity for academical philology, as it is taught in Germany, would have to live in a tub like Diogenes, and feed principally on pease and water; for his fees certainly would not amount to above 30*l.* a year; whereas by being drawn down to teach the elements, and "poaching upon the schools," as it has been well phrased, he may make 1,000*l.* a year or more from the multiplied small payments of the most numerous, the most crude, and the most poverty-stricken students in the world. Let the professor, therefore, have a fixed salary, large enough to keep him barely comfortable if he chooses to be lazy, and small enough to act as a spur to exertion, if he is possessed of the normal amount of social ambition and that healthy instinct of rising which is native in this country. Of course the amount of fixed salary will be in the inverse ratio of the number of students likely to be attracted by the subject on which the holder of the chair prelects; according to which plain rule the professors of Celtic, Sanscrit, Chinese, Egyptology, and other such departments of important historical, topographical, and philological interest, but remote from the needs and uses of the great mass of university students, should receive a fixed salary, say of 1,000*l.* each; while the chairs of Greek and Latin, with a large expectancy of fees, might be amply provided with half that amount.² The only other matter affecting the academical influence of professors is the position which the heads of houses might hold along with them as *ex officio* members of the governing body of the university. As at present ex-

¹ The scheme of a board of patronage, so constituted, is given by the Rector of Lincoln, in his *Suggestions*, p. 225; another, on a larger scale, will be found in my evidence given before the last University Commission for Scotland.

² I am informed, on what I consider good authority, that by the recent statute of the Oxford University Commission the very reverse of this most obvious principle of academical policy and fair play has been promulgated. I shall be glad to hear that my information on this head is incorrect.

isting, and as the result of long tradition in the practice of the university, they present an anomaly which cannot be tolerated under the improved system ; but, if the financial affairs of the colleges as part of the university were placed under a university factory, or general board of management, and if the heads of houses were elected, not as at present, by the fellows of colleges from personal feelings or social considerations, but by a board similar to that which should elect the professors ; and if the heads so elected, on grounds of intellectual eminence alone, were looked upon as only the highest power of the professorial element, and expected to make their influence felt in that capacity, then of course there could be no reason why they should not form a prominent, and even a dominant, element in the regulative force of the academical machine.

One special evil, from which the German universities are free, tends to cramp and to stunt the action of the professoriate, both in Edinburgh and Oxford, in a very noticeable way ; we mean the insufficient and ludicrously inadequate number of professors, as compared with the wealth of the subjects which they profess, and the number of most important subjects for which no professorship exists. Whenever any field of knowledge is largely cultivated, and the studies of the place are in a condition of healthy growth, as is the case with the Medical School in Edinburgh, there the natural law of the division of labour takes place, and professors are multiplied as activity increases. In the same university, on the other hand, there is only one professor of Greek and one of Latin, which alone ought to show that there is nothing that deserves the name of scholarship in the country, except by accident or by importation. In Oxford, the abundance of classical tutors, drilling up idle young men for the pass, or training the 30 per cent of the real workers to tricks of grammatical dexterity and feats of memorial book-work, with a corresponding deficiency

of an active, enterprising, adventurous and exploring professoriate, has issued, as was to have been expected, in the open neglect of whole domains of the most interesting fields of Hellenic philosophy, literature, archæology, mythology, philology, and other subjects which have been appropriated and used to triumphant purpose by the Germans, from whom we must now borrow both the materials of our most nicely-sifted learning, and the stimulants of our most suggestive thought. Oriental studies again in the academical metropolis of an empire on which, it has been ostentatiously boasted, the sun never sets, ought to have stood prominently forth among the most highly-favoured in the arena of intellectual gladiatorship ; but it is notoriously not so ; they have been rather systematically neglected, and accidentally cultivated.¹ But it is not only for the adequate cultivation of all the branches of accepted knowledge, or attractive research, that professors must be multiplied ; for the sake of the students it is above all things necessary that they should have a free choice in the man who may provide the intellectual aliment most suitable for their temper or their capacity. This large field of intellectual option operates, as every one knows, most beneficially for the students in Germany, who know what is good for them, just as well, depend upon it, as an ox knows the best pasture to browse on, or a bee the sweetest flowers from which to suck honey ; whereas in Oxford, the one professor is in a great degree superseded by the tyranny of examination drill in the hands of university or private “coaches”—of whom presently ; while in Scotland, if on the one hand it generally happens that the students act as a drag on the professor in all his higher aspirations,

¹ I have before me a printed paper addressed to the Oxford Commissioners, urging upon them the claims of Oriental learning, signed by the Dean of Christ Church, the late Dean of Westminster, and a dozen more of the most influential names in the university. Has this representation been attended to ?

the professor sometimes, partly by his own inferior calibre, and oftener perhaps by the degrading action of a fundamentally false system, has acted as a drag on the only section of his students that is worth having. A certain prescription of subjects to be mastered will no doubt be necessary in any well-ordered curriculum of academical attendance; or rather, without such prescription well-prepared students, assisted by a little common sense, will make it for themselves; but the choice of his professor is a privilege from which a student, who pays his fees in a well-equipped university, should in no case be debarred.

A sufficient staff of professors being thus provided, and their sphere of efficient activity being secured, before we can go further in the direction of reforming the present system of the English universities, we must answer the question, What is to be done with the college tutors? This question is easily answered. Elected, as they must be, on a principle altogether different from what at present prevails, they will naturally fall into a threefold gradation: the first two to be used as assistants to the professors in certain details of class management and university administration; and the third class to act as teaching graduates, or what they call in Germany, *privatim docentes*, in other words, professors in the lowest grade, aspirants for academical distinction, and expectants of academical preferment. They will be doing in fact just what they do now, but acting always either as the right-hand man of the professor, or as standing on the first step of a well-defined academical career. This career, the want of which is so sadly felt at present both in Scotland and England, will be aptly supplemented by a corresponding gradation of dignity and remuneration among the professors, in such fashion that the teaching graduates, or professorial fellows, the ordinary professors, the extraordinary professors, and the heads of houses, elected on

purely scientific principles, shall form regular steps of an academical ladder as distinct and as effective as we all see it in the profession of law, and partly also, where patronage is conscientiously administered, in the Church. About the remuneration of the tutors and teaching graduates, nothing need be said; from whatever source paid, that will be calculated in an ascending scale, measured by a gradual approximation to the incomes of the regular professors.

The chief workmen and their ministers being thus provided, the teaching function will fall to be performed somewhat as follows:—The professor to deliver not less in the general case than some four or five lectures a week, in which he will open up, in a series of successive *tableaux*, the whole length and breadth of the subject under his treatment, and at the same time start in a living way before his hearers the special problems and difficulties which his subject presents. Besides lecturing, the professor will use examinations in the Socratic fashion once or twice a week during the term—these examinations being conducted by himself, as in all cases, chief examiner, and assisted as occasion may require by the teaching fellows of the colleges to whom his hearers may belong. These continuous examinations to be conducted both *vivâ voce* and by written papers; the *vivâ voce* examination in the class publicly by the professor, in presence of the students, and the examination by papers to consist in the proposal of exercises, problems, or questions arising out of the lectures, to be prescribed by the professor, revised by the assistant-tutor fellows, and finally discussed publicly by the professor before the class. In connection with his lectures, the professor may advantageously use a text-book, or prescribe certain books for special study; but he must always bear in mind that his great object is not to drill people up to the curious knowledge of a prescribed book—an exer-

cise always apt, especially under the control of tutors, to become mechanical—but to stir the thinking faculty, and to move the instinct of intellectual inquiry after the fashion of Socrates in his hearers; and to this end he must propose such questions and problems only, and in such a fashion, as that, while materials for their solution must be sought for in well-known standard works, occasion shall also be given for the expression of original thought, personal feeling, and special genius in the student. For wherever this is not done, precisely as in the puerile system of paying for results in elementary schools, a Chinese uniformity of artificially-enforced culture is apt to be the product; and the intention of nature in furnishing people with diverse faculties and various tendencies is openly thwarted and defeated.

The only point of importance that now remains for consideration is the machinery to be employed for ensuring academical work, encouraging progress in study, and bestowing academical honours. Here we come at once to the question of examinations, which is by no means so clear and so unequivocal a matter as to the outside observer it may be apt to appear. On the contrary, I hold there is nothing so perilous to the welfare of a university as a high-pressure system of examinations, with honours and pecuniary prizes thereupon attendant. The fact that high-pressure examinations have assumed such formidable dimensions in Oxford seems attributable to two causes:—the invasion of the universities by shoals of young men brought up in habits of idleness and self-indulgence, with no proper academical vocation; who, after a long course of schooling, had learned little or nothing, and for the decent look of the thing, were obliged to be passed through a supplementary school-drill in the university, that they might know, or seem to know, something; and again, the possession by the colleges of immense funds, which, if not distributed

among students by an impartial system of examinations, would infallibly, as human nature goes, be squandered to satisfy the claims of nepotism and all sorts of illegitimate personal preference. Under these circumstances, it was natural that university reformers and the public should have snapped eagerly at the examination system, presented as it was to them with such an aspect of official virtue and incorruptibility. But two things were forgotten; first, that competitive examinations necessarily tend to foster a reliance on certain tangible and measurable and curiously-calculable dexterities, the enforced occupation with which smothers all spontaneity of intellectual action on the part of those who are subjected to the necessary drill. Under such pressure the student ceases to be a student; he does not grow from within as a student, but he is moulded and manufactured altogether from without. He is not stimulated to original thinking by the direct action of the highest intellects of the country, but he is well packed with what his brain-chamber can be made to contain at a stretch by the extraneous action of forcing machines persistently applied and cunningly used.¹ Again, where there

¹ In connection with the subject of University examinations, the following judgment of Goethe, with regard to the Civil Service examinations as they have long been practised in Germany, deserves serious consideration. In this, as in all moral matters, or rather in all matters whatsoever, the principle of Aristotle approves itself in practice. *All extremes are wrong, and all one-sidedness is in the end suicidal*:—

“I cannot approve the requisition, in the studies of future statesmen, of so much theoretically-learned knowledge, by which young people are ruined before their time, both in mind and body. When they enter into practical service, they possess, indeed, an immense stock of philosophical and learned matters; but in the narrow circle of their calling this cannot be practically applied, and must therefore be forgotten as useless. On the other hand, what they most needed they have lost; they are deficient in the necessary mental and bodily energy, which is quite indispensable when one would enter properly into practical life. And then, are not love and

is much money to dispense as the direct and immediate reward of academical proficiency, utilitarian parents, in a commercial country, where money works with a pernicious potency, may send their son to the university as the boy to a trade; and the young gentleman may quite easily slip into the paternal notion that university honours are a good investment and have no higher significance. Educational prizes and academical endowments are a good thing when wisely administered; but of all blighting influences that could fall upon a great national nursery of learning, this notion of using an examination machinery as an engine to secure an investment for the maintenance of advanced school-boys is the most pernicious. The prevalence of such a notion would effectually poison the well-spring of all high academical enterprise at the fountain head. In the university as in the Church, the insinuation of hirelings under whatever fair pretences, is death. As in the Church the love of virtue, so one of the first objects of intellectual training in the university is to implant in the bosom of ingenuous youth the love of truth for its own sake, altogether apart from any pecuniary advantages that the possession of knowledge may naturally bring along with it. *Gloria virtutem sicut umbra sequitur*, as Cicero says; that is, transferred to our present purpose, money may often follow the possession of sound academical training, but may never be sought for. In order, therefore, to avoid the evils of high-pressure competitive examinations, and counteract their double danger in at once cramping the freedom of intellectual action and tainting the purity of intellectual motives, we must adopt strong measures; and the following, if only an intelligent insight and a firm will were present, benevolence also needed in the life of a statesman,—in the management of men? And how can any one feel and exercise benevolence towards another, when he is ill at ease with himself?—Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, English, vol. ii. p. 61.

would certainly not fail of the desired effect. In the first place, all university examinations should be looked upon rather as a necessary evil than as an emphatic good. Properly they are a part of that disciplinarian drill and enforced supervision which distinguishes the education of boys in their pupilage from young men burst into manhood. For the examinations now made in the early grades of university study, an examination at leaving school should be substituted, and no money prizes in the shape of scholarships or exhibitions to entrants should be given except to poor students, in the shape of a small subsidy. In the next place the whole guidance and conduct of examinations for university honours should be with the professors alone, or with them in concert with scientific men and scholars of the first rank, and conducted in such fashion by *vivâ voce* examination and otherwise as to render ineffective all that sort of forced mechanical preparation vulgarly called *cram*. How this can be done in my own department I know very well; and I do not see why there should be any great difficulty in other departments. Got-up knowledge can always be distinguished from the living growth, if only the will and the proper discriminating eyes be present. Thirdly, no money prizes in any shape should be given as the direct and necessary accompaniment of university examinations. Honours should be honours in modern England as they were in ancient Greece—a medal, or a ribbon, or a star, or a laurel crown, or an honourable title; not a pecuniary compensation for intellectual work done, but an honourable publication of intellectual feats achieved. But as scholars when made must live, and learning, like law or medicine, is a profession for which it is the interest of the State to maintain an order of men who must make their bread by their profession, though they do not practise their profession for the sake of making bread, we must have some

test, of course, for our tutorship, travelling fellowship, and other grades of academical activity leading up to the professoriate. How then are these men to be elected? Certainly not by competitive examination, and certainly not as a mere formal repetition of the qualifications by which university honours may have been gained. A year or two, or three, of perfectly original, free, and unfettered study must have elapsed before, in the natural course of academical progress, a first class-honour man, if he chooses an academical career, should think of presenting himself as a candidate for a fellowship in any college; and this interval might be spent in travelling, or studying, or making such original researches as his genius might dictate.¹ If he has published a book, or scientific or scholarly papers in the Transactions of any learned body, stamped with the approval of the leading men of the age in the department in which he exhibits his prowess, this would be sufficient to mark him out as a hopeful pioneer in the great work of scientific discovery; if not, then an original thesis might be given in to the professorial board, followed by a *viva voce* examination by a committee of distinguished men.

¹ If it be objected that the best students sometimes, and who had taken the highest honours, could not afford to continue their studies from poverty, to meet this case a few scholarships worth not more than 100*l.* might be set apart, to be held for a year, or two, or at most three, but in no wise to be looked on as an investment for life, or as a necessary pledge of academical preferment.

Testimonials, also, carefully sifted and jealously scanned, might be serviceable, and would no doubt testify to the existence of many of the most valuable qualities in a man and a teacher, of which no competitive examination can give the slightest indication. It might be advisable further to open the position of teaching graduate or professorial fellow to all candidates, whether stamped with an Oxford degree or not. An open election of this kind would act as a salutary spur to the intra-academical activity, and as a powerful preventive of the policy of isolation from the outside currents of the national life into which universities, like churches in their old age, are so apt to decline. For a great national university may not fence itself off like a pond for the breeding of fish, beautiful to behold, or good for dainty feeding, but it must rather show like the river Nile, rolling down grandly from huge mountain reservoirs, making conquests with its yearly increase of fat loam from the surrounding desert, and overspreading the plains widely with fertilising sweetness. Does Oxford as at present constituted perform the full function of such a fructifying flood, or is it more like the fish pond, or the nice cuttings of a few artificial canals? Let those whom it directly concerns give the answer: I have my doubts, I confess; but, as a stranger, and a person, it may be, imperfectly informed, it is my duty to hope the best.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

AT VAUCLUSE.

I.

By Avignon's dismantled walls,
 Where cloudless mid-March sunshine falls,
 Rhone, through broad belts of green
 Flecked with the light of almond groves,
 Upon himself reverting, roves
 Reluctant from the scene.

II.

Yet from stern moat and storied tower,
 From sprouting vine, from spreading flower,
 My footsteps cannot choose
 But turn aside, as though some friend
 Were waiting for my voice, and wend
 Unto thy vale, Vaucluse!

III.

For here, by Sorgue's sequestered stream,
 Did Petrarch fly from Fame, and dream
 Life's noonday light away;
 Here build himself a studious home,
 And, careless of the crowns of Rome,
 To Laura lend his lay:

IV.

Teaching vain tongues that would reward
 With noisy praise the shrinking bard,
 Reminding thus the proud,
 Love's sympathy, to him that sings,
 Is more than smiles of courts and kings,
 Or plaudits of the crowd.

V.

For poor though love that doth not rouse
 To deeds of glory dreaming brows,
 What but a bitter sweet
 Is loftiest fame, unless it lay
 The soldier's sword, the poet's bay,
 Low at some loved one's feet.

VI.

Where are his books? His garden, where?
 I mount from flowery stair to stair,
 While fancy fondly feigns

"Here stood his learned lintel, here
He wooed the seasons of the year,
Here mellowed he his strains."

VII.

On trackless slopes and brambled mounds
The laurel still so thick abounds,
That Nature's self, one deems,
Regretful of his vanished halls,
Still plants the tree whose name recalls
The lady of his dreams.

VIII.

Aught more than this I cannot trace.
There is no footstep, form, nor face.
To vivify the scene ;
Save where, but culled to fling away,
Posies of withering wildflowers say,
"Here children's feet have been."

IX.

Yet there's strange softness in the skies :
The violet opens limpid eyes,
The woodbine tendrils start ;
Like childhood, winning without guile,
The primrose wears a constant smile,
And captive takes the heart.

X.

All things remind of him, of her.
Stripped are the slopes of beech and fir,
Bare rise the crags above ;
But hillside, valley, stream, and plain,
The freshness of his muse retain,
The fragrance of his love.

XI.

Why did he hither turn? Why choose
Thy solitary gorge, Vaucluse ?
Thy Fountain makes reply,
That, like the Muse, its waters well
From source that none can sound, and swell
From springs that ne'er run dry.

XII.

Or was it he might drink the air
That Laura breathed in surging prayer
Or duty's stifled sigh ;
Feel on his cheek the self-same gale,
And listen to the same sweet wail
When summer nights are nigh ?

XIII.

It may be. Fame he deeply quaffed:
Thirsting for Love's far sweeter draught,
Alas, alas for him!
Though draining glory to the dregs,
He was like one that vainly begs,
And scarcely sips the brim.

XIV.

Is it then so, that Glory ne'er
Its throne with Happiness will share,
But, baffling half our aim,
Grief is the forfeit Greatness pays,
Lone places grow the greenest bays,
And anguish suckles Fame?

XV.

Let this to lowlier bards atone,
Whose unknown Laura is their own,
Possessing and possest;
Of whom if sooth they do not sing,
'Tis that, near her, they fold their wing,
To drop within her nest.

XVI.

Adieu, Vaucluse! Swift Sorgue, farewell!
Thy winding waters seem to swell
Louder as I depart;
But evermore, where'er I go,
Thy stream shall with my memory flow,
And murmur through my heart!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

March, 1881.

WILLIAM WHEWELL.¹

THE *Life of Whewell* by Mrs. Stair Douglas has been favourably received, as it deserved to be; and many of us who knew him as one of the chief figures in Cambridge society twenty years ago cannot fail to be thankful for the volume, and for the materials which it contains, for completing our knowledge by the admission which it affords to his family and inner life.

Mrs. Stair Douglas herself touches upon the weak side of the volume when she tells us, in the Introduction, that it was originally promised that the domestic and academic correspondence should be edited by Mr. Aldis Wright and herself, and that "in consequence of the pressure of other engagements Mr. Wright has unfortunately found himself unable to fulfil this promise." Undoubtedly a sketch from the hand of one of the late Master of Trinity's academic contemporaries would have been of great value. We feel in reading the volume that this side of the portrait is the one which is chiefly defective. It seems too late now to repair the defect; at all events the experience of the past clearly indicates that it is not likely to be repaired.

It has been stated by a writer in the *Saturday Review* that several persons might, within the knowledge of the writer, have been found who would have been willing and able to supply that which is lacking in Dr. Whewell's Life. I do not know what source of information the writer may have had, and I feel some hesitation in controverting a statement made by one who seems to be so familiar with the subject upon which he writes; nevertheless, as having been much mixed up

with the arrangements made for publishing Whewell's remains, I may venture perhaps to express with some confidence a doubt as to the aid required having been so easy to find. Without troubling the reader with details which would not interest him, I may state that I was engaged, at the instance of Dr. Whewell's sister, for some months in correspondence with a number of his friends who seemed to me either capable of doing the work themselves or suggesting those who were capable. The result of this correspondence was, that eventually it was arranged that the work should be divided. Mr. Todhunter kindly undertook to examine the scientific remains, and prepare for the press such portions as he deemed suitable for publication—a task which I venture to think that every one who has studied his two volumes² will consider to have been most skilfully and conscientiously performed; while the family and social side of the picture was undertaken by Mrs. Stair Douglas. My experience at the time when this correspondence took place, and all that has occurred since, lead me to the conclusion that, whatever may have been the reason, the competent man for the task which Mr. Aldis Wright was to have performed, and was prevented by other engagements from performing, was not forthcoming.

I need scarcely say that I am not going to attempt in a short magazine article, even if I had the requisite qualifications, to supply what is lacking in Mrs. Stair Douglas' volume; but owing to the circumstances to

¹ *The Life and Selections from the Correspondence of William Whewell, D.D., late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.* By Mrs. Stair Douglas. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1, Paternoster Square.

² *Dr. William Whewell, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. An Account of his Writings, with Selections from his Literary Correspondence.* By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

which I have referred, I have taken so much interest both in Mr. Todhunter's two volumes and in the third which has lately appeared, that I feel impelled to jot down a few notes concerning one of the most remarkable men whom I have had the privilege of knowing.

A controversy used to exist in Cambridge as to the proper pronunciation of Whewell's name. He was described in a newspaper article as a man whose name it was more easy to *whistle* than to *spell*; and in practice the pronunciation was somewhat various, some saying You-ell, others Woo-ell, or perhaps rather Whoo-ell. On a public occasion, when he recited his own name, I remember that his own pronunciation corresponded nearly to the last of these three, which therefore I presume may be regarded as the correct rendering of the name.

The account of Whewell's boyhood and youth, which we have now in an authentic form for the first time, represents him not merely as brave and strong, and endowed with a marvellous power of acquiring knowledge, but also as pious and steady, gentle and affectionate.¹ The gentle side of his character has never had justice done to it before. We in Cambridge for

¹ There is a delightful reminiscence of Whewell's boyhood, contributed to Mrs. Stair Douglas' volume by his distinguished Lancaster contemporary and schoolfellow, Professor Owen: "The rate at which Whewell mastered both English grammar and Latin accidence was a marvel, and before the year was out he had moved upward into the class including my elder brother, and a dozen more of the same age. Then it was that the head-master, noting the ease with which Whewell mastered the exercises and lessons, raised the tale and standard. Out of school I remember remonstrances in this fashion: 'Now, Whewell, if you say any more than twenty lines of Virgil to-day, we'll wallop you!' But that was easier said than done. I have seen him, with his back to the churchyard wall, flooring first one then another of the 'wallopers,' and at last public opinion interposed. 'Any two of you may take Whewell in a fair stand-up fight, but we won't have more at him at once.' After the fate of the first pair, a second was not found willing." A grand picture this of a brave and strong boy.

the most part saw the strong side, and very strong it was; rough too, sometimes, as strong things are apt to be; and we were much tempted to think of him as the giant who might tread upon us if we were in his way—as the man to be feared and respected rather than the man to be loved. It is a delight to find in the letters contained in Mrs. Stair Douglas' volume, abundant evidence that his heart was of the gentlest, and that his power of loving was most abundant; and if his character had, as his warmest friends would not deny, its rough and rude side, it is pleasant to find that no one knew it better than himself. In the elegiac verses which he wrote on the occasion of the loss of his first wife are these touching lines:—

"Blessed beyond all blessings that life can
embrace in its circle,
Blessed the gift was when | Providence
gave thee to me:
Gave thee, gentle and kindly and wise, calm,
clearseeing, thoughtful,
Thee to me as I was, | vehement, passion-
ate, blind:—
Gave me to see in thee, and wonder I never
had seen it,
Wisdom that shines in the heart | clearer
than Intellect's light."

The softening process, which was the result of exchanging college rooms for a wife and a home, undoubtedly had a most beneficial effect upon his character; and those who knew him in the latter part of his career, after his second marriage, could not fail to be struck by the increase of gentleness, which home influence, combined with Christian principle and self-discipline, had been able to produce. Some characteristic letters which passed between Whewell and Archdeacon Hare on the subject of temper appear in Mrs. Stair Douglas' volume: it is remarkable that Hare should have been bold enough, and should have had sufficient confidence in his friend, to venture upon a warning on so delicate a subject, and it is gratifying to observe that the warning was kindly received; but I refer to the letters, because I think they afford evidence that

Whewell was not fully aware of the effect sometimes produced by his manner and behaviour. He writes : " In the friendship which dictates the warning I rejoice ; but I do not much believe in the alleged fault. I think the charge arises from those who have no intercourse with me. I have every reason to believe that those who have to do with me do not think me ' ruffled,' and do not find me more vehement than what amounts to firmness." The truth probably is, that he did not always calculate the weight of his own words and manner ; but that he needed Archdeacon Hare's caution few Cambridge men of his time would deny.

Passing away from this question of infirmity of temper, and rejoicing that through the medium of Mrs. Stair Douglas' volume the really gentle substructure of love and tenderness has been brought into prominence, and will remain as the permanent representation of Whewell's character, I will offer the reader a few remarks chiefly founded upon my own recollections.

When I was a young man in Cambridge, Whewell was in the prime of his powers. His *History of the Inductive Sciences* was published while I was an undergraduate ; and I remember him well in the University pulpit, when he preached his course of sermons on the " Foundation of Morals." I have always thought that the appearance of Whewell in St. Mary's was one of the most impressive that I have ever seen ; his commanding person, his grand brow, his massive head, the very impersonation of physical and mental strength—it is difficult to conceive a more noble picture. Some of his friends had, I think, represented to him that his sermons had in them too much of moral philosophy and too little divinity ; and it was perhaps in consequence of this that he chose for the text of his concluding sermon those words from the Book of Job, " Suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak in God's behalf."

There was some talk of Whewell

becoming a candidate for the Regius Professorship of Divinity ; but he knew his own tastes, and estimated his own fitness for the office, more accurately than those who advised him to the step. No doubt he could have filled the chair of Divinity with dignity and with a certain kind of success—as indeed there was scarcely any science for the chair of which he could not have fitted himself on short notice ; but the bent of his mind was not towards the Fathers, and theological controversy would have been most distasteful to him. Neither would he have made the study of divinity popular in the University. He felt, I imagine, that his election would have been a mistake, as it undoubtedly would.

The first professorship which he held, and by holding which he made his mark upon the science committed to him, was that of Mineralogy. His memoir on the geometrical treatment of crystal forms was considered by some of his friends as the very best of his scientific contributions ; and it had undoubtedly the merit of being the foundation of the system of crystallography developed by his eminent successor in the chair, Professor Miller. He held the professorship for only four years.

Speaking generally it may be said that Whewell was not really great as a mathematician. There are indications in his writings of a certain rude strength, but he had not the true mathematical instinct ; he had no taste for the more refined methods of modern analysis, and so far as I know he made no real mathematical advance. The history and philosophy of science were more practicable to him ; he took a keen interest in watching the course of science, and in certain branches, especially that of the theory of tides, he attempted to make contributions ; but any addition to our physical knowledge which he may have made bears no comparison with the greatness of his mental endowment, and must not be taken as a measure of the man.

The phrase, invented, I think, by Sir David Brewster, according to which science was his forte and omniscience his foible, is one which must not be taken too strictly. Doubtless he extended his thoughts and studies over so wide a field that they could not fail to be sometimes deficient in depth and thoroughness, but it is not true that in any proper sense of the word he had a great scientific gift.

Neither was he great as a college tutor or lecturer, or as a writer of books for the University; he had not the temperament which made him sympathise with his pupils and they with him; he had not the peculiar gift of imparting knowledge easily and agreeably; and his books were very hard and crude, and totally devoid of elegance. I may add that he was not great as an examiner; he did not sufficiently consider what the examinees were likely to know; nor did he take sufficient pains to put his questions clearly, or to make them exact. On one occasion, when I had the honour of examining with him, the adjudication of a prize, which hung doubtfully between two candidates, depended ultimately upon their respective successes in Whewell's paper; whereupon it appeared that both the one and the other, though able men, had been able to accomplish so little—the result for each was, in fact, so near zero—that after careful consideration he could not determine that one was better or worse than the other. "There is not enough," said he, very emphatically, "to form an opinion."

Nevertheless, every one felt in those days that Whewell was our great Cambridge man; people might peck at him, abuse his books, find fault with his temper, and what not, but every one honoured him and felt proud of him. When the mastership of Trinity College became vacant, in 1841, by the resignation of Dr. Wadsworth, there was an almost, perhaps I might say quite, unanimous feeling in Cambridge that Whewell was the right man, almost the only

possible man, to succeed him. It has been hinted that his marriage with Miss Marshall brought him under the notice of influential patrons, and facilitated his appointment. Such, however, was not the belief in Cambridge; there was a quite predominant feeling that he and no one else must be Master, and Sir Robert Peel was not the man to disregard a feeling, with the existence of which I know that he was made well acquainted.

As Master of Trinity he was the prominent feature of the University till the day of his death. He was not the best mathematician, nor the best scholar, nor the best divine; nor was his judgment always that which the majority of the members of the University chose to follow. He exhibited occasionally sad defects of temper, and with many he was no favourite; but there was no one who, on the whole, could be put in the same class with him for intellect and industry and force of character combined. I may add that his hospitality and his geniality as a host left nothing to be desired.

An anecdote illustrative of his singular readiness in expressing his thoughts was told me by Dr. Cartmell, the late Master of Christ's College. Dr. Cartmell, when Vice-Chancellor, met the Master of Trinity one afternoon, and falling into conversation with him concerning the University Commission, which had then been recently issued, expressed his opinion that it would be an advantage to the University if Dr. Whewell would commit to paper his views upon a subject which was then so interesting to all its members. Whewell said he would think about it, and went for his afternoon ride; that same evening, at about seven or eight o'clock, there arrived at Christ's College lodge an elaborate paper which the Master of Trinity had composed.

He always appeared to me to be a good, because a genuine, conversationalist. He did not indulge in the monologue, but, as a rule, listened patiently to

the person with whom he conversed, and was content to take turn and turn about. Sydney Smith wrote from London: "When are you coming to thunder and lighten amongst us?" The simile was witty, as Sydney Smith's sayings usually were; and there was lightning in Whewell's conversation, as well as audible thunder sometimes; but the former was generally more notable than the latter, and the abundance of his resources was so great that upon almost any subject he seemed to be able to argue best, and to know most, in any company in which you chanced to meet him.

Sometimes, Johnson-like, he would knock his enemy down with the butt-end of his argument. He demolished a notable Oxonian brother, reputed to have a temperament similar to his own, with whom he was maintaining a discussion upon Gothic architecture, with the following weighty sentence: "I studied architecture under Rickman—a man who never expressed an opinion upon a subject unless he felt assured that he thoroughly understood it."

A story used to be told of him, that on one occasion he was engaged in argument concerning a subject, in discussing which his antagonist took his stand upon a certain article in an *Encyclopædia*, from which, in fact, he appeared to have gained the greater part of his knowledge. The discussion was somewhat shortened by a quiet remark dropping from Whewell's lips: "Yes; I wrote that article." I remember to have had a somewhat similar experience on a small scale. Speaking to him concerning a certain term used in mathematical language, I was surprised to hear him say, "I invented that term;" and he referred me to the memoir in which it had first been used.

Whewell's mind was essentially argumentative. He had a great fear, not I think always groundless, lest young men, in reading mathematics, and adopting the algebraical methods of modern times, should use those methods

too much as a mill for grinding out results, and should substitute them for reasoning, instead of employing them intelligently as aids to the reasoning faculty. "Men rush," he would say, "to differentiation on the slightest provocation." My own opinion used to be that he pushed this view too far, and that if he had had his way, Cambridge studies, in the success of which he took such a constant and lively interest, would not have been helped, but hindered; he would have been glad, as far as possible, to reduce all demonstrations to a Newtonian form; I doubt whether he ever completely enjoyed the modern application of mathematical analysis to physics, still less mathematical analysis for its own sake. He seemed to think that a result was not thoroughly reasoned out, unless you could, as in a proposition of Euclid or a lemma of Newton, see right through it from beginning to end; his mind seemed to have preserved something of the old Cambridge feeling, which, by idolising Newton's methods, retarded for years the progress of English mathematics. He was unable to gain much acceptance for his views, but it cannot be denied, that if mathematics be regarded simply as mental training, the danger which he feared is a real one, and the warnings which he gave so abundantly are not to be altogether despised.

The same tone of mind manifested itself in all his conversation, his sermons, his speeches. Even in an after-dinner speech on a public occasion, I have heard him, as chairman, reason out the whole question of after-dinner speeches almost in the form of a syllogism. "When a number of persons are met together on a social occasion, it is necessary that some one should express the thoughts and feelings which they have in common, and which have brought them together." That was the major premiss. "I appear to be the person upon whom the duty devolves upon this occasion." That was the minor premiss. "Accordingly I will proceed to submit to you a series

of toasts." That was the conclusion. He appealed to reason, even in the case of his horse. I was riding with him one day when his horse became somewhat fidgety; instead of using such language as horses seem to understand, Whewell looked down at his beast, and said sternly—"How can you be so absurd?"

This hard argumentative quality of brain was, however, compatible with the coexistence in his mental constitution of a decidedly poetical vein. It was not merely that he obtained the Chancellor's medal as an undergraduate, and that he wrote sonnets and elegiacs, and held strong opinions concerning Wordsworth; but his whole soul was full of poetry, and his chief work, the *History of the Inductive Sciences*, owes much of its charm to this feature of its author's mind. Sir John Herschel, if I am not mistaken, in the critique on the *History*, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, called attention to the dramatic form in which the progress of science had been chronicled. We have the prelude of a certain Epoch, then the Epoch itself, then the Sequel. Doubtless the history of natural science is not the field in which we should expect to find much room for the development of the poetical faculty; but the readableness of Whewell's book—and for my own part I regard it as specially readable—is, I think, very much due to the possession by the author of a share of that gift which makes a poet. I do not know whether the collection of elegiacs, which he composed when in seclusion, after the death of his first wife, and which are contained in Mrs. Stair Douglas' volume, will be regarded as any indication of poetical power; he had, I may observe by the way, a great belief in the adaptability of English to hexameters and pentameters, in which, perhaps, not many Englishmen share; but certainly, as an indication of deep feeling, and as a proof of the indomitable activity of his mind, which must always be doing something, these verses are very striking.

Whewell's heart was very much in the study of Moral Philosophy. He held the professorship for many years, and may almost be said to have founded it. Before his time the chair bore the name of Casuistry. I believe it was accepted by Whewell, with the express condition that casuistry should be interpreted to mean moral philosophy; and the formal name of the professorship is now Moral Theology, Casuistical Divinity, and Moral Philosophy. I do not venture to express a judgment upon the results of Whewell's studies, as contained in his published volumes; but I imagine that these volumes will not rank with his work on the Inductive Sciences.

His Bridgewater Treatise had great popularity for many years after its publication, and is not yet, I suppose, quite out of date; but his most popular work was one which was published anonymously—the *Plurality of Worlds*. His name might as well have been printed on the title page; *ex pede Hercules*; no one had ever much doubt as to the author; if they had, it would have been dispelled by an appendix which soon appeared, in which the author set up all his critics in a row and knocked them down like ninepins one after another. I venture to prophesy that this volume will long find readers; not because it appears to me convincing, quite the contrary; but the question of the habitability of the planets and the condition of their inhabitants, if any, is one of those which is sure to crop up from time to time, which can never be conclusively answered, and in discussing which it is almost impossible that the *Plurality of Worlds* can ever cease to be an element.

This remark leads to the more general question which must necessarily occur to the mind of all those who knew Whewell, or who have known about him—Will his name and his works live? Certainly he will not appear so remarkable to those who follow him as he did to his contemporaries; his grand form and presence, and all that

is connected with the living man, have passed away, and will not leave even that amount of mark upon the sands of time which has been left by some notable characters. Neither will his name be associated with any special discovery in science or otherwise; nay, even his *magnum opus*, the *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, is not only open to criticism as to the principles upon which it is based, but also from its very nature is liable to be superseded by other works, written by those who came after the first historian and philosopher, and who have the benefit of his previous efforts. The growth of science during the past half century has, in fact—as we well know, and as we may learn more particularly from Sir John Lubbock's late presidential address at the jubilee meeting of the British Association—been so prodigious, that a history written in 1837 must even now be well nigh out of date. Nevertheless it must not be too hastily assumed that the work which Whewell was able to do has been without permanent fruit. In the first place, when he wrote his greatest work, he was probably the only Englishman who was capable of conceiving the work, or of carrying out the conception; certainly there were not many who had the intellectual grasp or the industry necessary to success. Then again, as was remarked by Sir John Herschel, whatever may be thought about this or that portion of the book, it undoubtedly left the subject in a very different position from that which it occupied before. The tree of knowledge re-

ceived a shake from the hand of a giant, and a quantity of ripe fruit fell, though much was left behind. In fact, the principle of Whewell's efforts seems to be well indicated by the colophon which he adopted for his works, and the motto which he took from the old Greek game; he handed on the lamp; he gave his knowledge to others in order that they might give it to those who should follow in the intellectual race. And though his actual books may become antiquated, as probably they will, still it may well be believed that they will have had an effect in settling the foundations of scientific knowledge, which will be long felt, and will be of permanent value when the volumes themselves have ceased to be generally read. In this respect there may possibly be some analogy between Whewell and his great philosophical predecessor whom he so much delighted to honour. Bacon has produced an effect upon scientific thought which no one would care to measure by the amount of actual reading which his works receive: doubtless the great Chancellor's writings have a vitality, as proved by recent editions of his works, which Whewell's cannot be expected to manifest; but the spirit of Bacon is far more vital than his printed books, and it may be that the impulse and the direction given to scientific and philosophical thought by Whewell's writings may have an influence upon men's minds deep and permanent, and not to be adequately measured by the sale of his printed works.

HARVEY CARLISLE.

CARLYLE'S EDINBURGH LIFE.

PART II.

FROM the year 1818, when Carlyle was two and twenty years of age, the Church of Scotland had lost the chance of seeing him among her clergy. In his *Reminiscences* he speaks of his dropping off as but the natural, and in a manner accidental, termination of the languid, half-willing, half-reluctant state of mind in which he had himself been all along on that subject of his clerical calling which his parents had so much at heart. There can be little doubt, however, that stronger forces were at work. In Kirkcaldy, as before, he had been reading omnivorously, not only laying Irving's library under contribution, but getting over books from the Edinburgh University library as well. Bailly's *Histoire de l'Astronomie* was one of the books received from Edinburgh; and among those from Irving's library he mentions "Gibbon, Hume, &c.," besides a number of the French classics in the small Didot edition. He dwells on his reading of *Gibbon*, informing us that he read the book with "greedy velocity," getting through a volume a day, so as to finish the twelve volumes of which Irving's copy consisted in just as many days. He adds:—"It was, of all the books, "perhaps the most impressive on me "in my then stage of investigation "and state of mind. I by no means "completely admired Gibbon, perhaps "not more than I do now; but his "winged sarcasms, so quiet and yet "so conclusively transpiercing and "killing dead, were often admirably "potent and illuminative to me." In one of the most intimate conversations I ever had with Carlyle he spoke even more distinctly of this his first complete reading of Gibbon in Kirkcaldy. The conversation was in his

back-garden in Chelsea, and the occasion was his having been reading Gibbon, or portions of him, again. After mentioning, rather pathetically, as he does in his *Reminiscences*, his wonder at the velocity of his reading in his early days as compared with the slow rate at which he could now get through a book, he spoke of Gibbon himself in some detail, and told me that it was from that first well-remembered reading of Gibbon in twelve days, at the rate of a volume a day, that he dated the extirpation from his mind of the last remnant that had been left in it of the orthodox belief in miracle. This is literally what he said, and it is of consequence in our present connexion. The process of extirpation can hardly have been complete at the moment of the call on Dr. Ritchie,—else the call would not have been made; but there can be no doubt that it was not mere continued languour that stopped Carlyle in his clerical career, but the beginnings in his mind of the crash of that system of belief on which the Scottish Church rested, and some adherence to which was imperative on any one who would be a clergyman of that Church, in any section of it then recognised or possible.

Although he kept that matter for the present to himself, not admitting even Irving yet to his confidence, the fact that he had given up the clerical career was known at once to all his friends.¹ It was a sore disappointment,

¹ A letter of Carlyle's among those contributed by Mr. Alexander Ireland to Mr. Conway's *Memoir* (pp. 164-167) proves that the momentous reading of Gibbon was before Feb. 20, 1818; and in a subsequent letter in the same collection, of date "July 1818," he informs his correspondent, "I have quitted all thoughts of the Church, for many reasons, which it would be tedious, perhaps [word not legible], to enumerate." This piece of inform-

above all, to his parents ; but they left him to his own course, his father with admirable magnanimity, his mother "perhaps still more lovingly, though not so silently." It was another disappointment to them, about the same time, to know that he had resolved to quit the Kirkcaldy schoolmastership. His relations with the Kirkcaldy people, or with some of them, had not been absolutely satisfactory, any more than Irving's ; both had "got tired of schoolmastering and its mean contradictions and poor results," and had even come to the conclusion "Better die than be a schoolmaster for one's living" ; and in the end of 1818 they had both thrown up their Kirkcaldy engagements and were back in Edinburgh to look about for something else. Irving, then twenty-six years of age and comparatively at ease in the matter of pecuniary means, had preachings here and there about Edinburgh to occupy him, and the possibility of a call to some parish-charge at home, or heroic mission abroad, for his prospect. Carlyle, just twenty-three years of age, was all at sea as to his future, but had about 90% of savings on which to rest till he could see light.

The six months or so from December 1818 to the summer of 1819 form a little period by itself in the Edinburgh lives of Irving and Carlyle. They lodged in the Old Town, not far from each other. Carlyle's rooms were at No. 15, Carnegie Street, in the suburb called "The Pleasance" ; Irving's, which were the more expensive, were in Bristo Street, close to the University,—where, says Carlyle, he "used to give breakfasts to intellectualities he fell in with, I often a guest with them." Irving also renewed his connexion with the University by attending Hope's Class of Chemistry, which was always in those days the most crowded of the classes by far, and the Natural

History Class under Jameson. I find no proof in our records of any similar attendance on any University Class by Carlyle through the session 1818-19 ; but we learn from Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving* that he was for this session a member of a certain new *Philosophical Association*, which Irving had started "for the mutual improvement of those who had already completed the ordinary academic course." It was one of those small and ephemeral societies of which there have been so many in the history of the University, distinct from the larger and more famous societies, such as the *Speculative*, the *Theological*, the *Dialectic*, and the *Diagnostic*, which established themselves permanently, and still exist. We hear a little of Irving's doings in the semi-academic brotherhood, especially of an essay which he read to them ; but of Carlyle's doings, if there were any, we hear nothing. The mere membership, however, was a kind of continued bond between him and his *Alma Mater* through that session ; and we can imagine also some renewed intercourse with his favourite Professor Leslie, and an occasional dropping in, as an outsider, at one or other of the class-rooms, to hear a stray lecture. Meanwhile, he found no occupation. Irving, besides his preachings, had an hour or two a day of private mathematical teaching, at the rate of two guineas a month per hour ; but nothing of the sort came to Carlyle. Once, indeed, recommended by Nichol, the mathematical schoolmaster of whom we have already heard, he did call on a gentleman who wanted mathematical coaching for some friend ; but the result was that the gentleman, whom he describes in the letter as "a stout, impudent-looking man with red whiskers," thought two guineas a month "perfectly extravagant," and would not engage him. In these circumstances, and as his weekly bills for his lodgings and board amounted to between 15s. and 17s.,—which he thought unreasonable for his paltry accommodations, with badly-cooked food,

and perpetual disturbance from the noises of a school overhead,—he resolved to leave Edinburgh, for a time at least, and return to his father's farm-house at Mainhill. On the 29th of March, 1819, he intimated this intention in a letter to his mother thus:—"A French author, d'Alembert (one of the few persons who deserve the honourable epithet of honest man), whom I was lately reading, remarks that one who has devoted his life to learning ought to carry for his motto '*Liberty, Truth, Poverty,*' for he who fears the latter can never have the former. This should not prevent one from using every honest effort to attain to a comfortable situation in life; it says only that the best is dearly bought by base conduct, and the worst is not worth mourning over. We shall speak of all these matters more fully in summer, for I am meditating just now to come down to stay a while with you, accompanied with a cargo of books, Italian, German, and others. You will give me yonder little room, and you will waken me every morning about five or six o'clock. Then *such* study! I shall delve in the garden too, and, in a word, become not only the wisest, but the strongest man in those regions. This is all *claver*, but it pleases one."¹ It seems to have been about June 1819 that the migration from Edinburgh to Mainhill was carried into effect. It is thus mentioned in one of Irving's letters from Bristo Street to the Martins of Kirkcaldy:—"Carlyle goes away to-morrow, and Brown the next day. So here I am once more on my own resources, except Dickson, who is better fitted to swell the enjoyment of a joyous than to cheer the solitude of a lonely hour. For this Carlyle is better fitted than any one I know. It is very odd, indeed, that he should be sent for want of employment to the country. Of course, like every

"man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled, and much improvement to be wrought out. 'I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to new-model; and, into all, I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm; and, if she cannot weather it, I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves; but surely a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile."² Within a few weeks after the writing of this letter, viz. on a late Sunday in July, 1819, there occurred the incident which was to lead to Irving's own removal from Edinburgh, and affect the whole future course of his life. This was his appearance in the pulpit of St. George's church, by the friendly arrangement of Dr. Andrew Thomson, the minister of that church, in order that Dr. Chalmers, then on a visit to Edinburgh, and looking out for an assistant to himself in his great Glasgow church and parish of St. John's, might have a private opportunity of hearing Mr. Irving and judging of his fitness.

Let the autumn of 1819 be supposed to have passed, with Carlyle's studies and early risings in his father's house at Mainhill in Dumfriesshire,³ and those negotiations between Irving and Dr. Chalmers which issued in the definite appointment of Irving to the Glasgow

² Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving*, (1862), i. 90, 91.

³ My impression now is that it was this autumn of 1819 in his father's house that Carlyle had in his mind when he talked to me once of the remembered pleasures of certain early mornings in the Dumfriesshire hill-country. The chief was when, after a saunter out of doors among the sights and sounds of newly-awakened nature, he would return to the fragrant tea that was ready for him at home. No cups of tea he had ever tasted in his life seemed so fragrant and so delicious as those his mother had ready for him after his walks in those old Dumfriesshire mornings.

¹ Quoted in Mr. Froude's article, "The Early Life of Carlyle," in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1881.

assistantship. It was in October 1819 that this matter was settled, and Irving, who had been on a visit to his relatives in Annan, and was on his way thence to Glasgow, to enter on his new duties, picked up Carlyle at Mainhill, for that walk of theirs up the valley of the Dryfe, and that beating-up of their common friend, Frank Dickson, in his clerical quarters, which are so charmingly described in the *Reminiscences*. Next month, November 1819, when Irving was forming acquaintance with Dr. Chalmers's congregation, and they hardly knew what to make of him, some thinking him more like a "cavalry officer," or "brigand chief," than a young minister of the Gospel, Carlyle was back in Edinburgh. His uncertainties and speculations as to his future, with the dream of emigration to America, had turned themselves into a vague notion that, if he gave himself to the study of law, he might possibly be able to muster somehow the two or three hundreds of pounds that would be necessary to make him a member of the Edinburgh bar, and qualify him for walking up and down the floor of the Parliament House in wig and gown, like the grandees he had seen there in his memorable first visit to the place, with Tom Smail, ten years before. For that object residence in Edinburgh was essential, and so he had returned thither. His lodgings now seem to be no longer in Carnegie Street, but in Bristo Street, possibly in the rooms which Irving had left.

No portion of the records relating to Carlyle's connexion with our University has puzzled me more than that which refers to his law studies after he had abandoned Divinity. From a memorandum of his own, quoted by Mr. Froude, but without date, it distinctly appears that he attended "Hume's Lectures on Scotch Law"; and Mr. Froude adds that his intention of becoming an advocate, and his consequent perseverance in attendance on the "law lectures" in the Edinburgh University, continued for some time.

Our records, however, are not quite clear in the matter. In our Matriculation Book for the session 1819-20, where every law student, as well as every arts student and every medical student, was bound to enter his name, paying a matriculation-fee of 10s., I find two Thomas Carlyles, both from Dumfriesshire. One, whose signature, in a clear and elegant hand, I should take to be that of *our* Carlyle at that date, enters himself as "Thomas Carlyle, Dumfries," with the addition "5 Lit.," signifying that he has attended the Literary or Arts Classes in four preceding sessions. The matriculation number of this Thomas Carlyle is 825. The other, whose matriculation number is 1257, enters himself, in a somewhat boyish-looking hand, as "Thomas Carlyle, Dumfriesshire," with the addition "2 Lit.," signifying that he has attended one previous session in an Arts Class. Now, all depends on the construction of the appearances of these two Carlyles in the independent class-lists that have been preserved, in the handwritings of the Professors, for that session of their common matriculation and for subsequent sessions. Without troubling the reader with the puzzling details, I may say that the records present an alternative of two suppositions: viz. either (1) Both the Thomas Carlyles who matriculated for 1819-20 became law students that session, in which case the "Thomas Carlyle, Dumfriesshire," notwithstanding the too boyish-looking handwriting, and the gross misdescription of him as "2 Lit.," was *our* Carlyle; or (2) Only one of the two became a law student, in which case he was the "Thomas Carlyle, Dumfries," or *our* Carlyle, using "Dumfries" as the name of his county, and correctly describing himself as "5 Lit." On the first supposition it has to be reported that Carlyle's sole attendance in a law class was in the Scots Law Class of Professor David Hume for the session 1819-20, while the other Carlyle was in the Civil Law Class

for "the Institutes" that session, but reappeared in other classes in later sessions. On the second supposition (which also involves a mistake in the registration), Carlyle attended both the Scots Law Class and the "Institutes" department of the Civil Law Class in 1819-20, and so began a new career of attendance in the University, which extended to 1823 thus:—

Session 1819—20 : Hume's Scots Law Class, and Professor Alexander Irving's Civil Law Class ("Institutes").

Session 1820—21 : Irving's Civil Law Class ("Pandects"), and Hope's Chemistry Class (where the name in the Professor's list of his vast class of 460 students is spelt "Thomas Carlisle").

Session 1821—22 : No attendance.

Session 1822—23 : Scots Law Class a second time, under the new Professor, George Joseph Bell (Hume having just died).¹

With this knowledge that Carlyle did for some time after 1819 contemplate the Law as a profession, certain as to the main fact, though a little doubtful for the present in respect of the extent of time over

¹ Doubtless the question here left open as to the extent of Carlyle's law-class attendance can be decided at once by family documents. But for the phrase "Hume's Lectures once done with, I flung the thing away for ever," quoted by Mr. Froude as from "a note somewhere," I should, on the evidence of handwriting, &c., have decided unhesitatingly for the second and more extensive of the two hypotheses.—The attendance on the Chemistry Class, which would become a fact if that hypothesis were correct, would be of some independent interest. With Carlyle's turn for science at that time, it was not unlikely. I may add that, from talks with him, I have an impression that, some time or other, he must have attended Professor Jameson's class of Natural History. He had certainly heard Jameson lecture pretty frequently, for he described Jameson's lecturing humorously and to the life, the favourite topic of his recollection being Jameson's discourse on the order *Glires* in the Linnæan Zoology. Though I have looked over the Matriculation Lists and also the preserved class-lists pretty carefully from 1809 to 1824, it is just possible that Carlyle's name in one of Jameson's class-lists within that range of time may have escaped me. The only other Professor, not already mentioned in the text, that I remember to have heard him talk of was Dr. Andrew Brown, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres; but *him* he knew, I think, only by occasional dropping in at his lectures.

which his law studies were continued, let us proceed to his Edinburgh life in general for the five years from 1819 to 1824. He was not, indeed, wholly in Edinburgh during those five years. Besides absences now and then on brief visits, *e.g.* to Irving in Glasgow or elsewhere in the west, we are to remember his stated vacations, longer or shorter, in the summer and autumn at his father's house at Mainhill in Annandale; and latterly there was a term of residence in country quarters, of which there will have to be special mention at the proper date. In the main, however, from 1819 to 1824, Carlyle was an Edinburgh man. His lodgings were, first, in Bristo Street, but afterwards and more continuously at No. 3, Moray Place,—not, of course, the great Moray Place of the aristocratic West End, but a much obscurer namesake, in the quiet neighbourhood of Pilrig Street, just off Leith Walk, now abolished or ignored in the Directory, to prevent the absurdity of confusion between it and its grander rival.² It was in these lodgings that he read and mused; it was in the streets of Edinburgh, or on the heights on her skirts that he had his daily walks; the few friends and acquaintances he had any converse with were in Edinburgh; and it was with Edinburgh and her affairs that as yet he considered his own future fortunes as all but certain to be bound up. At this time, indeed, there is proof that such a prospect was by no means disagreeable to him, and that he confessed to something of that positive love for Edinburgh, that desire to live and die within her bounds, which the matchless beauty of her site and surroundings, the mixture of antique picturesqueness with modern stateliness in her architecture, and the extraordinary wealth of her traditions from the past, are calculated to inspire, and rarely fail to inspire, in the hearts of natives or of adopted residents.

² See the *Reminiscences*, i. 199, where Carlyle, dating in 1822, says, "I still lodged in my old half-rural rooms, 3, Moray Place, Pilrig Street."

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat," Burns had hailed her in 1786, when he first looked down on Holyrood; and the feeling, if not the phrase, was Carlyle's through his renewed residence from 1819 to 1824. His Edinburgh life during those five years divides itself, however, very vitally, in the retrospect of it now, into two portions. The years 1820, 1821, and part of 1822 were a time of continued gloom, solitude, and struggle; but from 1822 onwards through 1823 and into 1824 the clouds begin to break and the sky becomes clearer. We date accordingly:—

FROM 1819 TO 1822: *ætat.* 25–27.

No more extraordinary youth ever walked the streets of Edinburgh, or of any other city, than the Carlyle of those years. Those great natural faculties, unmistakably of the order called *genius*, and that unusual wealth of acquirement, which had been recognised in him as early as 1814 by such intimate friends as Murray, and more lately almost with awe by Margaret Gordon, had been baulked of all fit outcome, but were still manifest to the discerning. When Irving speaks of them, or thinks of them, it is with a kind of amazement. At the same time that strange moodiness of character, that lofty pride and intolerance, that roughness and unsociableness of temper, against which Margaret Gordon and others had warned him as obstructing his success, had hardened themselves into settled habit. So it appeared; but in reality the word "habit" is misleading. Carlyle's moroseness, if we let that poor word pass in the meantime for a state of temper which it would take many words, and some of them much softer and grander, to describe adequately, was an innate and constitutional distinction. It is worth while to dwell for a moment on the contrast between him in this respect and that man whose immediate successor he was in the series of really great literary Scotsmen. If there ever was a soul of sunshine and cheerfulness, of universal bland-

ness and good fellowship, it was that with which Walter Scott came into the world. When Carlyle was born, twenty-four years afterwards, it was as if the Genius of Literature in Scotland, knowing that vein to have been amply provided for, and abhorring duplicates, as Nature always does, had tried almost the opposite variety, and sent into the world a soul no less richly endowed, and stronger in the speculative part, but whose cardinal peculiarity should be despondency, discontentedness, and sense of pain. From his childhood upwards, Carlyle had been, as his own mother said of him, "gey ill to live wi'" ("considerably difficult to live with"), the prey of melancholia, an incarnation of wailing and bitter broodings, addicted to the black and dismal view of things. With all his studies, all the development of his marvellous intellect, all his strength in humour and in the wit and insight which a lively sense of the ludicrous confers, he had not outgrown this stubborn gloominess of character, but had brought it into those comparatively mature years of his Edinburgh life with which we are now concerned. His despondency, indeed, seems then to have been at its very worst. A few authentications may be quoted:—

April, 1819.—"As to my own projects, I am sorry, on several accounts, that I can give no satisfactory account to your friendly inquiries. A good portion of my life is already mingled with the past eternity; and, for the future, it is a dim scene, on which my eyes are fixed as calmly and intensely as possible,—to no purpose. The probability of my doing any service in my day and generation is certainly not very strong."¹

March, 1820.—"I am altogether an — creature. Timid, yet not humble, weak, yet enthusiastic, nature and education have rendered me entirely unfit to force my way among the thick-skinned inhabitants of this planet. Law, I fear, must be given up: it is a shapeless mass of absurdity and chicane."²

October, 1820.—"No settled purpose will direct my conduct, and the next scene of this fever dream is likely to be as painful as the last. Expect no account of my prospects, for I have no prospects that are worth the name.

¹ Carlyle to a correspondent, in one of Mr. Ireland's copies of letters: *Conway*, p. 178.

² Ditto, *ibid.* p. 180.

I am like a being thrown from another planet on this terrestrial ball, an alien, a pilgrim among its possessors; I have no share in their pursuits; and life is to me like a pathless, a waste and howling, wilderness,—surface barrenness, its verge enveloped under dark-brown shade.”¹

March 9, 1821.—“Edinburgh, with all its drawbacks, is the only scene for me. In the country I am like an alien, a stranger and pilgrim from a far-distant land. I must endeavour most sternly, for this state of things cannot last; and, if health do but revisit me, as I know she will, it shall ere long give place to a better. If I grow seriously ill, indeed, it will be different; but, when once the weather is settled and dry, exercise and care will restore me completely. I am considerably clearer than I was, and I should have been still more so had not this afternoon been wet, and so prevented me from breathing the air of Arthur Seat, a mountain close beside us, where the atmosphere is pure as a diamond, and the prospect grander than any you ever saw,—the blue, majestic, everlasting ocean, with the Fife hills swelling gradually into the Grampians behind; rough crags and precipices at our feet, where not a hillock rears its head unsung; with Edinburgh at their base, clustering proudly over her rugged foundations, and covering with a vapoury mantle the jagged, black, venerable masses of stonework that stretch far and wide, and show like a city of Fairyland. . . . I saw it all last evening when the sun was going down, and the moon's fine crescent, like a pretty silver creature as it is, was riding quietly above me.”²

Reminiscence in 1867.—“Hope hardly dwelt in me . . . ; only fierce resolution in abundance to do my best and utmost in all honest ways, and to suffer as silently and stoically as might be, if it proved (as too likely!) that I could do *nothing*. This kind of humour, what I sometimes called of ‘desperate hope,’ has largely attended me all my life. In short, as has been enough indicated elsewhere, I was advancing towards huge instalments of bodily and spiritual wretchedness in this my Edinburgh purgatory, and had to clean and purify myself in penal fire of various kinds for several years coming, the first and much the worst two or three of which were to be enacted in this once-loved city. Horrible to think of in part even yet!”³

What was the cause of such habitual wretchedness, such lowness of spirits, in a young man between his five-and-twentieth and his seven-and-twentieth year? In many external respects his life hitherto had been even unusually fortunate. His parentage was one of

which he could be proud, and not ashamed; he had a kindly home to return to; he had never once felt, or had occasion to feel, the pinch of actual poverty, in any sense answering to the name or notion of poverty as it was understood by his humbler countrymen. He had been in honourable employments, which many of his compeers in age would have been glad to get; and he had about 100% of saved money in his pocket,—a sum larger than the majority of the educated young Scotsmen about him could then finger, or perhaps ever fingered afterwards in all their lives. All this has to be distinctly remembered, for the English interpretations of Carlyle's early “poverty,” “hardships,” &c., from the *Reminiscences* are sheer nonsense. By the Scottish standard of his time, by the standard of say two-thirds of those who had been his fellows in the Divinity Hall, Carlyle's circumstances so far had been even enviable. The cause of his abnormal unhappiness was to be found in *himself*. Was it, then, his ill-health, that fearful “dyspepsia” which had come upon him in his twenty-third year, or just after his transit from Kirkcaldy to Edinburgh, and which clung to him, as we know, to the very end of his days? There can be no doubt that this was a most important factor in the case. His dyspepsia, which he describes almost exactly as De Quincey described his, even to identity of phraseology for the main symptoms, must have intensified his gloom, and may account for those occasional excesses of his low spirits when they verged on hypochondria. But, essentially, the gloom was there already, brought along with him from those days, before his twenty-third year, when, as he told the blind American clergyman Milburn, he was still “the healthy and hardy son of a hardy and healthy Scottish dalesman,” and had not yet become “conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a stomach.”⁴ In fact, as Luther main-

¹ Ditto, *ibid.* pp. 201, 202.

² Carlyle to his brother John, quoted in Mr. Froude's Article.

³ *Reminiscences*, ii. 16, 11.

⁴ Quoted at p. 57 of Mr. William Howie Wylie's *Carlyle: The Man and His Books*

tained when he denounced the Roman Catholic commentators as gross and carnal fellows for their persistently physical interpretation of Paul's "thorn in the flesh," as if there could be no severe enough "thorn" of a spiritual kind; the mere pathological explanations which physicians are apt to trust to will not suffice in such instances. What, then, of those spiritual distresses, arising from a snapping of the traditional and paternal creed, and a soul left thus rudderless for the moment, which Luther recognised as the most terrible, and had experienced in such measure himself? That there must have been distress to Carlyle in his wrench of himself away from the popular religious faith, the faith of his father and mother, needs no argument. Mr. Milburn, indeed, avers that he connected a recollection of those distresses,—“doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scorn,” all pressing upon him in his solitude, like “a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition,”—with the recollection of the very beginnings of the permanent break-down of his health. The main evidence, however, is that his clear intellect had cut down like a knife between him and the theology from which he had parted, leaving no ragged ends. The main evidence is that, though he had some central core of faith still to seek as a substitute—though he was still agitating in his mind in a new way the old question of his Divinity Hall exegesis *Num detur religio naturalis*, and had not yet attained to that light, describable as a fervid, though scrupulously unfeatured, Theism or Supernaturalism, in the blaze of which he was to live all his after-life, as confidently and as tremblingly as ever did Isaiah or Ezekiel,—yet he was not involved in the coil of those ordinary “doubts” and “backward-hesitations” of which we hear so much, and sometimes so

the fullest and clearest consecutive account of the whole life of Carlyle that has yet been published, and with interesting gatherings of anecdote from many quarters.

cantingly, in feebler biographies. There is, at all events, no record in his case of any such efforts as those of Coleridge to rest in a theosophic re-fabrication out of the wrecks of the forsaken orthodoxy. On the contrary, whatever of more positive illumination, whatever of moral or really religious rousing, had yet to come, he appears to have settled once for all into a very definite condition of mind as to the limits of the intrinsically possible or impossible for the intellect in that class of considerations. Yet another cause of despondency and low spirits, however, may suggest itself as feasible. No more in Carlyle than in any other ardent and imaginative young man at his age was there a deficiency of those love-languours and love-dreamings which are the secrets of many a masculine sadness. There are traces of them in his letters; and we may well believe that in his Edinburgh solitude he was pursued by the pangs of “love disprized” in the image of his lost Margaret Gordon. Add this cause to all the others, however, and let them all have their due weight and proportion, and it still remains true that the main and all-comprehending form of Carlyle's grief and dejection in those Edinburgh days was that of a great sword in too narrow a scabbard, a noble bird fretting in its cage, a soul of vast energies and ambitions measuring itself against common souls and against social obstructions, and all but frantic for lack of employment. Schoolmastering he had given up with detestation; the Church he had given up with indifference; the Law had begun to disgust him, or was seeming problematical. Where others could have rested, happy in routine, or at least acquiescent, Carlyle could not. What was this Edinburgh, for example, in the midst of which he was living, the solitary tenant of a poor lodging, not even on speaking terms with those that were considered her magnates, the very best of whom he was conscious of the power to equal, and, if necessary, to vanquish and lay flat? We almost see some such defiant

glare round Edinburgh, as if, whatever else were to come, it was this innocent and unheeding Edinburgh that he would first of all take by the throat and compel to listen.

Authentication may be again necessary, and may bring some elucidation with it. "The desire which, in common with all men, I feel for conversation and social intercourse is, I find," he had written to a correspondent in November 1818, "enveloped in a dense, repulsive atmosphere, not of vulgar *mauvaise honte*, though such it is generally esteemed, but of deeper feelings, which I partly inherit from nature, and which are mostly due to the undefined station I have hitherto occupied in society."¹ Again, to a correspondent in March 1820, "The fate of one man is a mighty small concern in the grand whole in this best of all possible worlds. Let us quit the subject with just one observation more, which I throw out for your benefit, should you ever come to need such an advice. It is to keep the profession you have adopted, if it be at all tolerable. A young man who goes forth into the world to seek his fortune with those lofty ideas of honour and uprightness which a studious secluded life naturally begets, will, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, if friends and other aids are wanting, fall into the sere, the yellow leaf."² These feelings were known to all his friends, so that Carlyle's despondency over his poor social prospects, his enormous power of complaint, or, as the Scots call it, "of pityin' himsel'," was as familiar a topic with them as with his own family. No one sympathised with him more, or wrote more encouragingly to him, than Irving from Glasgow; and it is from some of Irving's letters that we gather the information that certain peculiarities in Carlyle's own demeanour were understood to be operating against his

popularity even within the limited Edinburgh circle in which he did for the present move. "Known you must be before you can be employed," Irving writes to him in December 1819. "Known you will not be," he proceeds, "for a winning, attaching, accommodating man, but for an original, commanding, and rather self-willed man. . . . Your utterance is not the most favourable. It convinces, but does not persuade; and it is only a very few (I can claim place for myself) that it fascinates. Your audience is worse. They are generally (I exclude myself) unphilosophical, unthinking drivellers, who lie in wait to catch you in your words, and who give you little justice in the recital, because you give their vanity or self-esteem little justice, or even mercy, in the encounter. Therefore, my dear friend, *some other way is to be sought for.*"³ In a letter in March 1820 Irving returns to the subject. "Therefore it is, my dear Carlyle," he says, "that I exhort you to call in the finer parts of your mind, and to try to present the society about you with those more ordinary displays which they can enjoy. The indifference with which they receive them [your present extraordinary displays], and the ignorance with which they treat them, operate on the mind like gall and wormwood. I would entreat you to be comforted in the possession of your treasures, and to study more the times and persons to which you bring them forth. When I say your treasures, I mean not your information so much, which they will bear the display of for the reward and value of it, but your feelings and affections, which, being of finer tone than theirs, and consequently seeking a keener expression, they are apt to mistake for a rebuke of their own tameness, or for intolerance of ordinary things, and too many of them, I fear, for

¹ Mr. Ireland's copies of letters, in *Conway*, p. 171.

² *Ibid.* p. 180.

³ Quoted in Mr. Froude's Article.

"asperity of mind."¹ This is Margaret Gordon's advice over again; and it enables us to add to our conception of Carlyle in those days of his Edinburgh struggling and obstruction the fact of his fearlessness and aggressiveness in speech, his habit even then of that lightning rhetoric, that boundless word-audacity, with sarcasms and stinging contempts falling mercilessly upon his auditors themselves, which characterised his conversation to the last. This habit, or some of the forms of it, he had derived, he thought, from his father.²

Private mathematical teaching was still for a while Carlyle's most imme-

¹ Quoted *ibid.*

² The best account I ever had of Carlyle's father was from an intelligent elderly gentleman who, having retired from business, amused himself one session, somewhere about or after 1857, by attending my class of English Literature in University College, London. He was from Dumfriesshire originally, and had known all the Carlyle family. He spoke more of Carlyle's father than of Carlyle himself; and his first words about him were these:—"He was a most extraordinary man, Carlyle's father: he said a thing, and it ran through the country."—More than once Carlyle talked to me of his father, and always in the tone of the memoir in his *Reminiscences*, though I did not then know that he had any such memoir in writing. "He was a far cleverer man, my father, than I am or ever shall be," was one of his phrases. He dwelt on what he thought a peculiar use by his father of the Scottish word *gar*, meaning "to compel," as when he was reluctant to do a thing that must be done, and ended by saying he must "just *gar* himsel' do it." The expression was not new to me, for it is to be heard farther north than Annandale; but it seemed characteristic.—Of the strong and picturesque rhetoric of Carlyle's father I remember two examples, told me, I think, by Mrs. Carlyle. Once, when he was going somewhere in a cart with his daughters on a rainy day, he was annoyed by the drip-dripping into his neck from the whalebone point of one of the umbrellas. "I would rather sit a' nicht in my sark," he said, "under a waterspout on the tap of B——" [some mountain in the neighbourhood, the name of which I forget]. Once, when his son, of whom he had become proud, was at home in a vacation, and a pious old neighbour-woman who had come in was exciting herself in a theological controversy with the Divinity student on some point or other, he broke out, "Thou auld crack-brained enthusiastic, dost thou think to argue wi' our Tom?"

diate resource. We hear of two or three engagements of the kind at his fixed rate of two guineas per month for an hour a day, and also of one or two rejected proposals of resident tutorship away from Edinburgh. Nor had he given up his own prosecution of the higher mathematics. My recollection is that he used to connect the break-down of his health with his continued wrestlings with Newton's *Principia* even after he had left Kirkcaldy for Edinburgh; and he would speak of the grassy slopes of the Castle Hill, then not railed off from Princes Street, as a place where he liked to lie in fine weather, poring over that or other books. His readings, however, were now, as before, immensely miscellaneous. The Advocates' Library, to which he had access, I suppose, through some lawyer of his acquaintance, afforded him facilities in the way of books such as he had never before enjoyed. "Lasting thanks to it, alone of Scottish institutions," is his memorable phrase of obligation to this Library; and respecting his appetite for reading and study generally we may judge from a passage in one of his earlier letters, where he says, "When I am assaulted "by those feelings of discontent and "ferocity which solitude at all times "tends to produce, and by that host "of miserable little passions which "are ever and anon attempting to "disturb one's repose, there is no "method of defeating them so effectual "as to take them in flank by a zealous "course of study." One zealous course of study of a new kind, to which he had set himself just after settling in Edinburgh from Kirkcaldy, if not a little before, was that of the German language. French, so far as the power of reading it was concerned, he had acquired thoroughly in his boyhood; Italian, to some less extent, had come easily enough; but German tasked his perseverance and required time. He was especially diligent in it through the years 1819 and 1820, with such a measure of success that in August in the latter year he could

write to one friend, "I could tell you much about the new Heaven and new Earth which a slight study of German literature has revealed to me," and in October of the same year to another, "I have lived riotously with Schiller, Goethe, and the rest: they are the greatest men at present with me." The German readings were continued, and the admiration of the German literature grew.

Was it not time that Carlyle should be doing something in Literature himself? Was not Literature obviously his true vocation, the very vocation for which his early companions, such as Murray, had discerned his pre-eminent fitness as long ago as 1814, to which the failure of his successive experiments in established professions had ever since been pointing him, and in which alone, if in anything whatever, he could find scope for his repressed energies and relief for his melancholic humours? To this, in fact, Irving had been most importunately urging him in those letters, recently quoted, in which, after telling him that he would never be rightly appreciated by his usual appearances in society, on account of his stubbornness and self-will, or even by his splendid powers of talk, on account of the asperity and irritating contemptuousness that mingled with the splendour, he had summed up his advice in the words "*Some other way is to be sought for.*" What Irving meant and urged at some length, and with great practicality, in these letters was that Carlyle should at once think of some literary attempts, congenial to his own tastes, and yet of as popular a kind as possible, and aim at a connexion with the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood*. Carlyle, himself, as we learn, had been already, for a good while, turning his thoughts now and then in the same direction. It is utterly impossible that a young man who for five years already had been writing letters to his friends the English style of which moved them to astonishment, as it still moves to ad-

miration those who now read the specimens of them that have been recovered, and of whom, on that ground, one friend had prophesied that his name would be "inseparably connected "with the literary history of the "eighteenth century," should not have exercised his literary powers privately in other things than letters, and so have had, before 1819, a little stock of pieces on hand suitable for any magazine that would take them. One such piece, Carlyle tells us himself, had been sent over from Kirkcaldy in 1817 to the editor of some magazine in Edinburgh. It was a piece of "the descriptive tourist kind," giving some account of Carlyle's first impressions of the Yarrow country, so famous in Scottish songs and legends, as visited by him in one of his journeys from Edinburgh to Annandale. What became of it he never knew, the editor having returned no answer.¹ Although, after this rebuff, there was no new attempt at publication from Kirkcaldy, there can be little doubt that

¹ The substance of the paper must have been retained in Carlyle's memory, for he described to me once with extraordinary vividness his first sight of the Vale of Yarrow as he struck it in one of his walks to Annandale. It was a beautiful day, and he had come upon a height looking down upon the stony stream and its classic valley. As he stood and gazed, with something in his mind of Wordsworth's salutation, "And this is Yarrow!" up from the valley there came a peculiar, repeated, rhythmical sound, as of *clink—clink—clink*, for which he could not account. All was solitary and quiet otherwise, but still the *clink—clink—clink* rose to his ear. At last, some way off, he saw a man with a cart standing in the bed of the stream, and lifting stone after stone from the bed, which he threw into the cart. He could then watch the gesture of each cast of a stone in among the rest, and note the interval before the *clink* reached him.—The Yarrow songs were familiar to Carlyle; and among the many scraps of old verse which he was fond of quoting or humming to himself in his later years I observed this in particular:—

"But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His grief while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
Which fleeting time procureth;
For mony a place stands in hard case
Where joy was wont beforrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader braes,
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."

he had then a few other things by him, and not in prose only, with which he could have repeated the trial. It is very possible that several specimens of these earliest attempts of his in prose and verse, published by himself afterwards when periodicals were open to him, remain yet to be disinterred from their hiding-places; but two have come to light. One is a story of Annandale incidents, eventually published in Fraser's Magazine for January 1831, under the title "*Cruthers and Jonson, or the Outskirts of Life: a True Story*," but certified by Mr. William Allingham, no doubt on Carlyle's own information, to have been, in fact, the very first of all his writings intended for the press.¹ The other is of more interest to us here, from its picturesque oddity in connexion with Carlyle's early Edinburgh life. It is entitled *Peter Nimmo*, and was published in Fraser's Magazine for February 1831, the next number after that containing *Cruthers and Jonson*.

Within my own memory, and in fact to as late as 1846, there was known about the precincts of Edinburgh University a singular being called PETER NIMMO, or, by tradition of some jest played upon him, SIR PETER NIMMO. He was a lank, miserable, mendicant-looking object, of unknown age, with blue face, often scarred and patched, and garments not of the cleanest, the chief of which was a long thread-bare, snuff-brown great-coat. His craze was that of attending the University class-rooms and listening to the lectures. So long had this craze continued that a University session without Sir Peter Nimmo about the quadrangle, for the students to laugh at and perpetrate practical jokes upon, would have been an interruption of the established course of things; but, as his appearance in a class-room had become a horror to the Professors, and pity for him had passed into a sense that he was a nuisance and cause of disorder, steps had at last been

taken to prevent his admission, or at least to reduce his presence about college to a minimum. They could not get rid of him utterly, for he had imbedded himself in the legends and the very history of the University. Going back from the forties to the thirties of the present century, we find Peter Nimmo in the heyday of his fame. In certain reminiscences which the late Dr. Hill Burton wrote of *his* first session at the University, viz. in 1830-1, when he attended Wilson's Moral Philosophy Class, Peter Nimmo is an important figure. "A dirty, "ill-looking lout, who had neither wit "himself, nor any quality with a "sufficient amount of pleasant grotesqueness in it to create wit in "others," is Dr. Hill Burton's description of him then; and the impression Dr. Burton had received of his real character was that he was "merely an idly-inclined and stupidish "man of low condition, who, having "once got into practice as a sort of "public laughing-stock, saw that the "occupation paid better than honest "industry, and had cunning enough "to keep it up." He used to obtain meals, Dr. Burton adds, by calling at various houses, sometimes assuming an air of simple good faith when the students got hold of the card of some civic dignitary and presented it to him with an inscribed request for the honour of Sir Peter Nimmo's company at dinner; and in the summer-time he wandered about, introducing himself at country houses. Once, Dr. Burton had heard, he had obtained access to Wordsworth, using Professor Wilson's name for the purpose; and, as he had judiciously left all the talk to Wordsworth, the impression he had left was such that the poet had afterwards spoken of his visitor as "a "Scotch baronet, eccentric in appearance, but fundamentally one of the "most sensible men he had ever met "with."² In one respect Dr. Burton does not seem to have been aware of

¹ See the article *Some Fifty Years Ago* in Fraser's Magazine for June 1879, by Mr. Allingham, then Editor of the Magazine.

² Dr. Hill Burton's Reminiscences of Professor Wilson, published in *Wilson's Life*, by Mrs. Gordon, ii. 25.

Sir Peter's real standing by his University antecedents. Whatever he was latterly, he was certainly at one time a regularly matriculated student. He must have been able, indeed, to muster the matriculation-fee session after session for a long series of years, if not one or two class-fees in addition; else shorter work would have been made with him. I have traced him in our University records back and back long before Dr. Burton's knowledge of him, always paying his matriculation-fee and always taking out one or two classes. In the *Lapsus Linguae, or College Tatler*, a small satirical magazine of the Edinburgh students for the session 1823-4, "Dr. Peter Nimmo" is one of the articles, the matter consisting of clever imaginary extracts from the voluminous notebooks, scientific and philosophical, of this "very sage man, whose abilities, though at present hid under a bushel, will soon blaze forth, and give a very different aspect to the state of literature in Scotland." In the session of 1819-20, when Carlyle was attending the Scots Law Class, Peter Nimmo was attending two of the medical classes, having entered himself in the matriculation book, in conspicuously large characters, as "PETRUS BUCHANAN NIMMO, ESQUIRE, &c., DUMBARTONSHIRE," with the addition that he was in the 17th year of his theological studies. Six years previously, viz. in 1813-14, he is registered as in the 8th year of his literary course. In 1811-12 he was one of Carlyle's fellow-students in the 2nd Mathematical Class under Leslie; and in 1810-11 he was with Carlyle in the 1st Mathematical Class and also in the Logic Class. Peter seems to have been lax in his dates; but there can be no doubt that he was a known figure about Edinburgh University before Carlyle entered it, and that the whole of Carlyle's University career, as of the careers of all the students of Edinburgh University for another generation, was spent in an atmosphere of PETER NIMMO. What Peter had been originally it is difficult to

make out. The probability is that he had come up about the beginning of the century as a stupid youth from Dumbartonshire, honestly destined for the Church, and that he had gradually or suddenly broken down into the crazed being who could not exist but by haunting the classes for ever, and becoming a fixture about the University buildings. He used to boast of his high family.

Such was the pitiful object that had been chosen by Carlyle for the theme of what was perhaps his first effort in verse. For the essential portion of his article on Peter Nimmo is a metrical "Rhapsody," consisting of a short introduction, five short parts, and an epilogue. In the introduction, which the prefixed motto, "*Numeris fertur lege solutis*," avows to be in hobbling measure, we have the solitary bard in quest of a subject:—

Art thou lonely, idle, friendless, toolless
nigh distract,
Hand in bosom,—jaw, except for chewing,
ceased to act?
Matters not, so thou have ink and see the
Why and How;
Drops of copperas-dye make There a Here,
and Then a Now.
Must the brain lie fallow simply since it is
alone,
And the heart, in heaths and splashy weather,
turn to stone?
Shall a living Man be mute as twice-sold
mackerel?
If not speaking, if not acting, I can write—
in doggerel.
For a subject? Earth is wonder-filled; for
instance, PETER NIMMO:
Think of Peter's "being's mystery": I will
sing of him O!

In the first part Peter is introduced to us by his physiognomy and appearance:—

Thrice-loved Nimmo! art thou still, in spite
of Fate,
Footing those cold pavements, void of meal
and mutton,
To and from that everlasting College-gate,
With thy blue hook-nose, and ink-horn hung
on button?

Six more stanzas of the same metre inform us that Peter is really a harmless pretender, who, for all his long attendance in the college-classes, could not yet decline *τιμή*; after which, in

the second part, there is an imagination of what his boyhood may have been. A summer Sabbath-day, under a blue sky, in some pleasant country neighbourhood, is imagined, with Peter riding on a cuddy in the vicinity, and meditating his own future:—

Dark lay the world in Peter's labouring breast:

Here was he (words of import strange),—*He* here!

Mysterious Peter, on mysterious hest:

But Whence, How, Whither, nowise will appear.

Thus meditating on the "marvellous universe" into which he has come, and on his own possible function in it, Peter, caught by the sight of the little parish-kirk upon a verdant knoll, determines, as the cuddy canters on with him, that God calls him to be a priest. His transition from Grammar School to College thus accounted for, the third part sings of his first college-raptures in three stanzas. In the fourth part, he is the poor mendicant Peter who has become the Wandering Jew of the University, and whose mode of living is a problem:—

Where lodges Peter? How his pot doth boil
This truly knoweth, guesseth, no man;
He spins not, neither does he toil;
Lives free as ancient Greek or Roman.

Whether he may not roost on trees at nights is a speculation; but sometimes he comes to the rooms of his class-fellows. The fifth part of the rhapsody tells of one such nocturnal visit of his (mythical, we must hope!) to the rooms of the bard who is now singing:—

At midnight hour did Peter come;
Right well I knew his tap and tread;
With smiles I placed two pints of rum
Before him, and one cold sheep's-head.

Peter, thus made comfortable, entertains his host with the genealogy of his family, the far-famed Nimmos, and with his own great prospects of various kinds, till the rum being gone and the sheep's head reduced to a skull, he falls from his chair "dead-drunk," and is sent off in a wheel-barrow! The envoy moralizes the whole rather

indistinctly in three stanzas, each with this chorus in italics:—

*Sure 'tis Peter, sure 'tis Peter:
Life's a variorum.*

Verse, if we may judge from this grim specimen,¹ was not Carlyle's element. Hence, though he had not yet abandoned verse altogether, and was to leave us a few lyrics, original or translated, which we would not willingly let die, it had been to prose performances that he looked forward when, on bidding farewell to Kirkcaldy, he included "writing for the booksellers" among the employments he hoped to obtain in Edinburgh. Scientific subjects had seemed the most promising: and among the books before him in "those dreary evenings in Bristo Street," in 1819, were materials for a projected life of the young astronomer Horrox. Irving's letter of December 1819 was the probable cause of that attempt upon the *Edinburgh Review*, in the shape of an article on M. Pictet's Theory of Gravitation, of which we hear in the *Reminiscences*. The manuscript, carefully dictated to a young Annandale disciple who wrote a very legible hand, was left by Carlyle

¹ *Peter Nimmo: A Rhapsody* is duly registered among Carlyle's anonymous contributions to Fraser's Magazine in Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd's *Bibliography of Carlyle* (1881). Should any one entertain doubts, even after such excellent authority, a glance at the prose preface to the thing, signed O. Y. ("Oliver Yorke"), in Fraser for February 1831, will remove them. After specifying Edinburgh University as Peter's local habitat, and estimating the enormously diffused celebrity he has attained by his long persistence there, the preface proceeds, "The world itself is interested in these matters: singular men are at all times worthy of being described and sung; nay, strictly considered, there is nothing else worthy. . . . The Napoleon, the Nimmo, are mystic wonders through which we glance deeper into the hidden ways of Nature, and discern under a clearer figure the working of that inscrutable Spirit of the Time, and Spirit of Time itself, who is by some thought to be the Devil." There may remain some little question as to the date of the *Rhapsody*. That it was written by Carlyle in Annandale seems proved by the phrase "in heaths and splashy weather" in the prologue. The date may have been any time before 1831; but before 1821 seems the most likely.

himself, with a note, at the great Jeffrey's house in George Street; but, whether because the subject was not of the popular kind which Irving had recommended, or because editors are apt to toss aside all such chance offers, nothing more was heard of it. This was in the cold winter of 1819-20; and, to all appearance, Carlyle might have languished without literary employment of any kind for a good while longer had he not been found out by Dr. David Brewster, afterwards Sir David. The *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which Brewster had begun to edit in 1810, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and which had been intended to be in twelve volumes, thick quarto, double-columns, had now, in 1820, reached its fourteenth volume, and had not got farther than the letter *M*. Among the contributors had been, or were—Babbage, Berzelius, Biot, Campbell the poet, the second Herschel, Dionysius Lardner, Lockhart, Oersted, Peacock of Cambridge, Telford, and other celebrities at a distance; besides such lights nearer at hand as Brewster himself, Graham Dalzell, the Rev. Dr. David Dickson, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the Rev. Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell, Professor Dunbar, the Rev. Dr. John Fleming, the Rev. Dr. Robert Gordon, David Irving, Professor Jamesone, the Rev. Dr. John Lee, Professor Leslie, and the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson. This was very good company in which to make a literary *début*, were it only in such articles of hackwork as might be intrusted conveniently to an unknown young man on the spot. The articles intrusted to Carlyle were not wholly of this kind, for I observe that he came in just as the poet Campbell had ceased to contribute, and for articles continuing the line of some of Campbell's. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, *Montaigne*, *Montesquieu*, *Montfaucon*, *Dr. Moore*, *Sir John Moore*, were his first six, all under the letter *M*, and all supplied in 1820, with the subscribed initials "T. C."; and between that year and 1823 he was to contribute ten more, running through the

letter *N*, and ending in the sixteenth volume, under the letter *P*, with *Mungo Park*, *William Pitt the Elder*, and *William Pitt the Younger*. It was no bad practice in short, compact articles of information, and may have brought him in between 35*l.* and 50*l.* altogether,—in addition to something more for casual bits of translation done for Brewster. More agreeable to himself, and better paid in proportion, may have been two articles which he contributed to the *New Edinburgh Review*, a quarterly which was started in July 1821 by Waugh and Innes of Edinburgh, as a successor to the previous *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, and which came to an end, as might have been predicted from its title, in its eighth number in April 1823. In the second number of this periodical in October 1821, appeared an article of 21 pages by Carlyle on *Joanna Baillie's Metrical Legends*, to be followed in the fourth number, in April 1822, by one of 18 pages on *Goethe's Faust*.

Even with these beginnings of literary occupation there was no improvement, as far as 1822 at least, in Carlyle's spirits. "Life was all dreary, 'eerie,'" he says, "tinted with the hues of imprisonment and impossibility." The chief bursts of sunshine, and his nearest approaches to temporary happiness, were in the occasional society of Irving, whether in visits to Irving in Glasgow, or in the autumn meetings and strolls with him in their common Annandale, or in Irving's visits now and then to Edinburgh. Of Carlyle's visits to Irving in Glasgow, and of the incidents connected with them, such as the formation of a slight acquaintance with Dr. Chalmers, the trips to Paisley and other places in the west, the glimpses for the first time of opulent merchant life among the Hopes and Grahams of those parts, no note need be taken here,—save to remember that it was in one of them, when the two friends were on Drumclog Moss, and talking together in the open air on that battle-field of the Covenanters, that the good Irving wound from

Carlyle, gently but firmly, the confession that he no longer thought as Irving did of the Christian Religion. This was in 1820. More memorable still was that return visit of Irving to Edinburgh, in June 1821, when he took Carlyle with him to Haddington, and introduced him at the house of the widowed Mrs. Welsh and her only child, Jane Baillie Welsh. The latter, Irving's former pupil, and whom he thought of as not impossibly to be his wife even yet, though his Kirkcaldy engagement interfered, was not quite twenty years of age, and the most remarkable girl in all that neighbourhood. Of fragile and graceful form, features pretty rather than regular, with a complexion of creamy pale, black hair over a finely arched forehead, and very soft and brilliant black eyes, she had an intellect fit, whether for natural faculty or culture, to be the feminine match of either of the two men who now stood before her.—Thirty years afterwards, and when she had been the wife of Carlyle for four and twenty years, I had an account of her as she appeared in those days when she was still the young Jeannie Welsh of Haddington. It was from an old nurse of hers, to whom, on the occasion of a call of mine at Chelsea just as I was about to leave London for a short visit to Edinburgh, she asked me to convey a small parcel containing some present. The address given me was one of the little streets in the Old Town, on the dense slope down from the College to the back of the Canon-gate; and, on my call there to deliver the parcel, I found the old Haddington nurse in the person of a pleasant-mannered woman, not quite so old as I had expected, keeping a small shop. Naturally, she talked of her recollections of Mrs. Carlyle before her marriage; and these, as near as possible, were her very words:—"Ah! when she was young, she was a fleein', dancin', licht-heartit thing, Jeannie Welsh, that naething would hae dauntit. But she grew grave a' at ance. There was Maister Irving, ye ken, that had been her teacher; and

he cam aboot her. Then there was Maister ——[I forget who this was, but it may have been the Rev. James Brown of whom we hear so much in the *Reminiscences*, and who was Irving's successor in the Haddington School]. Then there was Maister Carlyle himsel'; and he cam to finish her off, like. I'm told he's a great man noo, and unco' muckle respeckit in London"—That was certainly a memorable day in June 1821 when there stood before the graceful and spirited girl in Haddington not only the gigantic, handsome, black-haired Irving, whom she had known since her childhood, but also the friend he had brought with him, less tall than Irving by five or six inches, of leaner and less handsome frame, but with head of the most powerful shape, thick dark-brown hair several shades lighter than her own, and an intenser genius than Irving's visible in his deep eyes, cliff-like brow, and sad face of a bilious ruddy. It was just about this time that Irving used to rattle up his friend from his desponding depths by the prophecy of the coming time when they would shake hands across a brook as respectively first in British Divinity and British Literature, and people, after saying "Both these fellows are from Annandale," would add "Where is Annandale?" The girl, looking at the two, may have already heard of Irving's jocular prophecy.

A most interesting coincidence in time with the first visit to Haddington would be established by the dating given by Mr. Froude to a memorandum of Carlyle's own respecting a passage in the *Sartor Resartus*. In that work, it may be remembered, Teufelsdröckh, after he has deserted the popular faith, passes through three stages before he attains to complete spiritual rest and manhood. For a while he is in the state of mind called "The Everlasting No"; out of this he moves on to a middle point, called "The Centre of Indifference"; and finally he reaches "The Everlasting Yes." The particular passage under notice is that in

which, having long been in the stage of "The Everlasting No," the prey of the most miserable and pusillanimous fears, utterly helpless and abject, there came upon him, all of a sudden, one sultry day, as he was toiling along the wretched little street in Paris called *Rue Saint Thomas de l'Enfer*, a kind of miraculous rousing and illumination. "All at once, there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatso it be; and, as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come then; I will meet it and defy it!' And, as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance. Thus had the EVERLASTING No (*das Ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my Me; and then was it that my whole Me stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said, 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's)'; to which my whole Me made answer: 'I am not thine, but Free, and for ever hate thee!' It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began

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"to be a Man." In the memorandum of Carlyle's which Mr. Froude quotes, he declares that, while most of *Sartor Resartus* is mere symbolical myth, this account of the sudden spiritual awakening of the imaginary Teufelsdröckh in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer in Paris is a record of what happened literally to himself one day in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. He remembered the incident well, he says in the memorandum, and the very spot in Leith Walk where it occurred. The memorandum itself does not date the incident; but Mr. Froude, from authority in his possession, dates it in June 1821. As that was the month of the first visit to Haddington, and first sight of Jane Welsh, the coincidence is striking. But, whatever was the amount of change in Carlyle's mind thus associated with his recollection of the Leith Walk incident of June 1821, it seems an exaggeration to say, as Mr. Froude does, that this was the date of Carlyle's complete "conversion," or spiritual "new birth," in the sense that he then "achieved finally the convictions, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed." In the first place, we have Carlyle's own most distinct assurance that his complete spiritual conversion, or new-birth, in the sense of finding that he had conquered all his "scepticisms, agonising doubttings, fearful wrestlings with the foul and vile and soul-murdering mud-gods," and was emerging from a worse than Tartarus into "the eternal blue of Ether," was not accomplished till about four years after the present date: viz. during the year which he spent at Hoddam Hill between May 26, 1825, and May 26, 1826 (*Reminiscences*, i. 286—289). In the second place, it would be a mistake to suppose that the spiritual change which Carlyle intended to describe, whether in his own case or in Teufelsdröckh's, by the transition from the Everlasting No, through the centre of Indifference, to the Everlasting Yes, was a change of intellectual theory in relation to any system of theological doctrine. The parting from the old

theology, in the real case as well as in the imaginary one, had been final and complete; and, though there had been a continued prosecution of the question *Num detur religio naturalis*, the form in which that question had been prosecuted had not been so much the theoretical one between Atheism or Materialism on the one hand and Theism or Spiritual Supernaturalism on the other, as the moral or practical one of personal duty on either assumption. That the "theory of the universe" which Carlyle had adopted on parting with the old faith was the spiritualistic one, whether a pure Theism or an imaginative hypothesis of a struggle between the Divine and the Diabolic, can hardly be doubted. No constitution such as his could have adopted the other theory, or rested in it long. But let the Theistic theory have been adopted however passionately and held however tenaciously, what a tumult of mind, what a host of despairs and questionings, before its high abstractions could be brought down into a rule for personal behaviour, and wrapt with any certainty or comfort round one's moving, living, and suffering self! How was that vast Inconceivable related to this little life and its world, or was there no relation at all but that of merciless and irresistible power? What of the origin and purpose of all things visible, and of man amid them? What of death and the future? It is of this course of mental groping and questioning, inevitable even after the strongest general assumption of the Theistic theory, that Carlyle seems to have taken account in his description of a progress from the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yes; and what is most remarkable in his description is that he makes every advance, every step gained, to depend not so much on an access of intellectual light as on a sudden stirring at the roots of the conscience and the will. Teufelsdröckh's mental progress out of the mood of the Everlasting No is a succession of *practical determinations as to the conduct of his own spirit*, each determination coming as

an inspired effort of the will, altering his demeanour from that moment, and the last bringing him into a final condition of freedom and self-mastery. The effort of the will does indeed diffuse a corresponding change through the intellect; but it is as if on the principle, "Henceforth such and such a view of things *shall* be my view,"—which is but a variation of the Scriptural principle that it is by doing the Law that one comes to know the Gospel. The Leith Walk incident, accordingly, is to be taken as the equivalent in Carlyle's case to that first step out of the Everlasting No of which he makes so much in the biography of Teufelsdröckh. It was not his complete conversion or emancipation by any means,—for which result repeated efforts, repeated strokes, might well be needed; but it was a beginning. It was, to use his own words, a change at least "in the temper of his misery," and a change for the better, inasmuch as it substituted indignation and defiance for what had been mere fear and whimpering. His mood thenceforth, though still miserable enough, was to be less abject and more stern. On the whole, if this construction of the Leith Walk incident of June 1821 does not make so much of it as Mr. Froude's does, it leaves enough of reason for any Edinburgh man, when he next chances to be in that dull and straggling thoroughfare between Edinburgh and Leith, to pause near the middle of it, and look about him. The spot must have been below Pilrig Street, which was Carlyle's starting-point from his lodgings on his way to Leith and the Portobello bathing-station.

There was, at all events, no very *obvious* change in Carlyle's mood and demeanour in Edinburgh in the latter part of 1821. His own report in the *Reminiscences* is still of the dreariness of his life, his gruff humours, and gloomy prognostications. But, corroborated though this report is in the main by contemporary letters, it would be a mistake, I believe, to accept it absolutely, or without such abatements as mere reflection on the circumstances

will easily suggest. If Burns is right when he says

“ Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow :
Chords that vibrate keenest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe,”

something of the reverse must be equally true. It is impossible to suppose that Carlyle, at this period of his life or at any other, can have been all unhappy, even when he thought himself most unhappy. There must have been ardours and glows of soul, great joys and exhilarations, corresponding to the complexity of nervous endowment that could descend to such depths of sadness. From himself we learn, in particular, how the society of Irving, whether in their Annandale meetings, or in Irving's visits to Edinburgh, had always an effect upon his spirits like that of sunrising upon night or fog. Irving's letters must have had a similar effect,—such a letter, for example, as that from Glasgow in which Irving had written, “I am beginning to see the dawn of the day when you shall be plucked by the literary world from my solitary, and therefore more clear, admiration,” and had added this interesting note respecting Dr. Chalmers: “Our honest Demosthenes, or shall I call him Chrysostom? (Boanerges would fit him better), seems to have caught some glimpse of your inner man, though he had few opportunities; for he never ceases to be inquiring after you.”¹ Whether such letters brought Carlyle exhilaration or not, there must have been exhilaration for him, or at least roused interest, on Irving's own account, in the news, which came late in 1821, that Irving was not to be tied much longer to the kindly Glasgow Demosthenes and his very difficult

congregation. After two years and a half of the Glasgow assistantship to Dr. Chalmers, there had come that invitation to the pastorate of the Scotch Church, Hatton Garden, London, which Irving received as exultingly, as he afterwards said, as if it had been a call to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. He passed through Edinburgh on his way to London to offer himself on probation to the little colony of London Scots that thought he might suit them for a minister; and Carlyle was the last person he saw before leaving Scotland. The scene of their parting was the coffee-room of the old Black Bull Hotel in Leith Street, then the great starting-place for the Edinburgh coaches. It was “a dim night, November or December, between nine and ten,” Carlyle tells us; but Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving* helps us to the more precise dating of December 1821, a day or two before Christmas. They had their talk in the coffee-room; and Carlyle, on going, gave Irving a bundle of cigars, that he might try one or two of them in the tedium of his journey next day on the top of the coach. Who smoked the cigars no one knows; for Irving, in the hurry of starting next morning, forgot to take them with him, and left them lying in a stall in the coffee-room. That meeting at the Black Bull in Leith Street, however, was to be remembered by both. Irving had gone to London to set the Thames on fire; Carlyle remained in Edinburgh for his mathematical teaching, his private German readings, his hackwork for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and the chances of continued contributorship to the *New Edinburgh Review*. Thus the year 1821 ended, and the year 1822 began, and seemed likely to proceed.

DAVID MASSON.

¹ Quoted by Mr. Froude in his *Nineteenth Century* article.

(To be continued.)

GONE SEAWARD.

A MERRY tiresome child, an hour ago,
 That shouted and made haste for life's mere sake,
 And knew no why for wanderings to and fro:
 A creature boisterously blithe to be;
 And playtime was all hours when he might wake.
 An hour ago: and now, great river tide,
 What mute dead thing is it that thou dost hide?
 What mute dead thing they cannot win from thee?

An hour ago his laughters broke the sky:
 And then, a foot that slipped, a parted wave,
 And life that was to be has all passed by.
 A plunge, a struggle, and he has forgot:
 And 'tis a nought they seek and cannot save.
 Give back, great river tide, the thing they seek;
 Give the unstirring limb, the frigid cheek,
 Give back the dead: the child returneth not.

And 'tis the common tale of life and death;
 And 'tis the tale that never shall seem true,
 For life is ours the while we draw our breath,
 And death we know not save its alien name.
 A restless child that leaped and laughed and grew;
 And sudden there's but silence and a void.
 Great river tide, give back the thing destroyed,
 And, Greater River, bear him whence he came.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

To ordinary observers the present condition of Ireland seems as sad and apparently as hopeless as it was at any period since England first undertook the responsibility of governing it. Perennial poverty, chronic confusion, enduring disaffection — these things, through all chances and changes, stand out still in bold relief as the chief characteristics of Ireland's latter day condition. Nevertheless, these indications of seemingly serious unrest are not to be trusted; they do not lie much below the surface, and may be regarded as false beacons if they are considered as indicating that some serious dangers are present in the lower depths. Those who desire to obtain a true insight into the present state of Ireland must view it in the light of past events, and it will then be seen that, despite the turmoil of the hour, there are indications that the reconciliation of Ireland to British rule is making some progress.

Perhaps the most hopeful circumstance for the friends of the British connection is, that separation is admitted by almost common consent to be impossible. Mr. John O'Leary, one of the Fenian leaders of '65, recently stated to an "interviewer" that he saw no possibility, either in the present or the near future, of Ireland winning her independence from England; and other reputed "Fenians," in Ireland and in America, have expressed concurrence in this opinion. And yet it is little better than a decade of years since an Irish Republic was said to have been "virtually established," and the leaders of the period would not tolerate any political movement or agitation which was at all based on the assumption that British rule in Ireland was other than an intolerable usurpation, or that the British Parliament

was competent to legislate for Ireland in accordance with the wants and wishes of its people. Now, on the contrary, all idea that there is a possibility of severing the connection between the two countries seems to be given up, and the aspirations of the separatists of former days to be limited to repeal of the Union and the restoration of the Irish Parliament. Recent legislation of the British Parliament, moreover, bids fair to leave the advocates of self-government for Ireland logically not a leg to stand on. Indeed it can hardly be seriously disputed that of late the Imperial Parliament has legislated for Ireland in as just and as liberal a spirit as an Irish Parliament composed of elements quite "racy of the soil" could have done; and if it continues to be actuated by the same benevolent intentions, there can be no doubt that it will advance with rapid strides towards the final consummation of the very latest conquest of Ireland.

But it is said, and will no doubt continue to be said, that the inherent right of Ireland to the restoration of her Parliament cannot be abrogated or set aside by concessions by the British Parliament to Irish demands. Granting that this assumed right is indisputable, is it reasonable to suppose that the rulers of Great Britain, having at last succeeded in governing in the interests of the Irish people, and to their entire satisfaction, will make the hazardous experiment of resigning their functions to an untried body of native legislators, who cannot be expected — be they ever so competent — to do better than they have done, and are doing, themselves, in order to conciliate a sentiment of merely speculative right? The British Government, in fact, are slowly but surely under-

mining all the solid outworks of Irish discontent—they may even be said to have already made a marked impression upon its very citadel. Can they reasonably be expected to surrender what they have won, and the chance of winning further victories in the same direction, out of deference to a feeling of deprivation which it may be argued, with truth, has been already compensated by an equivalent substitute? They have done as much as Irish legislators would have done for Irish tenants, if not more. It need hardly be said that the question of all Irish questions the most difficult, the most vitally important, has been that of the relations between landlord and tenant. The landlords were absolute owners of the land, and, supported by English law, could, as a rule, charge what rent they pleased for it; could evict the tenants for no just reason, but merely at their own caprice, and could confiscate all their improvements. In truth the relation of the occupying tenant to the landlord was one of absolute serfdom. The landlords literally held the lives and properties of the tenants at their disposal. They could at their pleasure dispossess them, leave them and their families naked and desolate on the roadside, to either rot and die in the union workhouse, or perish miserably, in mid-ocean, on their way to some foreign shore; and reserve to themselves the full value of the fruits of their labours. When we consider that fully three-fourths of the people of Ireland are dependent for their living upon agriculture, it is easy to realise how vitally important it was that some restraint should be placed upon the exercise of the absolute power for life and death over the tenants vested in the landlords by British law; but yet for many a weary year were they permitted to work their wicked wills upon the poor people whom alien rule placed at their mercy, with the result of creating and fostering illegal and criminal combinations for defensive and deterrent purposes.

At length the “intensity of Fenianism,”—though the real strength of Fenianism lay not in the thing itself, but upon the sympathy it excited amongst the oppressed farming classes who held aloof from it—awakened Mr. Gladstone to a keen sense of the gross injustice of the Irish land-laws, and the Land Act of 1870 was the result. This Act however proved to be little more than an enduring monument of good intentions. It aimed to restrain evictions; for a time at least it increased them. It proposed to give the tenants security in their holdings; but it utterly failed to do so in practice. It was also intended to encourage tenants to become owners of their holdings, but it offered them no feasible facilities for that purpose. Its fatal blot, which practically rendered it useless as a measure of redress for the grievances of Irish tenants, was its failure to place the slightest restriction upon the power of the landlords to rackrent to any extent they pleased. The Act, it is true, placed a penalty upon capricious eviction, and also awarded the tenants compensation for their improvements, under certain stipulations. A tenant-at-will—that is, a tenant holding from year to year—evicted by his landlord was entitled to compensation for disturbance at a rate calculated upon a sliding scale, which gave to the occupier of the smallest holding the largest proportionate compensation. Thus a tenant whose holding was valued at 10*l.* was entitled to seven years’ rent; but those whose farms bore the valuation of 100*l.* could only recover two years’ rent, and those valued at over 100*l.* only one year’s rent, as compensation for disturbance: and under no circumstances would the amount awarded be allowed to exceed 250*l.* This was in fact but holding out a premium to the landlords to evict the small holders in order to consolidate their properties, and reduce the rate of compensation which in future they would have to pay their tenants upon eviction. But it was still

quite open to the unscrupulous landlord to evade compensating the tenant for disturbance in any way. He had only to raise the rent to a sum which he knew the tenant could not by any possibility pay, and then he could evict for non-payment of rent without having to incur any penalty for the disturbance. In like manner it was open to such a landlord to confiscate the value of the tenants' improvements by raising the rent by the amount of their probable value.

The failure of this well-intentioned measure might have been, but was not, foreseen. Before it was many months in operation, however, its effect was observed in the increased number of evictions and in a pretty general raising of rents all over the country; in short, its absolute failure as a remedy for the grievances of the tenant-farmers was soon unmistakably demonstrated. Of quite a different character is the Land Act of the present year. It really goes to the root of the evil. As a weapon of defence for tenants against the exactions of rapacious landlords it leaves little to be desired. A measure so comprehensive, so liberal, and—despite some blemishes—altogether conceived in a spirit of such even-handed justice, never entered the mind of Irish patriot in his wildest dreams as the possible bestowal of an alien government. This act of the British Parliament—despite a few admitted and not important defects—in short, gives to Irish tenants absolute security in the enjoyment of the full fruits of their labours, and entire immunity from landlord exactions. I would ask, Does it not accord the extreme of concession ever asked for Irish tenants in sober seriousness from the British Parliament? Does it not give them quite as much, if not more, than they could expect from a native legislature? We are told that nothing short of the abolition of landlordism will satisfy the tenantry of Ireland. If that be so, then this Act should entirely content them, for

it practically does away with landlordism. Under it landlordism, as it has heretofore existed, has ceased to be; there are in Ireland landlords no longer, only rent-chargers. A landlord cannot fix rent; cannot possess himself of the smallest portion of the tenant's improvements without compensation; cannot interfere with the disposal by the tenant of the interest in his farm—excepting under some not at all important conditions; cannot exert any power or authority whatever over the tenant so long as he receives his rent, which has been fixed by a tribunal acting impartially between himself and his tenant. The Act, in truth, secures the tenant in the full enjoyment of his equal right with his landlord in the ownership of the soil.

Surely this is an enormous boon to Ireland, and should be accepted as such with gratitude by every sincere lover of his country. With entire truth does Sir C. J. Duffy declare that the Act should be received gratefully, and that "all the productive energy, all the generous enthusiasm, of our people, should be directed to the task of utilising it to its utmost possibility of good." "If I were a bishop," wrote Sir Charles, "I would write a pastoral; if I were a priest, I would deliver a discourse; if I were a journalist, I would make myself heard from that rostrum; if I could do no better, I would beat a drum on the highway in order to fix the attention of our people on the splendid opportunity they possess of becoming prosperous and peaceful."

And yet the Land League agitators are not satisfied, and have resolved to make the Act the starting point of a renewed and if possible more vigorous agitation for the abolition of landlordism. Now let us see what means this vague talk about the abolition of landlordism? Obviously it means the extinction of landlords—that is to say that is the meaning which the Land League agitators wish the phrase to bear, without, however, giving the faintest indication how pre

cisely it is to be brought about. There are three methods by which such a thing could be partially effected. The first is by revolution and the confiscation of the landlords' property. That, however, it is admitted, is altogether outside the sphere of practical politics. The second is by the expropriation of the landlords' property by the State for the purpose of making it over to the cultivators. That also belongs to the category of the impracticable, for it is quite plain that no British Government could be induced to despoil the landlords—who have been the mainstay of British rule in Ireland—in order to enrich the tenants—that is, to “rob Peter to pay Paul.” The third is, to give facilities to tenants, whose landlords are willing to sell, to purchase their farms. That, however, this Land Act does in as liberal a spirit as could fairly be expected from its originators. A tenant has only to find a fourth of the purchase money, the Government lends him the rest, and accepts repayment in instalments spread over a period of thirty-five years. If the tenant has no capital of his own he is permitted to raise his fourth of the purchase money by mortgaging his farm. The growth of a peasant proprietary under this system must necessarily be slow, but has there ever been suggested any other plan, at all feasible, which would accelerate the process?

What, therefore, means this senseless cry for the abolition of landlordism if it be not a mere device to excuse the continuance of an agitation which is no longer needed, but which pays exceedingly well? The Land League, without doubt, made the land question ripe for settlement, but that is all that can fairly be said in its favour. It is managed by business men for business men—that is, by people who do not at all consider that patriotism should be its own reward. It has only too successfully traded on the sympathies of the Irish-American people for the victims of landlord rapacity in Ireland, and the result has been that its

managers have had placed at their disposal by their Irish-American compatriots a larger sum of money than any public agitation in this country in the present century had at command. Moreover they decline to give any details of the expenditure of this vast sum of money which is being constantly augmented. So that it is obvious that there are substantial reasons why they should keep up so profitable an agitation as long as possible, at least until the supplies fail. There is at all events no other conceivable reason for the perpetuation of the condition of social disorganisation involved in the longer continuance of this agitation. In due time, and in the ordinary course of things, the Land Act will be amended where in working it is seen to require amendment; but to suggest that there is the faintest possibility of obtaining better terms for the Irish tenantry from the British Government than this Act gives them, is but to disclose a deliberate attempt to deceive.

That, however, is what the Land Leaguers are doing. Clearly these gentry do not stop at trifles. It is their game to promote “bad blood” between landlord and tenant, and to throw any obstacle possible in the way of the Land Act getting a fair trial. They have been endeavouring to pick holes in it with no other object than to prevent the tenants availing themselves of its most beneficent provisions. Mr. Healy, M.P., in particular, quite prides himself upon his success in finding out “points”; but his “points” have been over and over again demonstrated to be all wrong. But still he persists in proclaiming them, no doubt in the hope that he may thereby prevent the advantages of the Act being availed of by the most ignorant of his *clientèle*. Indeed it is not possible to conceive anything more heartlessly malevolent than the advice which these Leaguers so persistently give to the tenants to induce them to withhold payment of their rent until compelled to pay it “at the bayonet’s point,” or

to allow the interest in their farms to be sold to the "emergency men" (a landlord organisation) in order to produce a striking moral effect—to give the landlords so much trouble in getting their rents that they shall cease to look for any rent at all. In the first instance, the tenant pays at the eleventh hour, and is mulcted heavily in costs as well, while the landlord gets the full amount of his rent, and is put to no expense whatever. In the second, the tenant loses his farm absolutely, and the value of his improvements and other advantages which the Land Act secures him. But of what consequence to these "patriots" by profession are the sacrifices and sufferings of the tenants? They have proclaimed that "on the cause must go"—the cause, that is, of fraud and falsehood—at all hazards, and it goes on accordingly. They will continue to deceive a too-confiding people in this way—to heartlessly *exploiter* them—until they find that it no longer pays them to do so. Then they will calmly put them aside as remorselessly as does the professional gambler the loaded dice with which he swindles his dupes.

I think I may claim to speak with some little authority on this subject of Irish discontent, disaffection, and land-law reform. I have been as "advanced" in my political opinions as the foremost Irish patriots of the period. For sixteen years I was the responsible conductor of the most advanced of the Irish National journals—the *Irishman* and the *Flag of Ireland*—and suffered imprisonment on two occasions for what is called sedition, that is for "open and advised speaking." I have never abated in the slightest degree the earnestness of my devotion to the cause of my native land, and my deliberate opinion is that it is the duty of every Irish patriot to advise his fellow countrymen to extract every atom of good that can be got from this Land Act, in the firm conviction that it will raise them out of the slough of despond in which

harsh laws have so long kept them sunk, and place them in such a position that they can make themselves and their demands respected. I have yet to learn that it is part of the duty of the true lover of his country to advise his countrymen to disregard great advantages within their reach, in the futile pursuit of phantom benefits which, ever receding from their grasp, may ultimately entice them to their destruction. Therefore do I most earnestly desire that my countrymen should not give ear to the evil counsels of interested and unscrupulous guides, who are moved by no higher motives than greed of gain or lust of political power, but should avail themselves of every advantage which this Act proposes to give them.

I have said that the British Government assailed the citadel of Irish discontent with success when it passed this Land Act, but I do not deny that there are still some minor grievances to be redressed before the final and cordial union of Ireland and England will be consummated. It is England's interest to continue the work of conciliation until there remains not a solitary removable disability affecting the Irish people. It is even on the cards that in course of time Ireland may obtain from her English rulers such a measure of Home Rule as will not render any reconstruction of the constitution necessary. Still the British rulers of Ireland will have to endure for many a long day the penalty of the sins of their forefathers. They will have to deal with that intangible feeling of dislike, not to say hatred, of England which most Irishmen inherit as their birthright, and which is fostered and kept alive, not merely by heartless and interested agitators for their own selfish purposes, but by the bumptiousness of minor British officialism. Most of the minor *employés* of Governmental Departments are, as a rule, Englishmen, who not only have no sympathy with the people amongst whom their lot is cast, but

who go out of their way to display their lofty contempt for Ireland and the Irish. It is no wonder, therefore, that a high-spirited race should resent this assumption of superiority by those whose endeavour should be to conciliate them, and should cordially dislike the Government and people whose unworthy representatives are such as I have described. It seems incredible, but it is true, that this feeling—this mere sentiment of dislike—was the most formidable factor in recent *émeutes* and attempted “risings.” The giant grievance of Ireland has been always bad Land Laws, and yet the farmers as a body held aloof from the revolutionary organisations of '48 and '65, notwithstanding that their demands were put in the very forefront of the revolutionary programme. Indeed, it must be confessed that there was little of real earnestness in these movements. It is hardly exaggeration to say that since the “rising” of '98 there is no evidence of the existence in Ireland of that resolute determination and readiness to make sacrifices, which alone can win freedom for a subject people. The '48 *émeute* was the result of the failure of O'Connell's peaceful agitation, and was almost, from every point of view, quite contemptible. After prodigious promises of great things to be achieved, it perished miserably in a cabbage garden. The chief result was the imprisonment and compulsory exile of many Irish patriots who have since shed lustre on the name and fame of Ireland. The Fenian outbreak was rather more formidable, but it too was subdued as soon as it made a demonstration of force. A handful of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, utterly routed the army of the Irish Republic then said to have been “virtually established.”

But nevertheless the Fenian movement supplied some instances of individual heroism and unselfish devotion to a desperate cause of which any country might be proud, and the conduct and demeanour of its leaders

when on trial for their lives extorted admiration from even the staunchest friends of the English connection. These things constituted the real strength of Fenianism, because they excited intense sympathy amongst people of almost every degree outside the ranks of the organization itself. Nor is the history of the movement devoid of interest or of exciting episodes. Its founder, Stephens, proved himself an excellent organizer, and, on the whole, a leader possessing both judgment and prudence—the latter quality perhaps slightly in excess. He had been engaged in the '48 rising, in which he was wounded, and ultimately escaped to France. When things settled down he returned to Ireland, and found in Dublin some friends who had formed a revolutionary organization, which, then in its infancy, he took in hand, and out of it grew the Fenian conspiracy which at one time promised to be truly formidable. The object of the conspiracy was the establishment of an Irish Republic by force of arms, and Stephens would not at all tolerate any legal or constitutional agitation. In this respect he must be said to be far in advance of most of his successors, who have gone in for peaceful agitation without any reservation whatever. Stephens laboured unceasingly to extend and consolidate the organization, and great success attended his efforts. The country was divided into districts, presided over by a “centre,” who was sworn to withdraw all allegiance from the British sovereign, to be loyal to the Irish Republic, to keep all the secrets of the brotherhood, obey all commands of his superior officers, and be ready to take up arms at a moment's notice. Each centre was known by the letter A, and each A worked by means of captains, each of whom was known by the letter B. Each individual officer knew only the officer immediately above him, and no other, except by accident. At the same time the movement found its way to America, and under the guid-

ance of the late John O'Mahony—another '48 man—attained vast proportions. Not the least effective part of the policy of Stephens was his endeavour to seduce the soldiers of Great Britain from their allegiance, and in this, to judge from the large number of military men who were tried and convicted of treason felony in '66 and '67, he succeeded to a very great extent. The climax of the movement was reached after the termination of the American War; and the conspiracy gained a rare accession of strength in the number of trained soldiers, disbanded from the American armies which then joined its ranks. The British Government, however, were kept constantly informed, by their legions of spies, of every move of the conspirators, and were enabled to determine the most opportune time to make their swoop—in April, '65. They succeeded in capturing all the leaders of the conspiracy, including Stephens, whose remarkable escape from Richmond Bridewell added immensely to the *prestige* of the movement, and seemed to indicate that it possessed an inherent strength and vitality in which it really was wanting. The conspirators had accomplices in the prison, who unlocked the door of Stephens's cell and set him free. The Government put a most alluring price upon his head; nevertheless, and although he remained in Dublin for months after his escape, and his hiding-place was known to many of his associates, it is striking testimony of their fidelity to their chief that they resisted the temptation to betray him, and ultimately he escaped to France. Another incident which profoundly excited the Irish people outside the Fenian ranks, was that which is known as the Manchester rescue, and the subsequent execution of three of the alleged rescuers. The successor of Stephens in the conduct of the movement, after the abortive "rising" in '67, was one Colonel Kelly. This gentleman, in company with a Captain Deasy, was arrested

in Manchester, in September of that year, on a charge of loitering with intent to commit a felony. They were both being conveyed to prison in the prison-van, after having been remanded for further examination, on the 18th of September, when, as the van approached the railway arch over the Hyde Road, it was intercepted and attacked by a band of armed Fenians. One of the horses was shot dead and the other became unmanageable, so that the progress of the van was stopped. The seven policemen who formed the escort of the prisoners do not appear to have shown fight, but another policeman, who sat behind the door of the van, was accidentally killed by a shot which was fired by one of the rescuers into the lock of the door, which could not otherwise have been opened. Kelly and Deasy were then removed from the van and got clear away, despite a hot pursuit, and were not afterwards apprehended. As a matter of course, a number of Irishmen were arrested, a few of whom were taken on the spot. Three of them were hanged in front of Salford prison in the following November. The evidence upon which they were convicted was not considered in Ireland sufficient to establish their guilt; and for that reason, and also because of the desperate nature of the adventure, they were regarded as martyrs in the cause of their country, and will continue to be considered as such, and their memories cherished, for many a long day.

But on the whole the Fenian organization in so far as it proposed to overturn British rule in Ireland by force, was altogether contemptible. It had no particular plan, and its armament was ludicrously insufficient to justify an attempt at even a partial outbreak. But it produced good effects in another direction: it induced the rulers of Ireland to mend their hands, and it is not denied that the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland went down before its supposed "intensity." The revelation to the world that

Fenianism was the outcome of cruel wrongs endured by the Irish people, had its effect, and the rulers of the country could no longer disregard demands for their redress. It was not the movement itself which was formidable; it focussed the attention of the ruling power upon the sad condition of Ireland, and compelled redress of grievances which hitherto had been denied.

Fenianism, as a revolutionary organization, has now ceased to be. There are no longer Fenians; they have, with the exception of some of its founders—the “Old Guard” of the organization—become Land Leaguers. This is a distinct triumph for British rule. It is a confession of the utter hopelessness of Ireland ever winning her independence by force. It would be difficult to overrate the significance of this fact. The Fenian theory was that every concession made by England to Irish demands weakened her case for self-government, and rendered the chance of a successful “rising” against British rule more remote and uncertain. Consequently the Fenians were vehemently opposed to peaceful agitation for redress of grievances in any shape or form. All the leaders of the movement in the period from '65 to '69 refused to tolerate such agitation at all, and until lately their successors regarded it with hardly more favour. None of them were blind to the possibility that revolutionists who coquetted with agitation, might succumb to its attractions. It is manifestly far more pleasant, and infinitely more safe, for Irish patriots to attend “monster” meetings “in their thousands,” and listen to judiciously stimulating oratory, or partake in the not unpleasant excitement of a contested election, and conceive that in so doing they are discharging their duty to their country, than to plot, conspire, and design, by force of arms, to overturn British rule and cast out British rulers. Consequently it was not without sound reason that every earnest Fenian, from James Stephens to O'Donovan

Rossa, proclaimed that legal and constitutional agitation was something considerably worse than a delusion and a snare. The Fenian organ, *The Irish People*, had no patience with it. It argued that such concessions as were won from England by agitation, were given as bribes by the English Government to induce the Irish people to become reconciled to their rule. And it used to assert that every concession made by England to agitation only had the effect of extending her unjust authority. Of such a character, it held, was the recognition by England of the independence of the Irish Parliament in 1782, and the emancipation of the Catholics in 1829. “The revolution of '82,” it wrote, “was, after all, a plausible, solemn, deluding humbug—a clever manœuvre of the English Government to transform a national movement of glorious promise into a mere imposing piece of pageantry England's concession was a master stroke of policy The act of union was the natural result of '82. Ireland lost her golden opportunity on the day on which English concession prevented her achievement of real independence by war.” In like manner the *Irish People* argued that Catholic Emancipation really tended to strengthen and consolidate English rule. “Emancipation,” it wrote, “has deprived the Irish people of those from whom, considering their talents and acquirements they might justly claim help and guidance”—i.e. the Protestants. “It has done more harm than good. To benefit Ireland it should never have been separated from the Irish cause.”

This will show how determinately opposed to agitation the Fenians were, and how greatly they have changed. They have now taken to agitation as if they were agitators to “the manner born.” The English Government, the Fenians professed to believe, is an unjust usurpation of authority over Ireland, which they designed to get rid of by force, because it is not possible to dispose of it in any other way.

Recourse to the method of moral suasion, on which agitators chiefly rely, necessitated, they were in the habit of arguing, if not the acknowledgment that the usurpation is just, at all events that its injustice should be condoned, and that every successful effort to compel concession rendered it less obnoxious, and was therefore a distinct loss to the Fenian cause. The fact that the Fenians have now abandoned such theories as untenable may be taken as proof of their soundness—concessions have been won by peaceful agitation which have attracted them from their own particular ways and led them into those which have been rendered lawful by constitutional usage.

The Land League agitation was, in fact, originated chiefly with the set purpose of diverting Fenians from the errors of their revolutionary ways into the peaceful paths of constitutional agitation. It was founded by Michael Davitt, a well-known Fenian, in conjunction with John Devoy and other Fenians. These gentlemen designed a new departure in Irish politics, intended to unite all sections of Irish patriots in an open and above-board movement for the abolition of landlordism and other reforms of a like drastic and comprehensive character. The Fenians were to come forth into the light of day and abandon at once and for ever the policy of isolation which they had so long maintained to the great detriment, it was held, of the influence which they could exert with their countrymen in furtherance of the national cause. And in order to more effectually recommend the project to the acceptance of the Fenian party, it was covertly hinted that they might obtain control of the movement, and conduct it according to their own particular notions as to how it should be carried on. The bait took; and now we see that though the movement has absorbed the physical force party, its management still remains vested in the hands of the peace party—in other

words the professional agitators. We have the high authority of Mr. James Redpath, an Irish-American journalist, who has been investigating the Irish question "on the spot," for the statement that the Land League has effaced the "Fenians." He is reported to have declared to a Parisian interviewer that "seven-tenths of the Fenians had suspended their connection with the physical force party, and that that party could never be revived unless the English Government refused to do justice to the Irish tenantry"—an exception which no longer applies, for the English Government *has* done justice to the Irish tenantry. Mr. John Devoy himself, the chief inventor and patentee of Land Leaguism, but who was a very loud-speaking, but very prudent, Fenian, has dropped, on the part of the Fenians, all pretence of any design to overthrow English rule in Ireland. He is said to be about to publish a newspaper, to be called the *Irish Nation*, the policy of which is not to urge the extinction of English rule in Ireland, but the uprooting of evil systems planted on her soil by English hands—meaning thereby, of course, the laws which work injuriously for the interests of the Irish people, which the British Government are steadily removing one by one—and in regard to economic questions, a policy of creating, fostering, and protecting such industries as the country is capable of producing is to be kept constantly in view. Such is the programme of the new journal, which is to be edited by a man who was once so intense a Fenian, and altogether so tremendously dangerous a conspirator, that he was held up by the Home Secretary in the British House of Commons as an awful example of the bloodthirsty character of Fenians in general, and to show how utterly irreconcilable they were to British rule in its mildest form. Could there be, by any possibility, more convincing evidence that British rule in Ireland has at last succeeded in disarming and rendering impotent its most truly formic-

able and earnest opponents by generous concession? Nor does the fact that the Government were obliged, in defence of the rights of their most influential supporters in Ireland—the landlords—to pass Coercive and Disarming Acts, weaken the effect of their policy of resolutely setting about the removal of every grievance of which the Irish people have reason to complain. I firmly believe that it was only under the pressure of imperative necessity that the Government of Mr. Gladstone procured the enactment of laws authorising the arrest of suspicious parties who were believed to be engaged in practices tending to prevent landlords and other obnoxious persons exercising their lawful rights. It was not, in fact, until Land-League law had practically supplanted British law in the country that the Government demanded and obtained power to arrest the most turbulent of the agitators and other wrong-doers, and keep them under lock and key for a specified period; and really, unless they chose to abrogate their functions altogether, it is difficult to see what other course they could have adopted.

It could not reasonably be expected that British rulers should meekly acquiesce in the setting aside of their rule, and the usurpation of their position as rulers by declared enemies of all laws of British manufacture. If they elected to rule at all, they were bound to make their rule respected. And I for one do not conceive it to be in harmony with that courage and resolution which have heretofore been the most marked characteristics of Irish patriots who had fallen into the toils of their enemies, that the imprisoned "martyrs" of the present time and their friends should lament over their sufferings, and raise and prolong an outcry against the tyranny which has doomed them to not over-oppressive imprisonment. They deliberately set the British Government at defiance; and if they have come off second best in the encounter thus

provoked, is it manly for them to cry out and rail against their victorious antagonists? They dared the might of British power foolishly and recklessly, and surely it would be but dignified and proper to submit silently to the defeat which they invited, and impose a like reticence upon their too good-natured sympathisers who are at liberty. The "Fenians" of 1865 who suffered in British prisons, and were subjected to a discipline, contrasted with which that sustained by the *suspects* of the present period appears the very incarnation of mildness—bore their sufferings like men and patriots, and made no lament over the fate which had befallen them; but clearly they were made of sterner stuff than the agitators of the present period.

Furthermore, it is necessary to note that Irish patriots of the past by no means favoured the Land League policy of setting class against class, producing social disorder, and imposing, as a penalty for refusal to obey their behests, the odious system of social ostracism known as Boycotting. Sir C. G. Duffy wrote in the *Nation*, in 1847: "If ever the spirit of sectarian ascendancy or social disorganisation develop itself into a power in Ireland, may I perish dishonourably if I shall not be found combating it." And it is notorious that the Fenian leaders ambitioned not the extinction of landlordism, but rather the reconciliation of landlords and tenants, in order that the former, whom they regarded as the natural leaders of the people, should exercise their legitimate influence for the general good. They sought to unite the whole Irish race in an earnest effort to make their country independent; and consequently nothing could be more odious in their eyes than the dishonest and degrading doctrines which now are received with so much favour.

On the whole, then, I think it can hardly be disputed that of late years England has made much progress in the direction of conciliating Irish disaffection; and that if she has not

yet consummated the conquest of the country, she has at least fairly commenced it by generous concession. I am confident that time will prove that the Land Act has cut the ground from under the feet of the agitators, upon which until now they found such firm footing. That they are keenly alive to the fact is evident in the desperate efforts they are making—I trust and believe in vain—to disparage this really comprehensive and liberal measure, and prevent the tenantry from taking advantage of the great facilities it offers them of obtaining security in the possession of the full fruits of their labours. The Irish peasantry, as a rule, have always been keenly alive to their own interests. In fact, they may be said to have resisted the blandishments of the present agitators until it was made clear to them that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose from the adoption of their advice. When they were exhorted, as a sacred duty to God and their country, to pay only such rents as they themselves choose to consider fair, and were moreover assured that by doing so they would secure to themselves present profit and ultimate great advantages, they, as might naturally be expected, rendered cheerful obedience to such evil promptings. It is therefore certain that now that they have the means within easy reach of greatly bettering their position in life—of earning greatly enhanced profits, the full measure of which will be amply secured to them—they will be only too anxious to grasp them. To think otherwise is but to conceive that Irish human nature has undergone an entire transformation, and that the tenantry of Ireland will reject concessions which they have been seeking in vain for a long series of years, and which now are actually being forced upon them.

Despite the despairing attempts of the professional patriots of the Land League therefore to prevent this Land Act fulfilling the benevolent intentions of its authors, I am quite convinced

that it will eventually be the means of making the long-suffering agriculturists of Ireland prosperous, contented, and happy. That the League leaders are quite conscious that they cannot much longer keep up the present agitation is certain. They are already exhibiting indications that the subsidence of the land movement is to be signalled by yet another “new departure”—a renewed agitation for the repeal of the Union, in order that the game of agitation which they have carried on for so long and with so much profit to themselves shall not be interrupted in its continuous progress. But the “Union” is really and truly a sentimental grievance, and is therefore not at all likely to “take” so well as did the agitation for land-law reform. Besides, like the abolition of landlordism, it lies quite outside the region of practical politics. It is perfectly absurd to conceive it possible that any British Government will consent to disintegrate the British Empire for the purpose of setting up an independent Parliament in Ireland, just when it is being demonstrated that, for all practical purposes, the British Parliament is discharging the functions of ruling Ireland with even-handed justice, and in accordance with the real wants of its people. Almost equally impossible of realisation is the federal system invented by the late Mr. Butt, which is known by the generic term of Home Rule. If the people of England, Scotland, and Wales united in making such a proposal there might be a faint chance for its adoption. But as they are quite content with the present state of things, and as even a large section of the people of Ireland itself are not at all in favour of such a system of government, it is purely waste of national strength to seek after and clamour for it.

On the other hand it is not to be denied that the British Parliament has quite too much work to do. It devoted nearly all of its last session to two Irish subjects—Coercion and

Land Reform ; and not unreasonably the people of the other parts of the Empire are beginning to complain that *their* interests are not looked after, because they have not taken the same means of compelling attention to them that the Irish have done—namely, “obstruction” in Parliament and turbulence and disorder outside of it. The remedy for this state of things undoubtedly lies in giving to the Irish people the power of legislating in certain local affairs in their own country. It has indeed become obvious that there must soon be a division of the legislative labours of the two countries ; the present arrangement cannot by any possibility much longer endure. So far as Ireland is concerned, its people suffer seriously from the obligation they are under of resorting at ruinous expense to the British Parliament to obtain legislative sanction for the construction of railways, water and gas-works, and other petty matters properly appertaining to corporate government. In the nature of things it is not to be expected that so palpable a grievance will be long borne without serious protest, and its removal is therefore but a question of time. Possibly the powers of the existing Local Government Board will be enlarged so as to permit of the little bills already mentioned being passed in Ireland, and to that extent relieving the British Parliament of the great pressure upon it ; but that that is about the fullest measure of Home Government which Ireland can obtain from the British Parliament, is, I think, a matter upon which there can be no second opinion. If the downfall of England were visible in even the remote future, there might be some chance of Ireland obtaining the restoration of her native legislature, but there would be quite as much like-

lihood that she would, under such circumstances, secure her separation from, and entire independence of, England. But as England happens to be so far from her downfall that not the faintest indication of its approach can be observed—as she is, in fact, at the very zenith of her power and might—attempts to induce or compel her to surrender Ireland to its people, and thus to part with the brightest jewel in the diadem of her sovereign, are but futile beatings of the air, and only serve to expose the Irish people to the contempt and derision of the civilised world.

For my own part, I am of opinion that Ireland is destined to remain firmly united to England, and that being so, it should be the duty of every true Irish patriot to do all that lies in his power to render the connection as endurable as possible. I am free to confess that I come to this conclusion with regret ; I had high hopes that a perhaps nobler destiny was in store for my country. I not only conceived it possible, but probable, that she would one day win her independence, and take her place amongst the free nations of the world. But I now see how impossible of realisation are such blissful dreams, and that, for good or evil, her future seems fated to be bound up with that of England. And I believe furthermore that every really intelligent, earnest, and honest lover of his country must in his secret heart—however he may deplore it—admit that this is true, but few will have the courage to confess it. It remains, then, for Irishmen but to second the well-meant efforts of their present British rulers, to render their rule as acceptable as that of a native legislature could be. That I conceive to be the duty of the hour for Irish patriots.

RICHARD PIGOTT.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1882.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT SKELETONS ;
SOME REMARKS ON THE PHILOSOPHY
OF CHANGE ; AND WHETHER IT IS
WISER TO BE WICKED AT THE BEGIN-
NING OF LIFE, OR AT THE END OF IT.

THE middle-aged, feeble gentleman, whose appearance in the lane had so greatly agitated Mr. Murdoch, as described at the close of the last chapter, had arrived in Suncook about six hours previously. He had driven over that morning in a carriage and pair, from a town about thirty miles to the southward, and had put up at the village hotel—a quite pretentious edifice, which had arisen from the ashes of that little inn that had received M. Jacques fourteen years before. The Phoenix Hotel was its name, painted in black letters across its white front. Its existence was about contemporaneous with the emancipation of the village from the dominion of whisky and disreputability, and its proprietor was a gentleman who had experienced religion, and was of opinion that he could make it pay. It had two rows of windows on the side, six to a row, all fitted with bright green shutters ; and the front entrance was approached by a flight of six wooden steps. A common remark about it in the mouths of the villagers was to the effect that it only needed a steeple to make it a meeting-house ; and indeed

it would have answered for a Methodist meeting-house as it was. In spite of these attractions, however, the hotel was not a marked success in a financial point of view, though no doubt it gave a certain character to the village. The proprietor (who had embraced strict temperance along with the other virtues) after long hoping against hope, had latterly begun to question within himself whether the welfare of his own soul would really be jeopardised by the sale of drinkables across his bar, and whether, even supposing that to be the case, fulness of grace is after all worth enjoying at the expense of emptiness of pocket. Had the existence of whisky been dependent upon its presence in the Phoenix Hotel, no doubt the experiment of not having it there would have worn a more prosperous aspect ; but unluckily the accursed thing flowed none the less merrily in other channels for being turned out of this one. The proprietor, therefore, had fallen into a state of moral anxiety not far removed from spiritual tergiversation, when the roll of wheels and the tramp of steeds waked him out of his reverie, and brought a temporary glow of gratification to his chilled sensibilities.

The new arrival comprised four persons : an elderly man and woman, evidently domestics of the better class : a handsome, rather pale gentleman, with an aquiline nose, large blue

eyes, and almost feminine mouth and chin; altogether, a refined and rather pathetic looking visage; finally, a child who had just arrived at the age when children—female children especially—begin to enter their least attractive period of existence, but who, even then, possessed a very remarkable pair of black eyes, with well-marked and mobile eyebrows, and a singularly noticeable and characteristic way of holding herself and of moving her head and hands.

When the party had been accommodated with rooms—a process attended with the less difficulty inasmuch as the hotel was all before them where to choose—and orders had been given for dinner to be ready at the old-fashioned New England hour of one o'clock, the gentleman and the little girl sallied forth together for a stroll about the village. The gentleman moved with a sauntering step, pausing every now and then to gaze about him, and responding with a kindly yet absent manner to the prattle of the child. "Uncle," she exclaimed at length, turning her eyes upon him with an air like an offended heroine of the stage in miniature, "you are answering me randomly!"

"At random, you mean, my pet," the uncle replied, in a gentle murmurous tone.

"Randomly is a nice word. I do not love you when you are like this."

"Now, Madeleine, you are to blame! You called me uncle when you know I want you to call me papa; so you must expect to be answered randomly."

"I think this is a very stupid place. Why did we stop here?"

"Oh, to look about a little and see what changes have taken place."

"How can we tell whether there are any changes?"

"Oh, every place changes; all the world changes; you and I change."

"I never change!" said the young lady with emphasis. "How have you changed?"

"Well, my hair used to be a very dark brown, and now it is getting to

look powdered, like the footmen's in London. And there are wrinkles at the corners of my eyes, and across my forehead, where it used to be as smooth as yours. And I have a great deal less time to live than I used to have."

"That is not changing; that is only growing old. But inside you must be the same; because, if you were not, how should I know every day that you are the same uncle?"

"I am afraid I am changed inside as well."

The child looked up to him with as much earnestness as if she intended to penetrate with her gaze the innermost recesses of his being. "Do you mean," she inquired solemnly, "that once you were good and now you are wicked?"

The gentleman smiled a moment; then a dejected expression darkened over his face. "I hope I am not more wicked than I used to be," he said. "But I may have been wicked once, perhaps; and now I cannot understand why I was wicked."

"That will not be my way," rejoined the little personage, lifting her head. "I am good now; but I mean to be very wicked when I grow up!"

"You should not say that," observed the gentleman, who, however, was evidently used to her quaint remarks, and attached little serious importance to them. "Besides, that would be changing; and you said just now that you should never change."

"No, that will not be changing, because the wickedness is inside me now; but I cannot make it come out until I am a woman. I do not know how, yet; but I feel it coming."

"I think it is coming so fast that it will be all out and done with long before you are a woman," returned the gentleman, glancing down at her with another brief smile. "Come, let us cross over this field to the cluster of rocks yonder. I want to see if they are the same——"

"The same as what?" demanded the child, seeing that he paused.

"The same as before you were born."

"You were going to say something else!" she exclaimed keenly; and before he could reply she added, "I don't like to go through this field; there are graves in it!" It was, in fact, the cemetery of Suncook; though not as yet a very flourishing settlement.

"Why don't you like graves?" inquired her companion.

"Because there are skeletons in them; and there is a skeleton in me; and they make me feel as if I were a sort of grave; and I am made of earth too, you know, and my skeleton is buried in it."

"Pooh! little girls have no skeletons. They are all full of the milk of human kindness. Come along! There are no skeletons here that we know."

They went onwards slowly, the gentleman a little in front. But presently the child called out to him, and he stopped and turned round. She was standing in front of a low, white marble headstone, and pointing at the inscription on it.

"Here is a skeleton that has a name like yours," she said. "Is it your wife?"

"You should not say such things, Madeleine," he answered, coming hastily back, with a flush in his cheeks. "You know it is not safe for me to be startled." All at once he turned white, and put out his hand to the girl's shoulder, on which, for a few moments, he supported himself. "Ah!" muttered he.

The headstone read as follows, in black lettering, which the dry climate of that region had left in almost its original state: "Annette Floyd, died March 16th, 182—." This was the entire inscription.

"Who was she?" asked Madeleine; "was she your wife or your sister? And why was she put here?"

The gentleman seated himself upon the mound of the grave without answering. The spot seemed to have been kept neat, and clear of weeds and brambles, though no flowers had been planted there, nor had any wreaths, or other loving or respectful

emblems been laid upon it. The breeze from the Atlantic swept across it, and sitting there, one's gaze might range unimpeded towards the far-off east. There were no trees in the neighbourhood; the field was a low upland, the soil sandy. But here lay the body of Annette Floyd, who in her lifetime had had a loving heart and a passionate nature. Fourteen years she had lain there, while the world went round, with its myriad loves and hates, and rights and wrongs; its fretful business, its irrevocable idleness; its foolish wealth, and its meagre poverty. There she lay; or rather, as Madeleine had said, there lay a skeleton—a grotesque, unsightly something that was not Annette, and yet was nothing else but her; related to her in somewhat the same way as were these barren and unconscious years of death to the sweet, bright, wilful, tender years of life that had preceded them. As the refined, blue-eyed gentleman sat there, staring, not at the headstone, but at the grassy mound itself, it seemed to him that no grim form of death, but the living, warm, soft-cheeked Annette herself lay imprisoned beneath the soil, and that her loving eyes were striving to meet his own—her lips, so often kissed, tremulous for one kiss more. No; it was true that all things change. Why had he been wicked? Was anything which these years had brought him worth what he had given for it! Now they seemed but as an hour—an hour choked up with fatal folly and futility, in which many a dreary miracle had been wrought. And the dreariest of all the miracles was, that, looking into his heart, he could not find there any lively grief or intolerable anguish, but at most only a dull sense of dissatisfaction with himself. His imagination could dally with tragic fancies, as an actor strives to identify himself with his part; but to be and suffer the real tragedy was no longer in his power. Annette had no monopoly of death; something within himself had also died during the

fourteen years, and he had borne the corpse of it about with him, and now had brought it here. He himself was a living grave, as Madeleine had said.

Madeleine, meanwhile, had been idling about the little cemetery, inspecting the various tombstones with a mixture of interest and aversion; her hands clasped behind her back, and her long black hair blowing about her face and neck in the warm breeze. Occasionally she cast glances in the direction of her companion; but as he still remained seated idly in the same position, she at length lost patience, and went up to him—

"I prefer not to stay here any longer," she said, with her curious union of childish tones, with a distinct utterance and somewhat artificial phraseology. "No one else is here that we know; and you have stayed with this one long enough."

"Give me your hand, then, and help me to get up," answered the gentleman.

"Uncle Floyd, did you kill Annette?" inquired the child, after she had helped him to regain his feet. "Did you murder her, and then bury her here at night, and fly to England, so as not to be guillotined?"

"What puts such thoughts into your mind, Madeleine?"

"If you speak like that, I shall believe you did murder her, and fear I shall reveal your guiltiness. You need not be afraid," the child added, with a wave of her little hand. "I do not mind such things. I like to be the people—how they would feel and what they would do. I have been pretending what Annette felt when you murdered her; and then, how you were, when you were doing it. Was it in the night-time? Was there a storm? And—a dagger?"

As she spoke, the little creature assumed an expression and a pose so dramatic and suggestive as really to make it seem, for a moment, as if the genius of slaughter had entered into her.

"Come, Madeleine," said Uncle

Floyd, after a pause. They went side by side to the pile of rocks where the land broke away towards the shore. He trod heedfully on the rough juts of stone until, turning a corner of the pile, a short ledge appeared, shaped very like a seat, with a back to it, and just wide enough for two people to sit in it comfortably. From here was a fine view over the bay, and down the beach to the right, where the low headland, which served as a break-water, ran out its dark and massive length, with the blue sea whitening round its margins, and breaking high against its seaward point. Further out to sea were sunken reefs, over which the waves churned at low water, or in storms. It was a dangerous coast, and there was much need of a lighthouse. Of late years, the regenerate citizens of Suncook had talked of building one there, and had even got so far as to memorialise the State legislature on the subject. They had got no further than that at present; but perhaps no more was to be expected of ordinary human nature.

"Is not that a pretty view?" asked the gentleman after a while.

"The blue is a pretty colour," the child replied indifferently; "but I do not care for the sea when it is like this. It ought to make a great roar, and go up and down like madness. I liked it that time we were in the ship, when it blew so."

"Many a ship has been wrecked on those reefs," said her companion. "Once a great ship, with all her masts standing, came from beyond straight onwards to the point of the headland, not touching any of the outer rocks; and then she lifted up her keel, and dashed it down there; and she was rent asunder in a moment."

"Was every one on board drowned?"

"Yes; every one."

"I should like to have seen that; I like everything terrible that has people in it. It makes me feel all awake and warm. Did you see that ship?"

"Yes."

"And were you sitting where you are now? And was Annette here beside you?"

"It is very naughty of you, Madeleine, to keep talking of Annette, when you know that I don't like it. You don't know what you are saying."

"Yes, I know; I can see the things that you do not tell me, in your face. When we first got here, I knew that you had been here before; your eyes looked out so hard, and then jumped back as if something had flown at them; and your mouth kept going, as if you were talking in your mind. And you have been looking for something all the time: it can't be Annette, because she is a skeleton. What is it?"

"I wish your heart was half as awake as your eyes, my child. We have been together five years, and I have come to love you very much. Do you care anything about me?"

"Why should I care for you?"

"Have not I always been good to you, and given you everything you wanted?"

"If I ever care for anybody, it would not be for that; you give me things because it pleases you to see me have them. I want to care for somebody who does not care for me; or because it would be perilous for me to care for him. Then all sorts of things would happen. Nothing happens to us. You don't make me think about you enough."

"Then, if I should tell you that when I die the property will be left to some one else, and you have nothing, would you think about me more?"

"If you did that, I might hate you," answered the child, meditatively. After a short silence she added, "Who is it, a man or a woman?"

"Neither a man nor a woman. Let us go back to the hotel, Madeleine," continued the gentleman, as if desirous to avoid any further questions from this too shrewd and opinionated young lady. "We shall be late for our dinner."

They went by the shore, so as to avoid passing again through the cemetery, which now Uncle Floyd wished no more than Madeleine; and they went in silence. But as they entered the village street, Uncle Floyd asked—

"How would you like to have a brother, or something of that kind?"

"I would rather have a brother than a sister," was her reply; "but I want neither."

"Not even a cousin?"

"If it was a maternal cousin I should not so much mind," Madeleine replied; but more, perhaps, for the sake of using the fresh word she had picked up, than because she really knew any reason for preference, on one side or the other.

CHAPTER VII.

ILLUSTRATING THE PAINS WHICH CIVILISED PEOPLE ARE AT TO RENDER LIFE UNCOMFORTABLE TO THEMSELVES AND THOSE THEY MEET: WITH A FEW OF THE MANY MOTIVES THAT ACTUATE THEM THEREIN.

"WELL, sir, I can't say I know much about the matter myself, not bein' a fam'ly man, and so not in the way of hearin' the women-folk gossip. Lemme see, though. French, I think you said? Well, now, I guess the best thing you kin do will be just to go right over to old Mossy Jakes's—that's where he lives, that lop-sided old shanty with the elm-tree over it. He's a Frenchman himself, and if anybody kin tell you what you want to know, he's your man."

This advice was proffered by Mr. Mullen (the proprietor of the Phoenix Hotel) to his new guest, in reply to some inquiries which the latter had made of him after dinner.

"Oh, in that house?" returned the guest, after looking in the direction in which Mr. Mullen was pointing. He took a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and then asked, "How long has he lived there?"

"About fourteen years, there or

thereabouts. Rather before my time, any way. I started this hotel, sir, just eight years ago, and I've run it ever since; and I'll undertake to say there ain't a handsomer hotel to be found in the State. Strict temperance principles, too. Some say I'd do better to take in a little liquor. Well—some says the contrary; now what is your opinion, sir?"

"Mossy Jakes did you say his name was? Is he a married man? Has he children?"

"What, he? Well, I guess not; none I never saw nor heard of. There was a boy—that's so—a half-growed chap; he boarded with the old fellow fur a spell; but he was an out-and-out bad lot, and he's been runnin' wild in the woods this long while. There's some good folks, and payin' customers, likes their drop of whisky now and again; and mebbe it wouldn't hurt much just to let 'em have it. Hotels ain't meant to be reformatories, any way. Why, look here, sir——"

"Then I believe I'll walk over there and have a word with him. Will you be kind enough, Mr. Miller, to tell my man to ask his mistress if she would accompany me? Thank you."

Though the new guest's manner and his tone in speaking was so remarkably undemonstrative and gentle, there was something in his way of asking a favour which made refusal very difficult—even when the person he asked it of was taken in the middle of some sentence of the highest importance, and heard himself called Miller instead of Mullen into the bargain. "He was for all the world the most like one of them Virginia planters," Mr. Mullen was wont to say, when describing the incident afterwards; "he looked as if he'd never heard a man say contrary to him, and that made you feel as if you didn't want to be the one to begin it." So Mr. Mullen postponed his statement of views on the liquor question, and went and told David, the servant, that the young lady was wanted. In a few minutes Madeleine came down stairs,

and she and the gentleman set forth in the way to the old red house beneath the elm.

They went more slowly now even than usual; but Madeleine noticed that Uncle Floyd smoked his cigar fast, and was very much preoccupied; and once, instead of answering some question she put to him, and which he seemed not to have heard, he suddenly stooped down and kissed her hard on the forehead. They were then quite near the house, into which she had seen two men enter a moment before. After that, Uncle Floyd threw away his cigar, and strode on more quickly.

On knocking, the door was opened at once by a queerly-dressed old man, with white hair and strange sharp eyes. He and Uncle Floyd looked at one another for a moment, and then the latter said—

"I was told at the hotel that I could obtain some information here on a subject that interests me. Can you spare me an hour this afternoon?"

"Make me the favour to enter, sir," replied the other, with a manner of such courtliness as quite impressed Madeleine, and apprised Uncle Floyd that he had to deal with a gentleman of a type not indigenous to the new world. They entered, and the old man closed the door behind them. "Be so good and go forward," he said, "and pass through the second door at your right."

Following these directions, they found themselves in a rather small dusky room, with a dark cabinet of books, a littered table, and a framed canvas on the wall, but so blackened with age or dirt that the subject was indistinguishable.

After a few remarks of a general nature, the host took occasion to observe that possibly the young made-moiselle would not find the conversation interesting; but that there was, in a room up stairs, a tame squirrel, and also some picture-books, which she might find more amusing.

Madeleine assented to this view very

readily, and the host escorted her up stairs accordingly.

When he returned to the study, his manner had undergone a certain change. It was more solemnly punctilious than heretofore, and reminded his visitor of nothing so much as the demeanour of some aristocratic Frenchmen and their seconds (of whom he had been one) in a duel many years ago.

The conversation was now carried on in French.

"Will monsieur, before I place myself at his service, oblige me with his name?"

"I am Baron Castlemere, when I am in England," the other replied. "Here, I believe, such titles are not recognised; but it will, perhaps, serve the purposes of our present interview. I merely wished to ask you for some information on a matter interesting chiefly to myself. You have lived here, I believe, a dozen years or more?"

"I arrived here, Monsieur le Baron, on the 15th of March, fourteen years ago. The house pleased me, I purchased it, and have resided here ever since."

"The house being, I suppose, unoccupied at the time?"

"Not altogether, M. le Baron. On the night of the 15th of March it was occupied by its then owner, a certain Madame Dudgeon."

"Dudgeon—yes," said Lord Castlemere, taking hold of the arms of his chair with his white, blue-veined hands. "She was living alone here, was she?"

"Not precisely alone," the Frenchman said, wrinkling his cheeks. "There was another young person here—a woman: but she was dying."

"Ah! you saw her then? Were you with her when she died?"

"I had that pleasure, M. le Baron."

"Why do you say pleasure, monsieur?" demanded the other, his face reddening.

"M. le Baron would no doubt have said the same had he been there,"

the Frenchman returned, icily. "It should be said that this young woman was born of a good family, but she had abandoned herself and her honour to a lover; and this lover—this scoundrel, M. le Baron, after having brought her here and ruined her, deserted her: he went away, but, being not only a scoundrel but also a liar and a coward, he told the girl, at his departure, that he would soon return, or send for her to come to him. By this pretext he reconciled her to the parting; but it is unnecessary to say that he did not keep his word to her. The word of honour of such men, M. le Baron, is a byword. The young girl nevertheless believed him; she believed that he would return up to the moment of her death, and she even left with me some trinkets or other—I know not what—to give to him when he should appear. But, as I was saying, for such a disgrace as hers death was the most desirable remedy; and on the evening following I had the pleasure—which you would have shared, monsieur—of witnessing it."

"You have been pleased to use very hard words about a man of whom you know nothing—nor of his motives, nor circumstances," said Lord Castlemere, whose face had twitched more than once during the progress of the other's speech. "However, I am not here to defend him against you; whoever you are, he would not probably desire it. What I want is your information, not your opinions; and you may be assured that you will be paid liberally for whatever you can tell me."

"Body of God!" cried the old Frenchman, rising trembling from his chair, his features twisted with passion, and all the sardonic designs for insulting his enemy under a specious guise of politeness forgotten in the hurry of his resentment: "do you know, wretch, who I am to whom you offer money for the story of a dead woman's shame?"

Having got as far as this he paused to gather together his energies to

utter, with a suitable thunder of emphasis and dramatic effect, the sentence of revelation. But the old man had miscalculated his strength. His physical forces were no longer adequate, as they once had been, to the expression of his rage; nay, even the rage itself, now that it was summoned to emerge from the imaginative realms in which it had been nourished for so many years, and to shape itself in living words, turned out to have lost half its vigour and keenness, and to have admitted in their stead a fatal leaven of human tenderness and remorse. Poor M. Jacques, therefore, after standing for a few moments with his tremulous arms held out before him, and his bony fists clenched, all at once sank back with a moan in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. "My Annette—my child!" came quavering from him, with sobs that were of pity partly for himself and partly for her; "thy father is too feeble even to avenge thee with dignity, or to vindicate his own honour against these insults."

When Lord Castlemere heard these broken words, which were not meant for his ear, his heart sank, and he felt a pang of dull and shamefaced misery. For when, that morning, he had found himself at Annette's grave, no doubt he had experienced grief, but it was a grief made up of pity for the forlornness of his fate, combined with a certain involuntary and, as it were, paradoxical relief at the knowledge that she was now beyond his reach for good or ill; and that, whatever she had suffered, her suffering was over long ago. It was a retrospective pity—a remorse which, for the very reason that it related to a wrong now irretrievable, was endurable, and almost seemed to carry with it a kind of mournful and romantic beauty. The cruel and perhaps ugly details were obliterated, and only the sad and moving outlines of the tragedy remained. And then he could think of all the tender and happy hours that

they two had known together, before parting and sorrow had been thought of; and to dwell on these things had been a luxury of gentle pain, marred only by the perverse questions and remarks of the child Madeleine. So that his lordship, fancying that this was all he should be called on to endure, had experienced a grave chastening and uplifting of the soul, together with a secret (and perhaps unconscious) sentiment of relief that the affair had passed off so easily.

But the affair had now assumed a far less comfortable complexion. In M. Jacques all that was harsh and unwelcome in Annette's fate lived again, while all the other side of it was in abeyance. The wrong of fourteen years ago, stripped of its mournful grace, started up before him to-day repulsive and shameful. The healing influence of time, to which he had trusted more than he was aware, all went for nothing; for worse than nothing, indeed, since here was a father who had doubtless brooded over his daughter's disgrace and injury until he had heaped up a mountain of revengeful malice much more inveterate than he could have felt at first. In view of these considerations it seemed to Lord Castlemere as if something not unlike an injustice had been committed against himself, for he remembered how, since that December day, now so far off, when he had received the sudden summons to leave Suncook with all haste and return to England—since that day of farewells, and of promises not destined to be kept, he had suffered enough in disappointments and depression, and annoyances small and great, to warrant him in thinking that thus he had done penance for his sins, and that for the sake of this they would be forgiven him. Often, in the midst of distress and gloom, had he solaced himself with the thought, "This have I deserved; let me therefore endure it, that the debt be paid, and the remorse of it be taken away." But, if his punishment were to begin now, then what was all the other

suffering for? Did it not look as if Providence had stolen a march on him? As these reflections crossed Lord Castlemere's mind he was almost ready to be angry that he had borne his misfortunes with so much meekness!

However, this first flush of feeling was followed by a better one. His eyes rested on the old man before him, and recognised there a misfortune more poignant and of higher dignity than his own. And next, a tenderness came over him, to think that this was the very father of the woman he had once loved so well—the father of whom she had spoken so often, wondering whether he would forgive her; or, in more hopeful moods, looking forward to the time when everything should be explained and condoned, and they should all dwell together in happiness and freedom. “And so it might have been,” thought Lord Castlemere, “and Annette have been alive at this moment, and this old man have been full of affection towards me instead of hating me, if I had only done thus and so instead of otherwise; and so I should have done could I have foreseen the end from the beginning.” Oh, if a wish could but recall the past, and give the man who sees the error of his ways a chance to begin again! But life is not a plaything, to be thrown aside and resumed at pleasure; but serious earnest—an experiment that comes to us once for all, as to immortal creatures, destined never twice to tread in the same footsteps, nor, like the conjuror's puppets, to figure over and over again in the same old drama. The shortest life is long enough to prove the mettle of him who lives it, and a myriad repetitions could not make more of it.

“Then you are Jacques Malgrè,” said the Baron, after a long silence.

The Frenchman looked up, but his face was blank and unresponsive, and the fingers of the hands that hung upon his knees moved aimlessly.

“I will not insult you by asking your pardon; it is too late by fourteen

years for that,” the Englishman continued. “It may not be too late to do something, though. I suppose you can guess what brought me here. That I should see you never came into my mind; this is the first time we have ever met, and I hardly thought of you as anything but a name. I knew that Annette was dead, though not how nor when. So what I came for was,” he went on getting to the point with an evident reluctance and difficulty “to find out whether—to ask whether Annette were a mother when she died?” He paused, and finally added, “and if her child lived after her?”

“You did not know me, M. le Baron,” said the Frenchman, with a kind of creak coming through his voice now and then, as if the springs of it were wearing out; “but you have been good enough to take it for granted that I knew you to be the thief who stole my child: you have spoken of pardon, or of compensation perhaps—I do not know. I am getting old, monsieur Well—yes—it is no matter: I recognised you, although, as you say, we had never met; but, unlike you, monsieur, I have thought of meeting you ever since I put my child in her grave. The idea of you has been with me even more than of her: you have been in my dreams; and in this very room” Here a sort of wildness began to stare out of his eyes, and his breath to labour in his throat. “Do you know, Milord Castlemere,” he said, “why I have admitted you to this room, into which no other visitor has entered?”

Lord Castlemere sat with an oppressed feeling, awaiting what disagreeable thing might be coming next.

“Listen, then,” continued Annette's father, shrilly and excitedly, and with that redundancy of gesticulation which the Anglo-Saxon smiles at as “foreign”:—“it is because each day since then I have called you to this place, and you have come! Aha! this is not our first talk together, Milord Castlemere. Your name, your

face—those I knew not; but my call was for you—for the soul of the man I hate; and you have come, for it was a call no soul can resist! Every day . . . and then I have insulted you, I have cursed you; I have expressed such things to you as there are not words to speak! and I have tortured you When you writhed with the torture, and wept, and besought for mercy, I laughed at you and mocked you! and I drew the knots tighter but not to kill—no, no, no! for I should want you the next day and the next—always! We have been fine comrades, monsieur, since these many years. And now—” his voice began to waver again, and his eyes to grow dull and uncertain—“now you are here, it is true; but I find it in some manner different; I find myself—old!” At this point M. Jacques Malgrè stopped, and his face wore a bewildered expression. He seemed mutely to appeal to the very enemy at whom he had raved, to show him how to inflict in concrete reality those insults and tortures in which his diseased imagination had revelled.

Lord Castlemere, however, was by no means disposed to inflame still further the fantasies of his half-distracted host. Being a nobleman of great natural refinement and fastidiousness, he had been cruelly revolted by what had already occurred, and probably, indeed, would have been less inconvenienced by actual bodily assault and battery. The thought that he, a peer of England, and a man who in all his dealings, almost, had studied decency, honour, and respectability, should have been during a good part of a lifetime the object of boundless detestation to a person he had never seen—this reflection had given him a very painful shock. It affected him as an invasion of that moral privacy which even a criminal has a right to preserve; it made him feel as if he could never again retire into himself with any prospect of security or enjoyment: since he could

never withdraw so far as not to find the grim and stark malevolence of this old Frenchman anticipating and ousting him. If hatred does not go deeper than love, at any rate it makes itself felt deeper.

Be that as it may, the Baron had no appetite for more ravings, and would have been glad to beat a retreat at once, had it not been indispensable that he should first get his hands upon the information for the sake of which he had travelled three thousand miles by sea and land. He looked at M. Malgrè, and was not sorry to observe that his last eruption of fury seemed to have left the volcano at least temporarily inert. On the other hand, there was nothing in what his lordship had to say that was likely to irritate the Frenchman, but rather the reverse; and, in any case, there was no one to take the trouble off his hands. He bent forward and looked his host mildly in the face.

“M. Jacques Malgrè,” he said, as if nothing unpleasant had taken place, “there is still that matter about the existence of a child. You can tell me if any survived?”

“A child!” returned the other, slowly. “Does Milord Castlemere think it probable that a child could live whose mother died, deserted and heart-broken, on the day it was born?”

“Then there is none!” Lord Castlemere exclaimed. There was a ring of relief in his voice; for it seemed to him that, upon the whole, this result was the one which he had desired. Of the two possible issues, it was perhaps the less unsatisfactory. It would save trouble, publicity, and a great deal of conceivable mortification and distress. Yes, it was better so! Lord Castlemere rose from his chair with a lightened brow, and thought of Madeleine. But for a certain unwelcome shadow of Madeleine’s father in the background, the coast would have been quite clear. But this shadow had not obtruded

itself for a long time ; and, like other shadows, it might have lost itself ere this in the great shadow out of which no shadow reappears.

All this while M. Jacques Malgrè had been watching his visitor, and had noted the change in his expression, not without a partial divination of its cause.

"Are you going so soon, M. le Baron?" he inquired. "Would it not interest you to hear something about the character and education of your son?"

The word seemed to strike through the delicately-built Englishman : his elbows came sharply to his sides with a spasmodic movement, and his lips became white. Following this, after a few moments, a rush of blood surcharged his face. There was some organic physical weakness in him. He made no reply to M. Malgrè, but glanced at him in a strange way, and dropped into his chair again.

Now all this puzzled M. Malgrè. He had been led to believe—not without reason as it appeared—that a son was what Lord Castlemere most desired. But the unmistakable relief which the latter had manifested when under the impression that no child survived, and, again, his disconcertment at the subsequent insinuation that there was one, seemed to show that there was more in the matter than had been suspected. Accordingly, as M. Malgrè found himself not yet prepared to do what would be most gratifying to the man he had so long busied himself with hating, he cast about to discover more precisely how the land lay. But he was overstrained, both bodily and mentally, by the excitement of the interview, and his mind, stumbling uncertainly between the past and the present, the real and the imaginary, could only occasionally catch a connected view of things. It is worth noting here, as a curious freak of fate, that during his moments of nervous prostration, when memory and self-command were least operative, M. Malgrè felt drawn towards Castlemere by an instinctive

impulse of affection. He liked him without knowing why—a sort of elective affinity : so that if he could but have forgotten altogether why he did not like him, the atmosphere would have grown genial at once. But men seem to make it a point of honour to forget only those things which would lead to friendliness—so long, at least, as anything that may be worried into hostility remains attainable.

"Milord," said the old man at length, "you will understand that I know nothing of you, nor of what you have come here to do. When I lost my daughter, my whole purpose was to find her again ; when I found her, I could have wished that she had been already dead. She told me nothing of you by which I might discover you ; now you come as if you wished to get something from me, but you do not tell me what it is. Unless you tell me all, I will not speak. It is you who should give to me, not I to you. Have you anything to give me, M. le Baron?"

"I may be able to give you some satisfaction, M. Malgrè," the other answered. "I can make you see that it was with no wish further to injure you that I came here. Monsieur," he added after a pause, "I am not an old man, as you see ; yet my life may end at any moment. I have disease of the heart. One does not like to die with a heavier load than can be avoided on one's conscience. That is one thing that brought me over here. There were other reasons—but perhaps I had better take the events from the beginning."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHILDREN-IN-ARMS : OF SOME OF THE DANGERS TO WHICH THAT CONDITION IS LIABLE : OF THE VICISSITUDES OF A YOUNGER BROTHER AND THE INCONVENIENCE OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

WITHOUT prejudice to Lord Castlemere's ability to tell his own story in

his own words, it seems advisable, under the circumstances, to summarise and arrange his statements. A man is seldom interested in those phases and particulars of his career which appear of most significance to his biographer. As long as he is alive he cannot help taking incomplete views of himself; whereas the historian (if only he have the patience to wait until the obituary has been published—a precaution, by the way, not seldom omitted in this hasty age) sees the proportions and bearings of things, and what may be curtailed or omitted, and what put in or developed.

The Honourable Floyd Vivian was the elder of two brothers, sons of the old statesman, Henry, twelfth Baron Castlemere. He was an intelligent child, but of a frail constitution; and it was thought for several years that he would not live to manhood, and that his younger, but bigger and stronger, brother would be the heir. Floyd struggled along, however, as delicate children sometimes do; he was the pet of the family, and his mother kept him from school lest he should injure his health, or be injured by some lack of tenderness and consideration in the older boys. So Floyd followed his studies at home with a tutor; and his quick parts made learning come easy to him. As he grew from a long-haired boyhood into a slender and fastidious young manhood, it occurred to him that Shelley was not only admirable as a poet, but desirable as a religious and social leader. He was conscious of bearing some personal resemblance to the author of the *Revolt of Islam*, and he decided that he could not do better than take up the career of the tragic young Radical at the point where the prow of the Italian felucca had cut it short. It was true that his talents lay not in the way of poetry, as he had ascertained by assiduous practice; but he had more than an average amount of artistic ability, and could sketch ingeniously both in water and oil colours. As a point of detail, not unworthy of attention, he habitually

carried about a small volume of *Æschylus* in his coat pocket. His conversation was more or less distraught and preoccupied, according as he had time to remember to make it so; and soon after coming of age he repaired to Italy, and wandered about in search of a new Byron, to be his desperate companion.

All this was very much as it should be, and calls for no particular ridicule. The young nobleman was not a great original thinker, or genius of any kind; but he liked the words and deeds of those who did answer to this description, and cultivated his self-respect by imaginatively marching under their banner. Having the control of great wealth, he was pleased in advocating universal communism; and having enjoyed, by birth and education, all the advantages appertaining to established social order and morality, he was careful to dilate upon the obligation which every enlightened mind was under to trample all such sordid conventionalities under foot, and to allow no third party to mediate between himself and the Great First Cause, be that Cause what and where it might. In the cultivation of these pursuits Floyd Vivian passed his time very agreeably, and got into surprisingly little mischief.

Men of this kidney are very much like children-in-arms, carried about by their nurses, and mistaking the nurse's gait and stature for their own; while all the time they do not once get their feet upon solid earth. In rare instances they spring out of the nurse's arms, and attempt to do the trick for themselves, whereupon it goes hard with them; but generally they allow themselves to be borne aloft over the pavements and the gutters, and then take pride to themselves because their feet are not lame nor their shoes muddy. I shall not elucidate this figure further than to remark that Vivian, while mentally careering with his model hero over all possible and impossible realms of licence and experiment, lived, in his proper person,

the most orderly and unaudacious of lives—and was only by fits and starts aware that he was so doing. When he did become aware of it, he would secretly rebuke himself, and call his shoes to account, as it were, for not being muddier. But what can one do when his blood and his intellect disagree? How arrange a compromise between the brain of a Mirabeau and the passions of a Newton? Suffice it to say, that the Honourable Mr. Floyd Vivian lived a life of the strictest respectability, and was not a little ashamed of it, when he thought of it.

In due course of time, no doubt—as generally happens with this kind of hybrid—the tendency of the body would have proved too much for that of the brain, and the heir of Castle-mere would have quietly returned to his ancestral estates, and become a sound Tory and member of the Established Church, like his father before him. But, as luck would have it, an event was to occur in his life which should altogether divert and agitate what might have been its commonplace and unimportant current. He was already on his way home from Italy, but chancing to pass through Paris, he made a short stay there. In the course of this residence he met, under rather peculiar circumstances, a certain lovely and bright-minded French girl, the daughter of a gentleman of considerable political weight, and of still higher philosophic renown. M. Jacques Malgrè, as this gentleman was named, happened at the moment to be absent on a diplomatic errand in Berlin, and Annette had been left under the charge of a literary lady, a cousin of her father's, and a person of advanced Radical opinions. The restraints usually exercised over the unmarried maidens of France were greatly relaxed in Annette Malgrè's case; and Vivian (who was travelling incognito as Mr. Floyd) was admitted to a freedom of intercourse with her more after the fashion of some of Georges Sand's fictitious worlds than of the priest-ridden era of Charles X. The young lady, who had a generous and

impulsive nature and an affectionate heart, had become inoculated with odds and ends of the crude and rebellious philosophical systems (so-called) which were then fermenting in the air of Europe; and she and Mr. Floyd found no end of things to talk to each other about. And now a vision came before the rapt eyes of Shelley's baby-in-arms. He saw himself united to this girl—who admired his opinions because they were incomprehensible, and loved himself because he said he comprehended her—abandoning his rank and inheritance in England—concerning which his younger brother cared much more than he himself had ever professed to do—and flying to America, the mighty home of freedom and of the future, where he would find a race of transcendental communists, on the basis of eclecticism in morals and scepticism in religion, together with universal suffrage, female emancipation, free trade, grazing, and agriculture; or music, poetry, and painting as alternatives. This was the vision that the unlucky young English nobleman beheld; and, since fools are destroyed by the consequences of their folly, but never by the folly itself—therefore Floyd and Annette were able to put at least one part of the scheme into operation. They glided out of Paris, under the nose of the unsuspecting and infatuated female literary cousin, embarked in a sailing-vessel at Havre, and, after a prosperous voyage, were put ashore at Newburyport, Massachusetts. Thence they proceeded by a coasting-schooner to Suncook; and there, for a while, they were happy to the top of their bent.

At all events Annette was happy. One cannot be so sure about her companion. His nature was a much less substantial and thoroughgoing one than hers, and it is possible that even thus early he had begun to doubt whether he was staunch enough to carry the enterprise to an end. It is certain that he had played a double game with his family at home from the first. Instead of frankly

announcing his new departure in life, he had written them a letter speaking of his proposed visit to America as a mere extension of his European tour, and arranging to have his funds forwarded regularly as usual; while of Annette and of his relations with her he did not mention one word. For three or four months, however, they lived alone very comfortably, occupying an old red farmhouse with a long sloping roof and a thick clustered chimney, and passing their time in strolling about the neighbourhood, painting pictures, reading poetry, and making love. As for their communistic projects, they left them in abeyance for the present; it would first be advisable to get used to the country, and learn something of the temper and prejudices of the inhabitants. Annette had no doubts or misgivings regarding the ultimate carrying out of the design; but Floyd must have known from the outset his incapacity for the work, and have suffered the secret and unavailing pains which conscious weakness brings.

Into the midst of this insecure Arcadia came at last a letter from the family in England. Old Lord Castlemere was dying, and Floyd must travel post-haste to stand beside his death-bed. Annette, who had had no suspicion until this moment that the man to whom she had given herself was any other than plain Floyd Vivian, was deeply perturbed by this communication. Whether Floyd were glad or sorry, who can tell? He applied himself to demonstrating to Annette, first, that it was indispensable that he should go; and secondly, that she must not accompany him. In her then state of health, so long and hurried a journey would be dangerous; moreover, matters might not move so smoothly as could be wished at home; and finally, why should she come, since she was comfortable here in the farmhouse under Mrs. Dudgeon's care, and he would surely be back before the date of her confinement arrived? Oh, yes, indeed, he would be back. Doubtless he meant it when he said it.

The poor girl summoned up all her strength, and let him go; taking her thoughts and all her heart with him. She would not admit to herself a fear or a complaint when he was gone, and chatted very cheerfully with Mrs. Dudgeon; only, somehow, she always cried at night, which was very wrong and ungrateful of her. The wintry days passed uneventfully; she sat in the window of her chamber, sewing little shirts and knitting little socks, and glancing up every now and then across the grey eastern ocean, where many a ship went by, but none whose sails were set for her. The hour of her trial drew nearer and nearer; would she, after all, have to meet it alone? Many thoughts passed through her mind; perhaps some regrets—some confessions of error and of repentance—were amongst them; but nothing dimmed her love, nor caused her faith to waver.

Before going, Floyd had left with her money enough to support her comfortably for a year; and an arrangement had been entered into, according to which she was to send a letter to a certain address in London twice every month. In case of her being too ill to write herself, she was to get Mrs. Dudgeon to do it for her; but in case of her death (a contingency, of course, not seriously to be thought of) no word was to be sent.

Seven times Annette wrote, and posted the letter with her own hands. The last letter was dated the 14th of March, and contained, amidst a web of loving words, some little tear-drops of gentle reproach and murmuring. She hoped he would not get this letter (she wrote) because, if he did, he would not be here in time to be the first to see—somebody whose name had not yet been decided on. It would make its appearance very soon now. Meanwhile, did Floyd long for her as much as she longed for him? She hoped he did; and yet she hoped he did not; for it was enough for one of them to be unhappy. Not that he must think of her as unhappy; she was in very good spirits; only it

seemed rather lonely in the old house sometimes. But in a few days, if all went well, she would not be lonely any more! If Floyd did not take care—if he did not get back before long—he would find that a rival had supplanted him!—And then followed some sentences, the like of which all pure eyes have read or will read in their time; but which are not to be quoted here, or anywhere. And then there was a mark to show where a kiss had been put. Then a name—and then no more, on this side of eternity.

Now, it must be confessed that when Floyd Vivian (by that time thirteenth Baron Castlemere) received this letter, he was not on his way back to Suncook, but was in a very splendid mansion in London, and had just finished his toilet for dinner. His servant handed him the letter; he recognised the superscription, and being somewhat hurried, he put it in his pocket, to be read after dinner was over. At dinner he sat beside Lady Angora De Laine, one of the beauties of the season, and the conversation turned upon Shelley. Lord Castlemere considered him a somewhat overrated man; a graceful poet, but unsound and extravagant in his views. Look at his views on marriage, for example. Lady Angora mused and said, "If all men had your ideas, Lord Castlemere! Fancy your making any mistake of that kind!" His lordship smiled a little, and sighed, and changed the conversation. There was scarcely any one at table but Lady Angora—the daughter of an old friend of the family; for they were still in the thick of their mourning for the old lord. The next day Lord Castlemere went down to the country and remained ten days; he thought several times of the unread letter which had been left behind in London with his evening dress; but he could not very well send for it. By the time he went up to town again, there would be another awaiting him. By and by he went up, and found the old letter; but the new one had not arrived yet. Another fortnight passed by, and still it did not arrive. The fortnight suc-

ceeding that was spent by Lord Castlemere in a secret fever of suspense, of fear, of—hope? Well, be that as it may, no letter came, either then or at any future time. But, as long as for a year afterwards, he said to himself occasionally, "I shall go to America as soon as I can get the time, and see——" But it is very difficult for a young peer, just making his entrance into political life, to find opportunity for a vague expedition to a semi-barbarous country on the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, there was Lady Angora, a most beautiful girl, and a splendid match; she could not endure to hear about America, and thought it very courageous of Lord Castlemere to have ever brought himself to go there. In the June following—eighteen months from the time that Floyd Vivian set sail from New England—Lord Castlemere and Lady Angora were married, to the great delight of their friends and of society. It was a great comfort that the young lord should have settled himself in life so advantageously, and so early.

In fact, there can be few modes of existence more easy and agreeable than that upon which he had fallen; the only disturbing element, so far as appeared, being that unlucky younger brother of his, who had not yet become reconciled to the idea of Floyd's having undertaken to grow up and appropriate the title and forty thousand a year; while he, a much sounder and more sensible man, was forced to go and bury himself in a beggarly church living, worth barely six hundred. This younger brother deserves more mention than has thus far been accorded to him. He was, in most ways, a foil to Floyd. He had a long heavy face, a large nose, black hair and brows; in person he was powerful and rather ponderous; his voice was smooth and fluent, and, like Richard the Third, he had great confidence in the persuasiveness of his tongue. He was a man of ambitions rather personal than ideal; he liked to prove himself more subtle and sharp-sighted than the people with whom he came in contact; to make

a fool of his interlocutor before his face was a delight to him. He inherited from his parents some moral scruples and a bias towards respectability; but he early set to work to correct these drawbacks to success, and by dint of much reasoning, carried on upon a basis of common sense and utilitarianism, he contrived, while still a young man, to bring about his moral emancipation. He saw that society was selfish, and that the sacrifices it required from the individual, although seeming to be in the interests of his own salvation, were in reality but the indispensable conditions of its own aggregate prosperity and cohesion. "Now, society never gave up anything for my good," argued this subtle mind, "therefore, why should I give up anything for the good of society! Doubtless, society is stronger than I am, if I fight with it on even ground; but this superior strength is the very thing which justifies me in taking every advantage I can of it. I will seem to yield and to conform; but in reality I will pursue my own profit at the expense of anything or everything that may stand in my way." This line of argument always appears to the reasoner to postulate exceptional enlightenment on his part, and it has, consequently, the great initial merit of putting him in good conceit with himself at the outset. For the rest, it resembles other theories, when reduced to practice, in sometimes being successful and sometimes failing; the causes of success and failure lying, in this as in other matters, quite outside of the philosophic deserts of the scheme itself. "'Tis not in mortals to command success;" "The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft aglæ;" such proverbial sentences, of which there are hundreds in every language, indicate the catholic acknowledgment on mankind's part that Luck is the one intractable and incalculable element in human affairs. The man whom we are considering would no doubt join in this acknowledgment; but, like other men, only after his personal experience had made the demonstra-

tion. It would then happen, of course, that the luck which favoured him would appear as the result of his sagacity, while the luck that thwarted him would appear as a senseless and perverse accident. It is just possible that neither of these conclusions may represent the whole truth; it seems inevitable that both of them cannot. As for the younger brother of Lord Castlemere, he sometimes prevailed, and sometimes the contrary; and it so chanced that his winnings were generally in trifling matters, and his losses in important ones.

He had a living in one of the northern counties of England; and being a man of some real ability, of fair scholarship, and of ingratiating address, not to speak of those involuntary and inarticulate virtues which invest even the secondary offshoots of nobility, he got a very fair start. He meditated achieving high preferment; and he gave a good deal of thought to the pretensions and prospects of the Romish Church, with the idea that a time might come when it would suit his interests to cross the line which has been drawn, or has drawn itself, between English ritualism and the Pope. He cultivated society, and was popular in it. Although not exactly a handsome man, even in his best years, he exercised a curious influence over women; they felt the masculine strength that underlay his smoothness, and were magnetised by the stroking which the privilege of his spiritual calling enabled him to give their souls. A woman who has deliberately made up her mind to be religious, in the sense of yielding obedience to the admonitions and dictates of the Church, and who imagines herself to acquire personal sanctity and moral elevation therefrom, must, in proportion to the sincerity of her persuasions, fall more or less under the sway of whatever priest has the will to rule her, and a certain knack of management. The reverend gentleman whom we are discussing owned these qualifications, and was, moreover, neither too old nor too ascetic to affect female society for

other than ambitious or ecclesiastical reasons. If he had been endowed with the prudence and impassivity of a calculating machine, he might in time have made a fortunate marriage and become a pillar and light of the Church; but inasmuch as he had omitted to allow for the weight of human passions in the scale, a catastrophe presently took place. The exact nature of this event is not known; it was not allowed to make the noise or to attain the publicity that it might have done under other circumstances; but the result was that the incumbent was obliged to give up his living, and to seek retirement on the Continent. It was then found that he had, during his incumbency, lived in a style more in accordance with the means he hoped to obtain than with those he actually possessed; and the consequent debts were paid by Lord Castlemere, in order to avoid scandal. His lordship further agreed to pay his brother a certain fixed sum per annum, in consideration whereof the latter was to continue to live abroad, and to abstain from making himself obnoxious to the family. For several years this arrangement appeared to work pretty well; though the banished brother was continually applying for sums of money to meet unexpected contingencies, and was a constant source of uneasiness to his lordship, who was above measure sensitive on the score of the family honour, and fearful lest his brother, in revenge for some alleged act of illiberality, should create some new and more outrageous scandal. For a time, however, nothing worse happened than the marriage of the ex-rector with a person of very questionable eligibility, a Belgian Jewess by birth, and an actress (or something equally undesirable) by profession. A daughter was born of this marriage, and the mother soon afterwards died. Some three or four years later the father and widower addressed a long letter to Lord Castlemere, setting forth his inability to bring up and

educate the child in a manner befitting its name, and requesting that it might be allowed a home at Castlemere.

Now, it was not on the face of it likely that this proposition would be entertained; nevertheless, circumstances caused it to meet with favour beyond expectation. For Lord Castlemere's own matrimonial experience had not been a happy one. His wife had lately died, after bearing him three children, one of whom was still-born, while the other two were victims of an epidemic; her ability to promote connubial felicity had not been in other respects noticeable; and it had even been hinted that her husband had found her a very difficult person to get on with. At all events, the noble household was now somewhat forlorn, and the idea of having a little girl to cheer it up was therefore not so unwelcome as it might otherwise have been. Lord Castlemere wrote that he would take the child upon the following conditions: that if, at the expiration of a year, she had not proved herself available, she was to be returned to her father; that if, on the contrary, she did prove available, she was to be regarded as the adopted daughter and heiress of the family (in default of direct heirs), and finally, that the father was in that case to abandon all present and future claim to her, under penalty of forfeiting his present allowance. To these conditions, after some demurs and modifications, the father assented; and little Madeleine made her appearance at Castlemere. A very odd little creature she was; but not so impracticable as might have been supposed, and with an evident capacity for receiving cultivation and ideas. In fact, there was a great deal of the innate lady in her, which Lord Castlemere put to the credit of the Vivian blood; there were also symptoms of eccentricity, or something strange and unusual, which he laid to the account of her mother, and intended to educate out of his little niece. Before the probationary year had expired, Miss Made-

leine Vivian had not only secured her permanent footing in the household, but she had become the idol of its master, and there was nothing he would not do for her; and she had achieved this conquest (in so far as it was explicable at all), far less by virtue of her Vivianship than by that very eccentricity or independent flavour of character which he had purposed to eradicate. Her whims and fantastical perversity were his delight, and he would allow no one to thwart her. On her side, she did not betray any ardour of affection for him, and made him feel the weight of her resentment whenever anything happened to displease her; at the same time she never expressed any wish to go back to her father, or solicitude for his welfare, and in the course of a few years it was plain that she had forgotten all about him. She would not, however, save occasionally, and as a special favour, call Lord Castlemere "father," though it was his desire that she should habitually do so; she seemed quite able and willing to dispense with parents altogether. No little lady of under ten years of age in England was more mistress of herself, and all around her, than was the little lady of Castlemere.

It was about this period that some signs of feebleness in Lord Castlemere's bodily condition compelled him to face the possibility of having to leave his barony and the world, and explore a wholly unknown and presumably different sphere of life. His physicians told him that he might last as long as anybody; but that Providence might be so inconsiderate as to remove him at any time with little or no warning. Meditating upon this contingency, his lordship was naturally led to discuss with himself the future disposal of his great estates; and the more he thought about the matter, the more unsettled and vacillating did his mind become.

The position in which he stood was something like this. The Castlemere estates, during the last four hundred

years, had descended from father to eldest son, the supply of direct male heirs having been equal to the demand throughout that long period. In the event, however, of the failure of such heirs, the estates might be alienated, or disposed of as the holder saw fit. Now, the present baron was the first of his line to whom this unwelcome privilege would seem to have accrued. He had no son by Lady Castlemere; and assuming this to mean that he had no son at all, it is evident that he might devise his property to whomsoever he pleased. It was no less evident that he would have most indulged his own inclinations by constituting Madeleine his sole heir; and so he would have done, but for two considerations. The first was, that Madeleine's father was extremely likely to survive his elder brother; and this detrimental father would be certain to prey and fatten upon the property so soon as the daughter became the owner of it. She might be legally restrained from making it or any part of it bodily over to him; but she could not be prevented from giving him money to any amount, and the hospitality of bed and board. There was no doubt, in short, that this disreputable clergyman would make a bee-line for Castlemere the moment the present lord of it was dead; and then, unless Madeleine were different from the generality of daughters, the result would be practically the same as if he, and not Madeleine, had been the devisee. Some expedient for the mitigation of this nuisance might perhaps be hit upon, but there was no complete safeguard against it; and it formed the sole objection to the heirship of Madeleine which Lord Castlemere (but for the second of the two considerations mentioned above) would have admitted.

What, then, was this second consideration? That was the very question which suggested itself to the mind of M. Jacques Malgrè when the gentleman sitting opposite him got to this point of his story. Whatever it was,

it had been powerful enough to induce him to relinquish his insular comforts for a time, and to retrace with his adopted daughter the unsuspected footsteps of his youth.

CHAPTER IX.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. AUGUSTINE : A CONFESSION : PRECEDED BY A PAIR OF OLD DUELLING-PISTOLS : A BUNDLE OF DOCUMENTS : A PARTING : AND A CLOUDY SKY.

IF the reader has got the measure of Lord Castlemere's character from such hints of it as were conveyed in the last chapter, he will not be unprepared for something, the discovery of which took M. Jacques (whose estimate of human nature was perhaps less charitable than it might have been) entirely by surprise. For some unexplained reason, men are fond of appearing consistent, even in their iniquities : if they have acquired, whether deservedly or not, a reputation for a certain quality of behaviour, they will take a pride in acting up to that reputation ; or in representing themselves to have acted up to it, if by chance a spasm of good sense or conscience should have induced them to act otherwise. Saint Augustine, speaking of that interesting period of his life when he was a dissipated young fellow about town, says that he occasionally used to boast himself to his companions of excesses which he had never committed : and if the fact of his not having committed them were found out, he would feel ashamed. The saint appears to think that this was exceptionally bad conduct on his part ; whereas had he been half as inquisitive about other men's souls as about his own, a suspicion might have dawned upon him that he was not the only fool who had fallen into the same folly. Now, Lord Castlemere had long ago recognised the inadequacy of Shelley to be his guide and philosopher ; nevertheless, the Shelley phase of his life bore to him, in the retrospect, a certain completeness and raciness of aspect which

even his regenerate era was loth to detract from. The episode of his connection with Annette, and their flight to America, was not only the most romantic episode of his career, but (assuming Shelley to have been the defier of all laws human and Divine that his age popularly believed him to be) it was the most Shelley-like : and if any one had had the hardihood to throw doubts upon the sincerity—while it lasted—of Lord Castlemere's Shelleyism, his lordship, if he had not been tongue-tied by other considerations, would have been apt to repel the insinuation by a reference to this ill-advised and tragic adventure. And yet no one was so well aware as Lord Castlemere that if the whole truth were known, he would appear in a much less lurid, and more commonplace and respectable, light.

The affair was, indeed, bad enough at its best ; but the badness was of a weak and timid, not of a bold and satanic type. Lord Castlemere had kept his secret well during all these years ; but it may be doubted whether he would have been quite so reticent had the truth been of a more frankly damning nature than it was. Men are more afraid of the charge of weakness than of the conviction of sin : the reason perhaps being that weakness would be sin if it dared ; and that its forbearance is due rather to an awe of society, than to the love of good. When, therefore, M. Jacques Malgrè asked Lord Castlemere why he had taken the trouble to come to America to make inquiries about an illegitimate child, who could only inherit by a special dispensation of the law in his favour?—his lordship coloured and hesitated.

The old Frenchman resumed : "I will now admit to you, M. le Baron, that a child of yours exists, and that he has had the shelter of my roof, whenever he required it, from the time of his birth. But what is that to you ? You know him not ; you have no love for him, nor he for you. Why do you wish to force upon him a fortune which he cannot claim, and

which he would never miss? Give it rather to this adopted daughter of yours, for whom you have an affection; and leave my grandson and me unbound by any—obligations!" To the last word M. Malgrè lent an emphasis of elaborate sarcasm, as if to remind himself as well as the Baron that there was no peace between them.

"But I suppose you love your grandson?" the Baron said, not noticing the satire otherwise than by an uneasy movement in his chair. "He is not too old to receive an education to fit him for as great a career as any man could hope for. Come, monsieur, do not let your resentment against me prejudice his best interests. Remember that he is Annette's son as well as mine."

"I have never forgotten it, M. le Baron," the Frenchman replied, grimly; "and both he and I have suffered for it. Had he been her child only, or hers by an honest marriage, I would have loved him with my best love. But at the moment when I would have embraced him for her sake, the thought of him who destroyed her rose in my heart, and told me that this boy had in his veins the blood of the seducer as well as of the victim. Many a time, monsieur, I could have strangled him with one hand, while I gave him my heart with the other!" As he said this, the old man's eyes shone strangely. "It is a devilish thing that you have done," he continued in a more passionate key. "You have mixed love and hate together in the person of an innocent child! You have poisoned all that should have made my old age serene and happy! There is no sweeter thing than to teach the child you love what may make him wise and strong: but when I would do this, I thought 'Shall I do good to the son of my enemy?' and I said I would not. Often I have spoken cruel words to him—he knew not what they meant; but they have turned him away from me; I shall end my life here alone! And now you come to offer him wealth and a name—the

name of him who was his mother's ruin!" Here the Frenchman stood up, confronting the other with an air of stern and formal dignity. "M. le Baron de Castlemere," he said, "I do not accept your offer. It is not by the gift of money and rank that you can atone for this wrong. But if you wish to give my grandson to me, with your part in him wiped out, so that I may take him to my breast, and feel that he is all mine—then monsieur, do me the favour first to take this pistol." He held an old-fashioned duelling-pistol towards Lord Castlemere as he spoke, retaining the mate to it in his other hand. "This is not the place nor the country, monsieur," he added, "where the etiquette of an affair like this can be observed. But it is enough for honour that we face each other here alone, with no advantage on either side. Since fourteen years I have kept these weapons, in the hope that a day would come to use them. If you prefer it, M. le Baron, we will stand outside the house; though this room appears to me very suitable. You yourself shall give the word . . ."

For the first time during the interview the Englishman smiled. It was not so much that he was amused by the stiff and antique courtesy with which the Frenchman ornamented his deadly proposal; or that the absurdity of this method of recompensing poor M. Malgrè for the sufferings which he had caused him, was especially present to his mind. But he felt the relief of a man not subject to bodily fear, at having the strain shifted from the mental to the physical region of sensation. Any man can take a bullet: the process is a simple one and quickly performed; and certainly the wound does not rankle so long or so virulently as many a tongue-driven missile may do. It is even possible that Lord Castlemere may have been tempted for a moment to do as M. Malgrè suggested; to those coloured with a morbid genius for moral casuistry, the rough and ready way, when it presents itself, may offer almost irresistible

allurements. But a second thought controlled this impulse.

"I cannot consent to run the risk of taking your life, monsieur," he said, putting the pistol down on the table; "but after I have told you of something of which you seem to have no suspicion, I shall not object to your pistolling me if you choose: so far as I can see I might as well come to an end now as any time."

"What have you to tell me, milord?" the other demanded, with an accent of anxiety in his voice, though his demeanour was almost unchanged.

"Your daughter was married to me; she was my lawful wife, and our son is the legitimate heir of Castlemere," replied his lordship, speaking rapidly and breathing short. Then he got up from his chair and leaned with his hand upon the back of it.

The Frenchman's face puckered up, a tremor passed through his body; for several moments he seemed unable to use his voice. When at length it came it had a shrill, pithless sound.

"What you tell me is not true," he began. "You said it because you were afraid—bah! no—— But you were jesting, monsieur: in pity give me the assurance that you were jesting! Body of God! it cannot be true!"

"Are you sorry to learn that your daughter's honour was pure, M. Malgrè?" the Englishman inquired curiously. "Here is the certificate of our marriage, signed and dated at Paris on the day previous to our starting for Havre."

He took a bundle of papers from his pocket, and selecting one from amongst them handed it to the Frenchman, who glanced at it, and let it fall on the table. He then moved to his chair in a tottering way, and slouched down into it, like a man whose stamina has gone from him. He sat with his arms lying nervelessly in front of him on the table, and a piteous contraction of the brow and fall of the mouth.

Lord Castlemere, having had in view his own attitude in the matter

rather than Annette's, had anticipated an outburst against his long-sustained suppression of the fact, and perhaps some fierce reflections on the risk he had run of committing bigamy. The truth was, however, that M. Malgrè was not thinking of his lordship at all, and was profoundly indifferent as to the nature or degree of his moral obliquity. The sole subject of the old man's thoughts, and that which crushed him down, was the wretched and irrevocable injustice that he himself had done his daughter's memory ever since her death. He had cursed her and denied her all forgiveness, and all the while she had been innocent. He had cast her out from his heart as a dishonour to his name, and she had not dishonoured it. He had made her son the scapegoat of his baffled resentment, when the boy should have been the sweet consolation of his loss. Finally, he had brought himself to be a poor, spiteful recluse and exile, at odds with the world, and living only in the vague hope of wreaking a fruitless revenge; and now, at the moment when he fancied the revenge was within his grasp, the substance of it vanished into thin air. All this was a terrible blow to M. Malgrè, and left him no stomach for scolding. "Annette! Annette! Annette!" was the remorseful burden of his soul. He thought of her grave, over which his insane pride had suffered him to put no loving inscription, nor to visit it save by stealth and empty handed; and of the room in which she died—but of that he scarcely dared to think. The vital and characteristic part of the man wandered apart in these forlorn musings; and so much as remained to listen to Lord Castlemere was meek and pliable to excess. As for the pistols, they had become unknown instruments, relics of some forgotten age. Forgotten, too, was the presence, on the other side of the partition dividing the study from the adjoining room, of the reverend gentleman with his black eyebrows and whiskers, who evinced such a lively desire to get the future John,

fourteenth Baron Castlemere, out of the way. And yet the partition was rather a thin one.

"Well, then," said his lordship (who had previously said several other things, which M. Malgrè had heard, perhaps, but without comprehending them), "I will see the boy in your presence to-morrow morning. With this certificate of marriage, and the certificate of the child's birth, which you have, his identity is sufficiently established."

"Yes, yes; no—assuredly," murmured M. Malgrè. "Here is the paper of his birth, monsieur; I always carry it about with me: accept it, monsieur. Yes—yes; to-morrow."

"In order to put the matter beyond suspicion," Lord Castlemere continued, "I had a will drawn up—two wills, in fact. Here they are. The first, as you see, is drawn in favour of my niece and adopted daughter, Madeleine. It was to be used in case no direct heir should be forthcoming, and provides for her inheriting the estates on the completion of her twenty-first year. This second instrument—which, as you see, is dated one month later than the first—gives the property to my son in due succession, subject to a lien thereon to the amount of one thousand per annum to Madeleine during her life. It was my hope that the two might marry, but nothing of that kind is here suggested, lest by seeming to force their inclination we should discourage it. You understand me, M. Malgrè?"

"Assuredly, monsieur; we should discourage it."

"Well, I will leave all the papers with you, for you to look over at your leisure. I confess, M. Malgrè, that I should have preferred to see this property go unreservedly to my niece, in spite of the drawbacks attending her tenure; but I could not face the possibility of her title being hereafter challenged: and besides—I did not

wish to add wrong to wrong. This affair has caused me great anxiety and unhappiness from the beginning."

His lordship hesitated, as if he had other words to say, but the Frenchman was so plainly not interested in his confessions that he changed his mind. Upon the whole he was not sorry that the other's preoccupation prevented him from appreciating the rather feeble and ineffective figure which he was himself conscious of cutting. And this was the end of fourteen years of secret humiliation and suspense on one side, and of corroding rage and gratuitous misanthropy on the other!

"I will take my leave of you for the present, M. Malgrè," Lord Castlemere said, turning to the door. "To-morrow we will settle what remains of this affair. I think my little girl is up stairs, monsieur," he added abruptly, turning again and holding out his hand; "don't you think that, after all, we might become friends?"

"Assuredly, M. le Baron—to-morrow!" returned the Frenchman, not changing his expression or moving from his place.

So the two men parted without having shaken hands. In the passage Lord Castlemere called to his niece, and she came down, with her squirrel under her arm; she had made better friends with it than her uncle had done with M. Malgrè, and would not be parted from it. His lordship bent down and kissed her on the forehead, then they went out of the house hand in hand.

Two or three minutes afterwards a burly, black-garmented figure issued from the doorway, glanced to the right and left, and then went hastily down the lane in the same direction that the two others had taken. The easterly breeze had driven a flock of clouds across the sky, and it was already quite dark.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CHURCH COURTS AND PRIMITIVE RITUAL.

THERE are times when personal experiences may be appealed to without egotism, and studied, for the position they are intended to illustrate, with profit. On this ground I venture to ask all who may be interested in the subject now engaging the attention of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission to bear with me while I recall my own, which I can do briefly by referring to a pamphlet published by me some twelve years back, entitled *The Roman Index and its Late Proceedings*.¹ Those proceedings were the occasion of my quitting the Roman Communion, after having joined it in mature life, continued in it fifteen years, and witnessed its workings in a host of countries besides my own. True, they were neither novel nor peculiar in my case; but, till then, I distrusted the account given of them in books as being ingrained with prejudice. Brought face to face with them, I found it only too true. It was the ordinary way in which business of that kind is transacted in, what is called at Rome, the Congregation of the Holy Office, but what is better known to the outside world as the Court of the Inquisition; and it was the first of its kind there, as these few words from Morone will show: "In the early part of the sixteenth century, the portentous errors of the heretics Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and others having led to the institution of the *Congregation of the Holy Office* by Paul III., and to its revision and enlargement under successive popes, the other Congregations of Cardinals were organised on its model."²

Such, then, is the alternative between England and Rome, so far as existing courts are concerned. I will now recapitulate what the

action of Rome was in my case. Two volumes of mine were placed on the index of proscribed books in December, 1868. I was neither informed of what was in contemplation, nor of the fact. I am unaware to this day who delated them. I was never confronted with my accusers, nor with my judges, nor with the passages in either volume considered unsound. The first thing Archbishop Manning was careful to tell me about them, on my applying to him, was, that he had never read them himself. Yet they had been out and in circulation no less than two years in England previously to their condemnation. Doubtless it was my recent letter to him,³ that had prompted their condemnation. But, again, that letter was not condemned by him till two months later, when he was away from his flock in Rome, taking counsel, as he had the goodness to inform me, with four theologians on the spot, whom he will not name. I should be curious to have the canon pointed out to me countenancing a judicial process of this kind, and imposing loss of communion in the event of its sentence being disregarded. I could point out at least a score which it insults and tramples under foot.

At the same time, *personally*, let me not omit to say, there was nothing, or next to nothing, in the conduct of Archbishop Manning of which any reasonable man could complain. Though he had learnt to pronounce Latin as an Italian, he made you feel, thanks to his bringing up, that he had still the feelings of an Englishman smouldering in the depths of his heart. I am persuaded he would have accorded me very different treatment, even officially, had he been his own master. But what could he do? When he had strained every point to come to

¹ London: J. T. Hayes.

² *Die. Stor. Eccles.* xvi. 142.

³ *The Church's Creed, or the Crown's Creed.*

a settlement with me, and I with him, he found himself thwarted all of a sudden by a miserable Monsignore—of whose doings, in public and private life, the less said the better for his superiors—in whose person Rome quashed our negotiations, and by stepping in between us set me free. Never shall I cease to be thankful for that unrighteous act—that act which enabled me with a good conscience to emancipate myself from a system that I had found on full experience to be completely delusive: just as full of blemishes, and distortions, and corruptions, as our forefathers had painted it ages ago; falsifying, in fact, almost every pretension it affected itself, or its proselytisers claimed for it; with unity largely dependent on tyranny for its maintenance, and a blind to any amount of heartburnings and internecine strife behind the scenes; with moral appearances largely dependent on secrecy, and truth played fast and loose with in every possible way for palliating, advancing, or saving the system. All these discoveries made me rejoice over the unrighteous act that set me free, and enabled me to return to my old home, a wiser, but not by any means a sadder man. I had known Rome now, once for all.

The Vicar-General of the Archbishop had already prepared me for this *finale*, by explaining that the Roman Catholic bishops had not yet got the *forum externum* accorded them in this country by Rome, though he hoped they would soon. Anglo-Romans were thus no better off under the *hierarchy* than they had been under vicars apostolic in former times, of whom Mr. Berington, himself subject to their pretended jurisdiction, says in his history, "So entire is their dependence on the Roman court, that the *placita Curiae Romanæ* are the sole rule of their conduct."¹ Open trial in an English court of justice, be it even the Court of Arches as now constituted, is surely preferable to that alternative.

But let us cross the Channel, and

¹ P. 461.

see whether we shall not find ourselves better off there. It was crossing the Channel that took me to Rome, *via France*. Things were certainly better in France when I first set foot in it; but what have they since become? I can depose personally likewise to this point. The man who perhaps had most to do with my joining the Church of Rome—whose abilities and acquirements commanded my admiration, whose character won my love, whose fate brings tears to my eyes—Père Gratry, of the French Oratory—what was his fate, soon after my own breach with Rome? He was hounded to death for daring to speak the truth on a great crisis, as I had done when minds, though excited, were less vindictive. The *semblance* of a *forum externum*, which then existed in France, stood him in less good stead than its absence in England had me. But even then it was a semblance, not a reality. Practically the ecclesiastical courts, answering to our own, had ceased to exist in France with the eighteenth century. "They were swept away, all of them, by the Revolution," says the Vicar-General of the Bishop of Soissons, M. Lequeux. "In that sense we construe the law of 11th September, 1790, which, with all the civil tribunals of the old *régime*, abolished the officials of the ecclesiastical courts too. . . . Nothing indeed forbids the existence of Church courts for strictly Church suits." But "the secular power neither recognises them nor entertains their sentences."²

The Concordat of 1801 between Napoleon I. and Pope Pius VII., far from restoring Church government, established Ultramontanism in France. It was thus summarised by M. Ollivier only three years ago³:—"L'article 2 déclare qu'il sera fait par le Saint Siège, de concert avec le Gouvernement, une nouvelle circonscription des diocèses français. Pour le faciliter,

² *Manual. Jur. Canon.* i. 477; and iii. 55. Paris: Leroux, 1850.

³ *L'Église et l'État au Concile du Vatican.* Paris: Garnier Frères, 1879, vol. i.; 111-12.

l'article 3 demande aux titulaires des évêchés abolis le sacrifice de leurs sièges. S'ils le refusent, par un coup d'autorité sans précédent, et que l'ultramontain le plus extrême n'aurait osé conseiller, ils seront privés de leurs sièges sans jugement canonique: tout exercice de quelque juridiction que ce soit leur sera interdit à perpétuité: ils seront, en un mot, comme des évêques frappés de la deposition. Pouvait-on reconnaître, d'une façon plus explicite, le renversement des anciennes circonscriptions ecclésiastiques?" It was thus that the episcopate was itself treated in the Concordat. From the same writer we learn the effects of the organic articles by which it was followed upon the inferior clergy. "Toutes les usurpations, et tous les abus de pouvoir se trouvent réunis dans les dispositions relatives au clergé du second ordre. Ce malheureux clergé est dépouillé des diverses garanties que lui assurait le droit canonique, établi par les conciles et par les Papes. . . . Il n'y a réellement plus d'immovibilité pour personne: puisqu'aucune forme judiciaire ne limite plus obligatoirement le pouvoir discrétionnaire de l'évêque, qu'il peut toujours, sans avertissement et sans explications, frapper qui il veut et comme il veut, *ex informata conscientia*. . . ."

It is needless to add that the Vatican Council neither did nor aimed at doing anything for the inferior clergy, whether in France or elsewhere. Let me then entreat all earnest English Churchmen once more to look these facts in the face, and not for one moment to lose sight of the old proverb, so relevant to them—

"Incident in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim."

Open trial in an English court of justice, be it even the Court of Arches as now constituted, is surely preferable to the arbitrary procedure that we find everywhere else.

Time-honoured institutions, such as

¹ *L'Église et l'État au Concile du Vatican*, pp. 132 and 136.

ours are, thank God, with all their defects and shortcomings, are not lightly to be thrown aside. Let us be thankful, rather, that our Church courts are still what they are, and will still bear remodelling; while not one of the courts answering to them on the Continent have been left standing. The Church courts in France had been dead and buried half a century when the work of reforming our own recommenced within memory. We should limit our demands to what is practical and likely to become permanent. What we want are courts in accord with Church principles, yet suited to the times in which we live; and also courts that will command respect. If it was a *tabula rasa* that we had to work upon and fill up at pleasure, my own aspirations would certainly be for the diocesan and provincial synods of primitive times. Still I can never think of them without being instantly confronted with two questions requiring a straightforward answer—1. How is it that, in spite of the many stringent canons passed for their being held everywhere regularly, year by year, they never could be kept going but by fits and starts, and that there is no nation in Europe now where they are kept going? 2. Who could anticipate their becoming permanent and practical, were they to be revived in this country side by side with Convocation? It seems to me there could not possibly be room for both, and that one must gradually put out the other. It seems further to me that if the Convocations of York and Canterbury could be joined, and meet together in London during the sitting of Parliament regularly for discussion, and had leave from time to time to mature measures that should eventually find their way into Parliament and become law, we should possess all that we needed, and more than we could ever hope to gain by the revival of synods. For even Œcumenical Synods, it must never be forgotten, had to submit their rulings to the Emperor and get them con-

firmed by him, before they could be carried out in any part of his dominions. I think, therefore, that as Convocation has been for so many centuries a recognised institution in this country, and is gaining strength every day, it would not be wise to resuscitate another that has for so long been in abeyance, and might compete with it. If its constitution could be improved without increasing its numbers, there seems no reason to despair of its being made perfect in time.

The fusion of the two metropolitan courts of York and Canterbury was contemplated as far back as 1830, though the manner in which it was carried out at last has greatly prejudiced its acceptance. But consider it apart from the Act of Parliament that achieved it, and a great deal may be said in its favour. As this has been attempted at some length in a recent pamphlet,¹ a very few words will suffice for that purpose now. The Court of Arches, as the new court is still called, had its origin, together with all its subordinates, in a charter of William the Conqueror, and it owes its name to the first church in London built on arches of stone in his reign. That charter of the First William decreeing its foundation should be read side by side with the commission of the first year of the Fourth William recommending its present amalgamation. Both were strictly constitutional acts of the sovereign, after counsel taken with his recognised advisers in Church and State; one founding, the other remodelling the same courts, and in perfect accord, so far as principles are concerned, with each other. There is no claim set up in either, on the part of the Crown, to convey spiritual jurisdiction; but only to prescribe the conditions and define the limits of its exercise by those who are subjects of the Crown within its own territory. The Conqueror issued his charter with the consent of his archbishops, bishops, abbots, and all the great men of his

kingdom; the sailor-king issued his commission with the consent of his Parliament, consisting of ten eminent civilians, of whom the Dean of the Court of Arches was one, and of six bishops, at the head of whom was the Primate. Previously to the Conquest, in Anglo-Saxon times, the bishop administered justice side by side with the ealdorman in the Court of the Hundred. The effect of the charter was to give the bishops separate courts of their own; the effect of the commission was merely to centralise those same courts. What had been established by the Crown might surely, without any departure from principle, be consolidated and reformed by the Crown. The bishops were subjects of the Crown, and their courts, though Church courts in their intrinsic character, were Crown courts in their foundation and limitations from the very first, as now.

So far as their administration is concerned, there were two matters, certainly not contemplated at their foundation, which were left untouched at their reform—1, the principle of delegacy, which is still recognised in them; and 2, the practice of appeals outside them, which is still allowed. For both, the Pre-reformation ages are responsible, not the Reformation. I must say a few words on each head.

The principle of delegacy was a received maxim in canon law, though not, of course, without its limitations. But there were many canonists in the middle ages who maintained that bishops might even delegate laymen to act for them in their diocesan courts; and an Ultramontane canonist of our own times, M. Bouix, whose work bears the *imprimatur* of Rome, though he tells us the received opinion is: “Ab aliis ordinariis delegari nequit, nisi clericus,” adds: “A Papâ delegari potest etiam laicus. Ita unanimiter doctores, ob plenitudinem nempe Pontificiæ potestatis.”² He had previously made this admission:

¹ *The Crown and the Mitre.* London: Longmans and Co., 1881.

² *Tract. de Jud.* i. 147. Paris: Lecoffre, 1855.

*“Laicus non est jure Divino inhabilis ad cognoscenda spiritualia; si id agat, non proprio, sed alieno nomine.”*¹ Consequently, King Henry VIII. and his successors, in permitting our bishops to employ laymen for their delegates, only granted them the same liberty that was universally claimed for the Pope. That the principle was a radically vicious one has been proved by experience both abroad and at home; still, not at home more so than abroad; nor when a layman acted for the bishop than when a simple clerk.

The *cacoethes* of appealing, again, was another malpractice which originated with Rome. It was based on the Sardican canons, whose spuriousness has lately been acknowledged by Rome for the same reason, doubtless, that influenced Pius VI.² to say of the false decretals of his early predecessors: “Burn them all if you will,” as never likely to need them in support of her claims again. The common law of the Church in primitive times, as testified in genuine canons without end, was, that all disputes should be terminated by the local authorities on the spot, or by a general council. And it was not till appeals to Rome had become a national pest in this country that the Crown instituted a court of its own, to which, “*for lack of justice* in any of the courts of the archbishops of this realm, it should be lawful for the parties aggrieved to appeal.” Whatever evils have ensued in practice, therefore, from the establishment of the Court of Delegates by Henry VIII., or that of the Privy Council, its hereditary successor, have been entailed on us by the gross corruptions and perversions of Church discipline—not merely countenanced, but abetted in this country by Rome between the Conquest and the Reformation. It was from Rome that the principle of delegacy was imported by our ancestors; it was from Rome that they learnt to be dissatisfied with the de-

cisions of their metropolitan courts, and to appeal thither for ecclesiastical justice.

But what was usurpation and lawlessness in Rome, was high prerogative in the Crown. The Crown had a duty to perform by the meanest of its subjects when lack of justice was complained of. It was bound to take cognisance of their alleged wrongs, and, when proved, to see them redressed. The even-handed administration of justice is among the brightest of all the jewels in the British Crown; and no good Churchman could wish its lustre dimmed or diminished, as it would be, were miscarriages of justice permitted to pass in Church courts without remedy; particularly those which involve loss of board and bread. All victims of such miscarriages in any court of the realm have plainly the right of going to the Crown for a remedy; and the Crown is bound to provide them one within its own competency, yet leaving them free to avail themselves of it, or not, at all times as they please. They should never be forced to appeal against their will. I call especial attention to this principle, which we find distinctly recognised in every Act of Parliament making provision for a final court of appeal in ecclesiastical suits. If Churchmen can settle their disputes in the ecclesiastical courts, so much the better. They are not obliged, not invited, not encouraged, to bring them before the final court. The final court is far from being established to promote litigation. Then take the obligations into consideration which the canons lay upon Churchmen. If we were true Churchmen, we should never appeal to the civil power in matters which our bishops and archbishops are the proper persons to decide for us. Deposition was the penalty decreed against all clergy who did this in primitive times. It might prove a salutary check on litigation if our bishops were to declare them incapable of promotion in our own. The Crown cannot of course refuse to hear appeals if they are made.

¹ *Tract. de Jud.*, p. 81.

² *Resp. ad Metrop. Mogunt. &c.* A most rare volume. C. viii. § 4, n. 100.

So much for delegacies and appeals in the abstract. Take them as they exist in the concrete with us, and I think, with a very few changes, the crucial objections to both will disappear. The amalgamation of the provincial courts of York and Canterbury was recommended by the Commissioners of 1830, as I have said. It was in evident contemplation fifteen years later, as section 3 of c. 38 of 6 and 7 Victoria plainly shows. It was carried out in 1874, the appointment of the new judge being vested in the two metropolitans, subject to the approval of the Queen. His qualifications are scarcely so high as they should be, and might be raised with advantage. But he must sign a declaration of membership in the Church of England before entering upon office, and should he ever recede from it he thereby vacates his post. Now as it has happened, actually within memory, that a judgment issued from the Court of Arches to which the metropolitans of both provinces were opposed, it would be easy to correct this glaring anomaly by reviving 24 Hen. VIII. c. xii. 23, where provision is made for appeal "from the said Court of Arches, even to the archbishop of the same province, there to be definitively and finally determined, without any other or further process or appeal thereupon to be had or sued." This, if it were re-enacted, would have the effect of making each archbishop the final appeal in his own province—an arrangement with which every clergyman ought in conscience to rest content; as it would be really the Church discipline of Nicene times restored.

I pass on to the Privy Council with its Judicial Committee, now constituting our final appeal. "The Privy Council," say the Commissioners of 1830, "being composed of lords spiritual and temporal, the judges in equity, the chiefs of the common law courts, the judges of the civil law courts, and other persons of legal education and habits, who have filled judicial situations,

seems to comprise the materials of a most perfect tribunal for deciding the appeals in question." What honest Englishman could except to the opinion which is here formed of it? And its Judicial Committee, fairly selected, would, always be the court of all others most likely to command respect in cases where, for lack of justice elsewhere, the Crown was invoked to intervene. Then, as the Judge of the Court of Arches has long been a layman with the full consent of the Church of England, it is not for English Churchmen to object that the lay element in the Judicial Committee disqualifies it from dealing with ecclesiastical suits. The Crown has, surely, more right to delegate laymen to act for it than the Mitre. The sole restrictions that we could ask for, in fairness, are these:—1. That no appeal should be permitted to the Judicial Committee from either the Church courts or the archbishops, except where loss of temporalities has been incurred by deprivation; and 2, that when it has to deal with such cases, it should consist of members of the Church of England exclusively, and of lay and spiritual judges in equal numbers. Such power of composition is already vested in the Crown.

I come, lastly, to the question of procedure, which to my mind is, and should be deemed, the crying grievance. It seems to me that the whole procedure laid down in the Public Worship Act should be cancelled, and that of the Church Discipline Act revised and supplemented in a way to cover all breaches of Church law of every kind. With a very few changes this Act might be made perfect. In its general conception, it is quite consistent with primitive practice.

Into the melancholy disputes and lawsuits which have led to the Commission now sitting, it is not my intention to be drawn away from my own proper subject. My object in coming forward is not to sit in judgment on what has occurred, but to suggest remedies for the future. Much, too much, has

occurred which everybody that has the best interests of the Church of England at heart, as I have profoundly, must deplore, and would give worlds to heal. For to anybody who will consider what is going on round him, abroad and at home, dispassionately, it must be self-evident to what extent the hopes of Christendom are concentrated in the preservation from disintegration, not of England merely, but of its National Church. With all its defects, shortcomings, and anomalies, the Church of England is positively the only Church left in the old world of anything like primitive mould and historic life, with anything like freedom of speech and thought, with anything like moral power and hold on society, with anything like the varied learning and intelligence, with anything like the constitutional government, the open trial, the fair tribunal, the impartial administration of justice to all comers alike, that characterised the Church of the Fathers. Neither disputes, nor miscarriages of justice, nor errors, nor even abuses in practice were unknown in their days any more than in our own; but the settled object of all their laws, as of ours, was to be just to everybody; and of all their institutions, to ally the profession of religion by all with moral purity, and liberty of conscience with order.

But to preserve the Church of England from disintegration, external remedies alone plainly will not suffice; for the under-current has to be studied as well as the ripple. The causes of litigation lie far too deep below the surface to be assuaged by remodelled tribunals, or the substitution of one judge, or of one procedure, for another. Suits would follow on suits just as rapidly, and with just as unsatisfactory results as before, were the root of the evil to be left untouched. We must not think that beating about the bush will restore peace. The celebrated Rubric on which so much argument has been expended for ascertaining its true force, contains a distinct reference by implication to something

else *besides* ornaments. It refers to that Prayer-book of Edward VI. which was authorised in the second year of his reign. This is well known as his first Prayer-book; and if I may judge of the feelings of those who lay most stress on that rubric by my own, it is for permission to use this Prayer-book, a hundred times more than all the ornaments prescribed in it, that they yearn. It is, in effect, my own case over again; but I am much better acquainted with the merits of this Prayer-book now than I was formerly. Let me speak on this point without reserve. Let me confess my mistakes, and how I came to see through them. What attracted me to Rome formerly was the Roman missal, and nothing else. It was not the gorgeous or the musical accompaniments of High Mass, but the Mass-book itself. I stated this at some length in a pamphlet just twenty-five years ago. Transubstantiation, indeed, I never could get over; but it was not written there. I pronounced the word, on being assured it pledged me to no more than a distinct acceptance of the doctrine of the Real Presence—a doctrine which had been mine from childhood—and in this assurance I rested for a length of time; till, on re-reading the points at issue between the Latin and Greek Churches attentively, doubts of the two doctrines being identic were started, though I had not leisure to pursue them farther just then. An opportunity presented itself, however, before long on my being asked for a paper on the “Eucharist” by Dr. Smith for his Biographical Dictionary. I resolved on doing full justice to truth in this article, so far as its limits would permit. What was my surprise, then, when on comparing the Roman missal carefully, bit by bit, with the various liturgies which it has either displaced—but of which tell-tale fragments remain—or is still opposing, I found it was by no means the venerable, immaculate landmark of primitive belief in its present form, that it had

appeared to me to be years ago, but a deceptive composite: again and again altered irregularly by those who should have maintained it intact, to meet the requirements of a doctrine based on counterfeit works of the Fathers, but opposed diametrically to their teaching, and from which it is even clear from their teaching they would have recoiled with horror. The fact is, this missal is just of a piece with what inquiry shows everything else to be, that is distinctively Roman, and tends to the exaltation of Rome, viz., that when its sources have been unravelled and laid bare, they are found invariably to consist of spurious documents, interpolated or distorted passages, or passages construed apart from their context, and giving colour to the false conclusions of which she has been in uninterrupted possession so long that she can pass them off still, authenticated as they have been many times over by her supreme heads, upon her much-enduring children, and pledge them to their acceptance as part and parcel of her Apostolic heirloom.

Now, without going into theological disquisitions of any kind, but keeping to what is matter of pure history throughout, the facts of the case are simply these. Transubstantiation, which has become the distinctive teaching of the Church of Rome, cannot be found in any genuine work that has come down to us before the eleventh century. The first authorities for it are spurious homilies, treatises, or interpolations which began to be current about that time. Up to that time what is called the doctrine of the Real Presence—a doctrine quite distinct from transubstantiation, as will presently be made patent—had been the teaching of the Universal Church; and up to that time, or very nearly till then, there had been a prayer in every known liturgy throughout the Christian world—as there still is in every known Eastern liturgy—which has always gone by the name of the “Prayer of Invocation,” in other words, a

prayer addressed to the Father to send down the Holy Ghost from heaven, to make the Eucharist on its consecration what His Son had pronounced it to be at its institution. Whether the words used by Christ in instituting it were repeated after or before this prayer in every known liturgy likewise during the same period, is a point far more difficult to substantiate for certain either way than most people suppose; but we need not stop to discuss it here. What I maintain—and can maintain *as a matter of fact*—is, that the very first writer who bears explicit testimony to their present position in the Roman liturgy, and ascribes the effect now ascribed to them, on their being pronounced by the priest, is Amalarius, a liturgical writer of the ninth century, patronised by the Emperor Lewis, to whom his work is dedicated, but what rank he held in the Church is uncertain. How are we to explain the fact that a doctrine so portentous should have been overlooked for more than eight centuries, and then proclaimed to the Western world by a writer so obscure? It is explained in his work, which, being a running commentary, paragraph by paragraph, on the Roman Mass-book as it stood in his day, and no reference, direct or indirect, being made by him to the Prayer of Invocation, that prayer must have been expunged from the Roman Liturgy by then. And yet down to his time, and in many Western Churches long after his time, not only can no traces of his teaching be found in any writing of an authentic character that has come down to us, but in all, without exception, the teaching is that of the Universal Church, when that prayer was in every liturgy, and in use by all Churches alike, proving that its disuse was a necessary prelude to the doctrine which has since obtained—besides accounting for the cognate fact, that in the East, where this prayer has never ceased to be used, transubstantiation is as unknown, practically, still, as if it never had been main-

tained, except where intrigues have gained for it a nominal footing, backed by Western influence.

Thus the historical argument, briefly recapitulated, amounts to this—as long as the descent of the Holy Ghost was everywhere invoked in consecrating the Eucharist, the doctrine of the Real Presence was universally taught and held; nor was transubstantiation even known as a speculative tenet in any part of the Church. But wherever His descent ceased to be invoked, as in the West, there transubstantiation became the received, and, in process of time, the normal doctrine; but yet, contemporaneously, never succeeded in making converts to it, except now and then by stealth, in any part of the Church where prayer for the descent of the Holy Ghost continued to be maintained in the liturgy.

Consequently, the plain historical inference *cannot but be*—that the teaching of the Real Presence, and the praying for the descent of the Holy Ghost, are strictly correlatives, and have never ceased to go hand in hand; the prayer explaining the doctrine to the meanest capacity, by making that Presence due to the action of the Holy Ghost, and, therefore, spiritual of necessity; whereas, contrariwise, the preliminary to transubstantiation having been the disuse of this prayer, and transubstantiation itself being ascribed to the act of the priest, no further proof is needed of the chasm separating between it and the doctrine of the Real Presence, nor of its own intrinsic character. One is spiritual, as being founded on the act of God; the other carnal, as being founded on the act of man. The difference is what any child may appreciate; but what must be the responsibilities of a Church that has presumed to abandon one for the other? The Holy Ghost, invoked by the whole Church continuously for eight centuries, to consecrate the elements by descending on them at every celebration of the Eucharist, is no longer invoked in the Roman missal to take

part in any way at its consecration. The profession of a vital doctrine has been expunged from its canon in a way that history must pronounce, conformably with the name given to it in olden time, to be rank heresy. It has been pointed out in a pamphlet lately published by Messrs. Longmans on Consecration,¹ how completely Calvin was at one with the Fathers on this point; and with what trenchant vigour it was maintained by him in exposing the subterfuges of consubstantiation and transubstantiation alike.

This fact alone disposes of the supposition that Calvin had any hand in revising the Prayer-book authorised in the second year of the reign of Edward VI., as he most certainly would not have been a party to the excision of that petition for the action of the Holy Ghost in consecrating the Eucharist, which its office for the Supper of the Lord, by whomsoever inspired, revived; and which, though, often as our office has been revised, we still disuse, both the Scotch and American Communion offices have, with far truer instincts, not scrupled to import from it. There is, indeed, great probability that neither its correlation to the primitive doctrine of the Real Presence, nor its irreconcilableness with the mediæval figment of transubstantiation have been hitherto given the full prominence that they should have; but it shall not be my fault if attention is not both awakened to them now, and concentrated on them in future. For it was mainly from my not having had the master-key to the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence put into my hands from childhood, which is supplied in this prayer, and which certainly would not have been wanting to me, had its own force been explained to me by constant use—very different from cursory perusal on paper—that I made that dreary journey to Rome, which cost me fifteen years of the cream of life, and brought me back a weather-beaten

¹ *Consecration, not Transubstantiation*, p. 6 et seq.

soul. Knowing, therefore, by experience, and shuddering over the disasters, which a process so simple as the use of one Reformed liturgy instead of another might have saved me from, I plead with all the fervour at my command for the many more precious souls than mine, that might now be saved that always hazardous, and in my own case profitless, voyage, and confirmed in undisturbed attachment to their mother-Church, by the harmless expedient of legalising, under proper restrictions, the use, by any congregations and ministers conjointly petitioning for it, of the Communion office of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., just as it stands, with all its accompaniments, instead of the revised version of it in our existing Prayer-books. I say, "just as it stands," confident in my ability to prove that it has nothing in it, and orders nothing, that is not strictly primitive—strictly within the period covered by the First Four General Councils, and with all the corruptions and excrescences of later ages carefully weeded out. There it is, ready made to our hands, just as it was penned by the men who laid down their lives in its defence, not needing revision on account of anything it contains—too sacred at this date to be revised by us—authorised ages ago by both Houses of Parliament, by both Convocations, and by the Crown. I add, "with all its accompaniments;" not because ceremonial has any great charms for me, but because the literal fulfilment of the controverted rubric would in this way be made possible for all whose consciences refuse to be satisfied with less. For my own part, its use, without any ceremonial whatsoever, would more than satisfy my deepest instincts; and even for its non-use by myself, should my flock prefer adhering to the form we have so long used, I should feel abundantly compensated, should it be my privilege to have contributed in the smallest degree towards putting others in possession of it, and so far restor-

ing this noblest of our post-Reformation heirlooms to its proper pedestal in the hearts of English Churchmen, as a distinctive witness of their adherence to the true teaching of the Universal Church, and of their entire renunciation of the carnal, uncatholic, and unscriptural figment that has been so long and so cruelly substituted for it on false pretences in Western Christendom, to the shedding of so much innocent blood.

Should it be objected to this course, that the concurrent use of two Communion offices in the Church of England would necessarily produce confusion, it may be said in reply that I was familiar with the concurrent use of the Gallican and Roman missals in France for above twenty years personally—not but that it commenced long before then—and no confusion arose from it that I can call to mind. It was perfectly well known in what churches or chapels the Roman was used, and people went to them whose proclivities lay in that direction. That was all. As the Vatican council drew near, the Gallican office received a stab in the dark from which it never recovered. I was in Paris when its obsequies took place. At an earlier period I was familiar with the concurrent use of the Scotch and English Communion offices in Scotland, though at that time the Scotch office was being undermined in estimation by the strong feeling that had set in for closer communion with England. The concurrent use of two lectionaries some time back, and of two versions of the Scriptures for some time to come, may surely plead for the concurrent use of two Communion offices, if good results are likely to ensue from it.

For the rest, I mean no disparagement whatever to our existing Communion office, in proposing that its elder sister should divide with it the affectionate hold it has established for itself in all English hearts. Substantially both are equally scriptural, and we cannot say that one contains any-

thing, or that the other omits anything, essential for rejection or profession, so far as the Scriptures are concerned. But judged by the standard of the Primitive Church, there can be no denying that one is in closer accordance with it than the other, and on points which not only touch ritual in a high degree, but the human heart. The human heart, as moulded in some breasts, chafes and repines at the bar placed between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant in celebrating the Sacrament of Communion with Him Who is the Head of both, and Whose Body consists not of the dead, but of the living, "for all live unto Him." No such bar exists in any primitive liturgy that has come down to us. And when we possess a liturgy formed in accordance with primitive liturgies on all these points by our own Reformers, why should any desiring it be denied its use? Nobody could have testified more strongly to the truth of the sacramental doctrine maintained in it than Calvin. On all other points, let us hear, in conclusion, its merits recapitulated by one whose testimony to them is equally beyond suspicion—the historian of Protestantism, Dr. Wylie. Speaking of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., he says: ¹—"It was compiled by substantially the same men who had drawn up the Communion Service, and the principal of whom were Cranmer, Ridley, and Goodrich. The breviary and the ancient liturgies were laid under contribution in the formation of the Book of Common Prayer. The Bible is the revelation of God's mind to the Church. Worship is the evolution of the Church's mind Godwards. And on this prin-

ciple was the liturgy of the Church of England compiled. The voice of all preceding ages of the Church was heard in it; the voice of the first age, as also that of the age of Augustine, and of all the succeeding ages including whatever was holy and pure in the Church of the middle ages—all were there, inasmuch as the greatest thoughts and the sublimest expressions of all the noblest minds and grandest eras of the Church were repeated and re-echoed in it. The Book of Common Prayer was presented to Convocation in November, 1548, and having been approved of by that body, was brought into Parliament, and a law was passed on the 21st day of January, 1549, since known as the Act of Uniformity, which declared that the Bishops had now concluded upon one uniform order of Divine worship, and enacted that from the feast of Whit-Sunday next, all Divine offices should be performed according to it. On the 10th of June, *being Whit-Sunday*, the liturgy was first solemnly performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, and most of the parish churches of England." "The day of Pentecost was fitly chosen," says one, "as that on which a National Church should first return, after so many centuries, to the celebration of Divine Service in the native tongue; and it is a day to be much observed in this Church of England among all our generations for ever." There was a still deeper reason why Whit-Sunday should have been the fittest day for its inauguration, which I hope to have succeeded in laying bare.

" O fortunati nimium, sua si bona
norint
Angliaci."

EDMUND S. FFOULKES.

¹ *Hist. of Protestantism*, vol. iii. pp. 412-413. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN BY JOHN MORLEY.¹

COBDEN has exceeded the conditions under which alone the sage of old would consent to pronounce a man happy. He not only was happy, judged by any rational standard of happiness, up to the end of his life, but he has been happy after his death. To obtain such a biographer as Mr. Morley must be admitted to be a stroke of good fortune of no common kind. It is easy to conceive how, in the hands of many an able man, the book might have fallen short of the excellence which Mr. Morley has attained. A mere man of letters could hardly have sympathised with and understood the politician and platform orator as Mr. Morley has. On the other hand, a public man accustomed to work in the same sphere as Cobden was not so likely to do justice to the historical and sociological side of the subject; to say nothing of the broad and full literary presentation of so wide and complex a topic as the political and economic history of England for thirty eventful years. Above all, a life of Cobden could be adequately written only by a man animated by a social spirit as broad and generous as his own.

It is needless to say that this book is a great deal more than a biography. Beside the vivid portrait which occupies the canvas, is the discussion of principles, luminous *aperçus* on politics, parties, public men, trade, commerce, and war—not at all interfering with the central figure, but rather throwing it up in more visible relief. The union of the general with the particular is the test of a biographer's skill. It is not difficult to adhere with tameness to the story of your hero's fortunes, never to allow him to leave the stage for a moment,

¹ Chapman and Hall, London.

and, in short, to give the reader so much of him that he soon has more than enough. Neither is it very difficult to forsake the chief personage altogether, to lose him in the general events of the times, and so produce a hybrid work, neither history nor biography, and inadequate to the requirements of each. But to show at once, with sufficient generality and sufficient detail, the scene and conditions in which the chief character is about to move and work—to paint him full-length in minute touches, and yet always to maintain visible his relation to the whole, is a task very arduous indeed, and Mr. Morley has accomplished it with exceptional success.

There are more reasons than one why Mr. Morley was fitted to be the biographer of Cobden. Although he is as well known as a publicist as a man of letters, and latterly, at least (not perhaps without regret on the part of some), seems to be disposed to give more attention to politics than to literature, it should be noted that he is a literary man of a somewhat peculiar kind. Not many writers in our time have shown greater aptitudes for literature than he; yet he has ever seemed to us not quite content when dealing with literature pure and simple, but to be, as it were, resisting an attraction that was drawing him elsewhere. It is certain that he passes with a sort of alacrity from the consideration of literature as such, to the contemplation of it in its relations to society, and to the estimate of its value and energy in a given case as a social factor itself. In this attitude he seems always at home and at his ease. It was in this temper that he wrote his careful and elaborate studies of the great French writers of the eighteenth century;

and in his *Miscellanies* the same vein is unmistakable. He is never satisfied with the merely literary side of a work of genius, but is ever anxious to trace its uprising to the conditions of the time, and to note its further reaction on them. When, therefore, he undertook to write the life of Cobden, there existed a pre-established harmony between the author and his subject of the happiest augury. Cobden could not have found a biographer more fitted to understand and appreciate him, and Mr. Morley could not easily meet with a character more suited to his own cast of mind and deeper sympathies. A politician and writer who made the furtherance of social ends the great object of his life was precisely the subject most calculated to arouse Mr. Morley to a glow of sober enthusiasm. And the result, as given in these volumes, corresponds to the rational anticipation. The book is, in many respects, an advance on Mr. Morley's previous productions. It is marked by great reserve and quietness of tone, sparing of ornament and image—sparing, above all, of eloquence. There is not a "purple passage" in all the two volumes. Those who bear in mind what the writer can achieve in this line will appreciate the sense of power which led him to this self-restraint. It is needless to say that the effect of the whole is infinitely raised, and conveys that moral impressiveness and weight to which no rhetoric, however brilliant, ever attains. The lofty and unselfish spirit of Cobden could not have been more becomingly commemorated.

It would be paying such a critic as Mr. Morley an ill compliment to tell him that his work was simple and absolute perfection. It is probable that for every defect a reviewer could point out he could point out ten. I confess that with every wish to write a well-balanced article comprising a judicious mixture of praise and blame I am unable to find ground for exception, except on two points:—

(1.) The tone of almost uniform

asperity with which he speaks of the protectionists. Of course in the field of argument, and as a question of economics, their cause had not a word to say for itself. It may also be admitted that a very sinister class-interest largely prompted their resistance to the repeal of the Corn Laws. We can see now, with perfect clearness, that the pretension to starve England in the interest of landowners was quite unendurable; and if the champions of free trade, when the battle was sore and not yet won, used strong language against their opponents, it is not to be wondered at. But the battle is won, and although there is as little romance about Protection as about any cause that ever incurred or deserved defeat, it is only fair to remember how very differently the subject looked in the old days before the great experiment was tried compared with what it looks now. We know how easily self-interest warps the judgment of even candid men, and classes are ever more unscrupulous than the individuals who compose them. It was the honest opinion of many who were not landowners that the repeal of the Corn Laws was a great leap in the dark, and would very probably ruin the country. As Mr. Morley tells us, the Chartists and extreme Radicals were strongly opposed to Cobden and his friends, at least in the first instance. When we reflect by how easy an entrance the fallacies of protection find their way into the human mind, and that even at this hour there is hardly a country in the world where they are not more or less predominant, I think it would have been better to show the protectionists a little more leniency. The more so, as in reference to factory legislation, Mr. Morley has observed, to one side of the dispute, a neutrality not quite exempt, perhaps, from benevolence. Cobden's character of uniform uprightness saves him from any suspicion of class interest in his opposition to the Factory Act. But can we suppose that all manufacturers were as high-minded as he in this

matter? Can we doubt that their keen perception of the evils, real or imaginary, involved in a restriction of the hours of labour, was sharpened by the dread of private loss caused by the diminished productiveness of machinery? Mr. Carlyle, writing at the time when the debate was still warm, gives the general impression of the non-manufacturing public:—

“‘What is to become of our cotton trade?’ cried certain spinners, when the Factory Bill was proposed. ‘What is to become of our invaluable cotton trade?’ The humanity of England answered steadfastly, ‘Deliver me these rickety, perishing souls of infants, and let your cotton trade take its chance. God Himself commands the one thing: not God especially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous cotton trades at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them.’”

(2.) Cobden, in his early zeal for Reform, fell into an error not uncommon with ardent spirits who allow one aspect of affairs to engross their minds. Impatient with Whig feebleness or insincerity in 1838, he became disgusted with the English Constitution, which he calls a “great juggle,” and fell in love with the Government of Prussia, “the mildest phase in which absolutism ever presented itself.” Commenting on this passage (it only occurs in a private letter), Mr. Morley begins by admitting that it is open to serious criticism, and urges with justice that it is not right to press the phrases of a hasty letter of a traveller too closely. But alongside of these admissions he introduces remarks which are not far from adopting the expressions and sentiments he had just criticised:—

“As for the contempt which the passage breathes for the English Constitution, it is easy to understand the disgust which a statesman with the fervour of his prime upon him, and with an understanding at once too sincere and too strong to be satisfied with conventional shibboleths, might well feel alike for the hypocrisy and the shiftlessness of a system that behind the artfully painted mask of popular representation concealed the clumsy machinery of a rather dull plutocracy.”

And in another passage he speaks of the “pretended” reform of Parliament in 1832. I cannot suppose that Mr.

Morley, on second thoughts, would maintain the last expression. But even the former passage surprises me, coming from a thinker and writer of Mr. Morley’s rank. The question is not whether the English Constitution has more or fewer exasperating defects, but whether, those defects being as great as you please, such a constitution as the English is not vastly preferable in practical good government to a bureaucratic absolutism like that of Prussia, even at its highest efficiency? The answer given by subsequent events in the two countries seems to be conclusive. Mr. Morley ascribes the miscarriage of German progress to certain “Prussian statesmen of a bad school” and “military violence”; and as regards the matter of fact, no one can doubt he is right. But how came the statesmen of a bad school to have such power, and why has military violence reached to such a pitch? Is it not precisely because Prussia lacked such a constitution as the English, which, with all its faults, has a faculty of recovery from dangerous errors of policy, of learning wisdom from disaster, which despotism, at least in modern times, has not? One would like to know what Cobden, who admired Prussia so much in 1838, would have thought of that Government in 1881, with protection enforced as a sort of state religion, and the most monstrous development of the military spirit which the world has ever seen. Was the system which saved us from this, and in lieu thereof gave us Cobden and the League, a system solely of hypocrisy, shiftlessness, and painted masks? What sort of career would a Prussian Cobden have had? We need hardly pause for a reply.

It is impossible after having read this book not to feel that one has made a personal acquaintance with Cobden. Mr. Morley has collected a number of anecdotes from friends and relatives of the deceased statesman which give not only a vivid, but a highly pleasing notion of him as a man. It is difficult

to decide whether he was more remarkable for the vigour and independence of his intellect or the simplicity, uprightness, and entire unselfishness of his character. Of vanity there is not a trace, yet he had pride enough to give him dignity and to command respect, but he was never led into arrogance. Considering the tendency of self-made men to exaggerate their own importance, Cobden's genuine modesty must have been very great. The charm of his manner is well illustrated by the following story :—

“Cobden once had an interview with Rowland Hill some time in 1838, and gave evidence in favour of the proposed reform in the postage. Rowland Hill in writing to him afterwards excuses himself for troubling Cobden with his private affairs. ‘Your conversation, evidence, and letters have created a feeling in my mind so like that which one entertains towards an old friend that I am apt to forget that I have met you but once.’”

Few things are more winning than a sober and rational enthusiasm for a practical object, of manifest public advantage ; it gives a man spontaneity, frankness, and warmth, while it necessarily excludes the repellent qualities, self-consciousness and hauteur. And Cobden always seems to have been provided with an enthusiasm of this kind. Yet his prudence was equal to his zeal. He was careful not to encumber himself with too many schemes at once, and thus always avoided the reproach of being a crotchet-monger. He aimed also at objects which there was a fair prospect of attaining, and refused to put himself out of court by advocating causes which could have no hope of success. “Strong enthusiasm in him was no hindrance to strong sense.” Mr. Morley says that he has asked scores of persons who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what the secret was of his influence and success as an orator, and they all agreed in using the word “*persuasiveness*” as Cobden's most marked characteristic. His power of *extempore* argument was wonderful ; simple, lucid, cogent, full of facts, he was never dry nor abstract, nor over terse ; while all he said was

carried home, to use Mr. Bright's words, by “the absolute truth that shone in his eye and in his countenance.”

Nothing shows the vigour of Cobden's intellect more than the facility with which he mastered and accomplished all that he undertook. He never had to wait long for success in anything to which he laid his hand. Equipped with only a “mockery of education,” in a Dotheboys' Hall of the period, he had such a predisposition for culture that he never seemed to be hampered by the want of it ; he made up for deficiencies as he went along. His admirable temper and sweetness of nature no doubt made paths smooth to him which would have been rough to others. At the threshold of life he overcame an obstacle which would have been fatal to many. His maternal aunt and uncle had paid for his schooling, and subsequently he was taken as a clerk in the warehouse of the latter. But the benefactors, as so often happens in such cases, “expected servility instead of gratitude, and inflicted rather than bestowed their bounties.” They especially disapproved of his thirst for knowledge, and of his studying French in the early morning hours in his bedroom. A more irritating position to an ardent mind could hardly be conceived ; one of the best impulses of human nature, the desire for improvement, might seem to counsel breaking away from it. Not so Cobden. In a short time he was on excellent terms with his relatives, and had made himself so useful, that he was promoted to the dignity of traveller for the house. At twenty-four years of age he set up with two friends in a commission business of his own. In two years he had so prospered that he was able to start a factory for calico-printing on his own account. The new firm thrived to admiration so long as he gave his attention to it. At thirty-one he began authorship, and at once, says Mr. Morley, stepped forth “the master of a written style which for boldness, freedom, correctness and

persuasive moderation, was not surpassed by any man then living." His success as a popular orator hardly needs to be referred to ; it is the side of his career which is the most vividly remembered by the general public. In Parliament he soon became one of the most formidable debaters. Later in life he turned diplomatist, and conducted the delicate and difficult discussion of the Commercial Treaty with France with a tact and skill worthy of a veteran negotiator.

But able men, energetic in pushing their own fortunes, are no rarity in England. Neither is versatility of talent and resource by which the fortress of wealth and fame may be captured at all unknown among us. "Toughness in climbing the greasy pole," as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, can be had with or without asking. It is Cobden's peculiarity that he ignored or slighted personal ends to an exceptional, perhaps to an excessive degree. He had "a call" of another kind as authentic and imperative as ever carried a mystic pietist into the painful paths of self-mortification and prayer. These volumes abound with passages from his private letters which show his entire disinterestedness and sincere humility of spirit. No sooner had he conquered his position as a manufacturer, and saw the road open before him to indefinite wealth, than he ceased to take interest in making money, for which he said, with a truthfulness only too sadly confirmed by latter events, that he felt a "disregard for it, and a slovenly inattention to its possession that was quite dangerous." But men can be careless of money who are avaricious of fame, influence, and power. Cobden was indifferent to them all, except as a means to carry out plans for the common good. At a memorable crisis in his life, he did not hesitate to risk, and even sacrifice his popularity, by boldly opposing the dominant passion of the hour. This master of agitation and platform oratory had not a tinge of the demagogue in him. He was never intoxicated either by the flatteries of the

great or the applause of the multitude. As soon as he had obtained the repeal of the Corn Laws, he wished for nothing so much as to retire into private life, to which he said his health, the state of his business, and *his own mental incapacity* alike directed him. He always insisted that it was accident as much as any merit of his own that had "forced him upwards." He deprecated the public testimonial intended to repair the loss he had incurred by attending to public affairs to the neglect of his own, because there were others who had as good claims upon public consideration as himself. "I have often been pained," he adds, "to see that my fame, both in England and on the Continent, has eclipsed that of my worthy fellow-labourers." He does not suppress or curb, he ignores the promptings of vanity. He would not speak in the House of Commons except when he could benefit the great end for which he strove. On one occasion he writes : "I did not speak, simply for the reason that I was afraid that I should have given more life to the debate, and afford an excuse for another adjournment."

At an early period of life Cobden showed that spontaneous interest in social matters, and ability to observe them, which testified to a special bent and genius in that direction. When little more than a lad of one-and-twenty as a commercial traveller in Ireland, he surveyed the miserable population with the eye of a statesman, with more insight than many statesmen have often possessed. In Switzerland he was enchanted with the beauty of nature ; but, as Mr. Morley remarks,—

"It is characteristic of his right sense of the true measure of things that, after speaking of Swiss scenery, he remarks to his brother as *better still* that he has made acquaintance with the people who could tell him about the life and institutions of the land."

In other words, this young tradesman, who had received no education but such as he had snatched in the intervals of business, attained at once

to an elevation of view which our brisk young academics in their annual resort to the playground of Europe never dream of. His zeal as a traveller, especially in early life, is indeed very remarkable. Travelling was with him a means of education, and very likely, as Mr. Morley says, for his purposes the best preparation he could have. After visiting France and Switzerland he went to America. He could only afford time for a tour of five weeks, and his passage out had taken him nearly as long. Yet he seems to have gone to the chief places of social or commercial interest at the moment. After that he took a long tour in the East. Like every one with an open mind and observant eye he formed the worst opinion of the Turks and a very high one of the Greeks, for whom he predicted a brilliant political future.

“All the East will be Greek, and Constantinople, no matter under what nominal sovereignty it may fall, will, by the force of the indomitable genius of the Greeks, become in fact the capital of that people.”

The Turks, on the other hand, have no power of regeneration in themselves, and unless foreign aid prevent it, they must fall to pieces in less than twenty years. These opinions were formed and written down in the year 1836, and it was almost exactly twenty years afterwards that England and France did undertake by their foreign aid to prevent the natural process, which Cobden had predicted, from taking place.

These travels, coupled with the instruction which a vigorous mind always derives from the business of daily life, were Cobden's real education; what he got at school counts for nothing or less. The question occurs, How far was his efficiency helped or hindered by the want of a classical education? Mr. Morley, with decision, says it would have done him harm.

“Cobden is a striking instance against a favourite plea of the fanatics of Latin and Greek. They love to insist that a collegian's scholarship is the great source and fountain of

a fine style. It would be nearer the truth to say that our classical training is more aptly calculated to destroy the qualities of good writing and fine speaking than any other system that could have been contrived. Those qualities depend principally, in men of ordinary endowment, upon a certain large freedom and spontaneousness, and next upon a strong habit of observing things before words. These are exactly the habits of mind which our way of teaching, or rather not teaching, Latin and Greek inevitably chills and represses in any one in whom literary faculty is not absolutely irrepressible.”

It will be seen that Mr. Morley considers the matter mainly in reference to style, and one would hope that few persons, whose opinion was worth having, could be found to differ from him. The notion that boys can be taught to write good English by writing a good deal of bad Latin is not worth discussing. But there is a wider question to this effect: Would an accurate and thorough acquaintance with the history as well as the languages of antiquity have been of any appreciable use to a man like Cobden, exclusively occupied with modern politics? Not only classical pedants, but the rapidly growing body of historical students, will be apt to answer with an energetic affirmative. The present, we are told, can only be understood by those who have a knowledge of the past out of which it springs, with much more in the same vein. Now, neither philology nor history need any defence in the present age. Their value as science is quite beyond dispute. But how much of any highly specialized science is needed by a practical statesman? And why should certain narrow departments of the sciences of philology and history—for that is about what a classical education comes to—be especially useful to him? Cobden was unmercifully quizzed for having preferred a copy of the *Times* to all the historical works of Thucydides. But there can be little doubt that he was quite right in his opinion as he expressed it. He said that there was in a copy of the *Times* “*more useful information*” to an Englishman or an

American of the present day" than in the Athenian historian. One might safely challenge the most self-absorbed college don to disprove the assertion. The man who has not read Thucydides has failed to make acquaintance with a master of political thought and a source of high culture. But what *useful* information does Thucydides convey to an Englishman or an American on the present needs of the world? These Cobden, like the wise man he was, studied in the country of Thucydides, not in his book.

As a matter of fact no one was less disposed than Cobden to undervalue knowledge which he did not happen to possess himself. It is somewhat touching to find him in the midst of his early business cares writing to his brother:—

"Might we not in the winter instruct ourselves a little in mathematics? I have a great disposition, too, to know a little Latin. And six months would suffice if I had a few books. Can you trust your perseverance to stick to them?"

It does not appear whether the proposal was ever carried out; and certainly it was only a very little Latin which, even by Cobden's energy, could be mastered in six months. But what a different temper is here manifested from the surly contempt of all knowledge beyond their own groove frequently shown by half-educated, or, for the matter of that, by wholly educated men, as the word is commonly applied? In spite of all that has been said above, and maintaining it in its special bearing, one cannot but regret that to such a vivid fertile mind the treasure-house of knowledge had not been unlocked in early youth, and its rich stores freely confided. One feels that it must have improved him, though it is difficult to point out in what particular way. As Cobden desired enlarged education for himself, so he desired to impart it to others. His first participation in public matters outside his own business was in connection with the building of "a little stone school-

house" at Sabden. His earliest speeches, says Mr. Morley,

"Were made at Clitheroe on behalf of the education of the young. And one of his earliest letters is a note making arrangements for the exhibiton at Sabden of twenty school children from an infant school at Manchester by way of example and incentive to more backward regions."

Here was the real sphere of Cobden's work—practical reform, amelioration of those conditions of social life on which progress and public happiness depend. The end—progress—may be furthered in two ways: the creation of new institutions suitable to the growing needs of the new time, or the destruction of old barriers and obstacles in the path of advancement. The little schoolhouse at Sabden belonged to the first, the agitation against the corn laws belonged to the second method, with which Cobden's name will ever be permanently associated.

He had already become prominent as a local politician before the League was started. Besides his constant vigilance in the cause of education he had taken an active share in the struggle for the incorporation of Manchester, and was one of the first aldermen chosen by the new borough. But he was soon to be removed to a wider scene. The great movement which was destined to give his name a lasting place in the history of England and the economic progress of the world was rapidly approaching. In August, 1838, the price of wheat had risen to seventy-seven shillings a quarter, and a bad harvest was in prospect. A cry for untaxed bread went up from the manufacturing districts, and Cobden heard it as a trumpet-call to battle. Without exultation as without misgiving, he entered the contest, resolved that this piece of work should be carried through, if courage, energy, and skill could achieve it. In October, 1838, the memorable Anti-Corn Law Association was formed at Manchester, of which he soon became the main-spring. For the next seven years his life was passed in the centre of an

agitation which for intensity and volume never had an equal in England. The portrait which Mr. Morley has drawn of Cobden at this period—riding the storm of agitation and mainly directing it; never losing his head in the tumult; courageous to audacity, yet cautious in the extreme; enthusiastic yet full of patience; sternly resolute yet abounding in good humour—will not easily find its match in English biographical literature. It is not only a brilliant narrative full of life, colour, and interest. Mr. Morley has not been content to be a mere literary artist, satisfied with the effect of an attractive or even powerful picture. He throws behind his picture a background of political philosophy and review of economic science as it passed into legislation before Cobden's time. With the masterly brevity one might expect from the author of *Diderot and the Encyclopedists*, he sketches the rise of "great human ideas" in the eighteenth century in France and England; then interposes a short but pregnant chapter on the history of the Corn Laws in this country, from Huskisson's legislation in 1823–25, to Sir R. Peel's ministry in 1841. He shows how the former had reduced the tariff of duties on almost every article of foreign manufacture, and how a "cabinet which had radically modified a host of restrictive laws was logically and politically bound to deal with the most important of them all—that which restrains the importation of food;" and how also at this point reformers were met by "one mighty and imperious interest which, as the parliamentary system was then disposed, even Canning's courage shrank from offending." Then follows a discussion of the various Corn Bills brought in—of the sliding scale, of a fixed duty, so that the reader enters upon the story of the great agitation with the knowledge requisite to appreciate it in all its bearings.

Any detailed accounts of the memorable events which followed the foundation of the League and Cobden's

election for Stockport would be out of place, or rather impossible, within the limits of a review of this nature. Mr. Morley is not one of those writers who can be compendiously condensed. Readers must turn to the book itself for his history of the agitation against the Corn Laws. Two points only of manageable compass can be referred to here. First, the scornful sense of strength and security with which the protectionists at the outset surveyed their antagonists. Even partial well-wishers to the cause of free trade regarded the enterprise of its advocates as hopeless. "You will overturn the monarchy as soon as you will accomplish that," said a nobleman whom some leaguers had come up to London to consult. Hard-headed men like Sir James Graham held the most extraordinary language, for which "sentimental nonsense" is a mild epithet. He pretended to fear, perhaps did fear, that the Repeal of the Corn Laws "would lead to a great migration from the loveliness of the country to the noisy alley and the sad sound of the factory bell." "Tell me not," he said, "of the cruelties of the conveyance of the Poles to the wintry wastes of Siberia; talk not to me of the transportation of the hill coolies from Coromandel to the Mauritius; a change is contemplated by some members of this House far more cruel, far more heartrendering in the bosom of our native land." The cruelty of feeding the hungry was never more pompously described. The Tory press surpassed itself in virulence and scurrility, and told the manufacturers to take themselves and their goods to Tobolsk or Timbuctoo, and begged never to see them more. It is indeed quite surprising to find that the upper and ruling classes of what Napoleon had called forty years before the shop-keeping nation had so little appreciation of the value of the shop, that "the chief newspaper of the country party boldly declared that England would be as great and powerful, and all useful Englishmen would be as rich

as they were, though all the manufacturing houses should be engulfed in ruin." It is only another proof of the often observed fact that national pride and arrogance are feeble passions compared to class pride and arrogance. The uprise of *nouvelles couches sociales* to equality and influence has ever been resented by the older monopolists of power as an indignity not to be endured. From the days of Theognis in Greece to the recent government of *l'état moral* in France, it is one of the broadest facts scattered over history. The propagation of free trade principles was very often no sinecure. The lecturers whom the League sent out to preach the new doctrine were by no means always ill-received; in some places they were received with favour; but in others they were fortunate when they escaped the horse-pond. But union, tenacity, and devotion in the end carried the day, and the frowning fortress of protection capitulated, as we all know, after a seven years' siege.

Not the least extraordinary circumstance connected with the agitation was the condition of Cobden's private affairs during all the latter period of it, and his own behaviour with respect to them. For three years before the final triumph in 1846 he was being quietly, but certainly, ruined, and he knew it, but was able to do nothing to prevent it. His incessant attention to public business left him no time to attend to his own; and the near relative who was in nominal charge was unequal to the task. Occupied in Parliament while the House was sitting, as soon as it rose he was carried off to animate and direct the operations of the League. He and Mr. Bright, were as Mr. Morley says, "ubiquitous: to-day at Manchester, to-morrow at Lincoln, this week at Salisbury, the next in Haddingtonshire." Cobden writes in June, 1844: "I am nearly overdone with work, two meetings at Aberdeen on Monday, up at four on Tuesday, travelled thirty-five miles, held a meeting at Montrose,

and then thirty-five miles more to Dundee for a meeting the same evening." As if this kind of work was not sufficient to tax his energies, his brother at Manchester was constantly writing him the most dismal letters about the state of the business. The leisure he was always hoping for, to be able to attend to his own affairs, never came; till at last in the spring of 1845 the crisis had to be faced. At this point Mr. Morley's narrative is extremely interesting:

"A friend of Cobden's, who was engaged in the same business, has told me how he received a message one afternoon in the winter before this, that Cobden wished to see him. He went over to the office in Mosley Street, and found him on the edge of doubt, sitting with his feet on the fender, looking gloomily into the languishing fire. He was evidently in great misery. Cobden had sent for him to seek his advice how to extricate himself from the difficulties in which his business had become involved. They summoned a second friend to their sombre counsels. There was no doubt either of the seriousness of the position, or of the causes to which it was due. His business, they told him, wanted a head. If he persisted in his present course, nothing on earth could keep him from ruin. He must retire from public life, and must retire from it without loss of a day. Cobden struggled desperately against the sentence. The battle he said was so momentous, and perhaps so nearly won."

Surely a touching picture of a scene as truly heroic as ever was put on canvas. Not long afterwards Mr. Bright, with the aid of one or two friends, was able to relieve him from his most pressing embarrassments, which the national testimonial soon wholly removed, at least for a time. Cobden's resolution in the face of such troubles would be hardly comprehensible unless we knew another trait of his character which Mr. Morley has preserved for us. At the conclusion of the conference at the office in Mosley Street just described,

"One of his counsellors asked him how he could either work or rest with a black load like this upon his mind. 'Oh,' said Cobden, 'when I am about public affairs I never think of it: it does not touch me: I am asleep the moment my head is on the pillow!'"

Cobden remained for nearly twenty

years a prominent figure in politics after the repeal of the corn laws, but he never played so active a part again as a leader of great masses of his countrymen. Indeed his latter years have been sometimes spoken of by superficial observers as a period of comparative failure. Perhaps the truth is that he rendered greater service to his country when he was out of favour with the multitude, than when he was the idol of the populace and crowded assemblies hung upon his lips. No part of Mr. Morley's work is more valuable than the first six chapters of his second volume, in which he expounds the *rationale* of Cobden's public action during the greater part of Lord Palmerston's reign. He shows that Cobden had a consistent scheme, well thought out, of public policy, when he resisted foreign loans, intervention in continental quarrels, and war, especially the Crimean war. Foreign loans to belligerent governments he said were doubly injurious to the nation which furnished them. First of all they sent capital out of the country for the sole purpose of its being destroyed or sunk in war establishments; capital which would otherwise have been employed on productive consumption at home. Secondly, the war establishments thus supported by our own money necessitate corresponding establishments on our part. To war, he objected not on the Quaker or sentimental principle of the sin of shedding blood, but on the simple economic ground that it leads to the destruction of capital on which the labouring classes live, and with which they produce new wealth. As population increases and society becomes more democratic, this waste of capital develops into a grave social peril. Mr. Morley with great appositeness cites the instance of Germany—the country which Cobden once so much admired—as proving “how with modern populations the destruction of capital in military enterprises breeds socialism.” As regards non-intervention laid down as a universal rule

without qualification or limit, Mr. Morley cannot see his way to complete agreement with Cobden, who evidently stated too absolutely a principle highly valuable in itself, and nine times out of ten likely to admit of practical application, but which cannot be erected into a general prohibition to interfere in foreign politics even with arms. As Mr. Morley says, “It can only be a question of expediency and prudence.”

With reference to the Crimean war, for their opposition to which Mr. Bright and Cobden were denounced as traitors, burnt in effigy, and refused a hearing at public meetings, Mr. Morley is justified in saying that events have done something “to convince people that the two chiefs of the Manchester school saw much further ahead in 1854–55 than men who had passed all their lives in foreign chanceries and the purlieus of Downing Street.” As regards the particular case, intervention in favour of the Turk, we may hope that the lesson has been fairly taken to heart. But how far can we trust that it will be remembered in at present unforeseen cases? Cobden, who was constitutionally sanguine, seemed to expect that if he had proved war to be injurious to national and private interests, it would spontaneously cease. “To take away the motive of self-interest is, after all, the nearest way to influence the conduct of wicked human nature,” he said. He forgot that self-interest is only one passion among many, and very often by no means the strongest. Pride, pugnacity, and the love of power are much more imperious passions when they are once roused, as in the present backward state of the human mind (as Mr. Mill used to say) they too easily can be, either by events or unscrupulous rulers. The problem is complicated by the fact that war, evil as it is in its social effects, is frequently the nursery of the most attractive virtues in individuals. The popularity of great soldiers with mankind generally,

and with womankind universally, is a fact which the advocates of peace may regret, but which they cannot deny. Cobden did not deny it after he witnessed the "frenzy of admiration" with which the Duke of Wellington was welcomed at the great Exhibition in 1851. Since Cobden's death the war spirit has risen to a height and truculence in Europe the like of which he was spared the pain of ever seeing; so that at last we are reduced to hoping that the intensity of the evil may work its own cure. The result of experience is that the passion for war cannot with much success (to use a military simile) be attacked in front; it must be *turned*. Not only enlightenment of the mind, but education of the feelings—a broad and deep advance in general morality—are needed to save mankind from this self-inflicted scourge. That war will one day among the civilised portion of mankind come to an end, no one without impiety can doubt. But it will end in consequence of a slow and secular evolution, comparable in its silent progress to the great processes of geologic change which raise and depress the bed of the ocean. In the meantime let no one rashly conclude that the protests are thrown away of brave men like Cobden, who, with a courage of a finer temper than that which leads men to the assault of a battery, faced obloquy and popular anger in the cause of peace. Twice since the Crimean expedition we have narrowly escaped war—with the United States in 1861, with Russia in 1876-77. We can hardly doubt that Cobden's doctrine and example contributed an appreciable factor to the happy result.

The strange fact, and as sad as it is strange, is that Cobden himself was largely the indirect cause of that recrudescence of the war spirit and general popularity of Tory principles which marked this period of our history. The years which immediately followed the repeal of the corn laws were the years of the greatest commercial and industrial prosperity which

the country had ever known. The *nouveaux riches* became Tories out of a mean ambition to assimilate themselves to good society, and a general temper of conceit and arrogance animated the middle class which was puffed up by its ever-growing wealth. Painful as such a fact must have been to him, it is clear that Cobden, with that sincerity of vision which he never lacked, perceived and noted it. Writing on the defeat of Mr. Bright at Manchester, he says:

"The secret of such a display of snobbishness and ingratitude is in the great prosperity which Lancashire enjoys, and for which it is mainly indebted to Bright, and the result has been to make a large increase in the number of Tories. . . . This will go on in the North of England so long as our exports continue to increase at their present rate, and in the natural course of things more Tories will be returned."

The free traders, by enormously increasing the wealth of the country, had cut the ground from under their own feet. The Tory discomfiture in 1846 had led to the triumph of Tory principles in 1854-57. *Sic vos non vobis*.

It is impossible to look back on this well-filled life, devoted to the furtherance of social improvement and general well being, without being struck by the great silent change which has come over the world with regard to the careers open to higher natures in the present age, as compared with their opportunities in a no very distant past. During the greater part of historical time, there was little room or opening for the reformer. The rebel, especially the religious rebel, was the occasional and violent instrument of innovation, while here and there a wise despot lent his hand to such beneficial change as his own interest seemed to dictate. To the mass of men, not reform, but resignation, was the doctrine inculcated equally by religion and common sense. When change for the better is manifestly hopeless by any means at the disposal of the private citizen, when revolt has failed, or been quenched in

blood, outward efforts to improve the world are abandoned by strenuous minds for that inward culture of spirit which promises peace in the chamber of the heart. When political evil seems as incurable as natural evil, men submit with sullenness or sweetness, according to their type of character, but submission, resignation, *Entsagen* becomes the accepted doctrine, and has besides special attractions to the loftier minds. Hence saints and high moralists, whether Christian or stoic, have generally been markedly wanting in public spirit. "Reform thyself" is their motto. "Leave the reformation of the world to others, or to God." Epictetus, Thomas a Kempis and Emerson agree in this teaching. It is easy to see, indeed, how concentration of the mind on spiritual growth necessarily predisposes it to neglect or indifference to all outward accidents, political conditions not excepted. Goethe did not allow the disasters of the French invasion to interfere with his self-culture; and Wilberforce, although he had been a vigorous reformer in the matter of the slave trade, declared "his greatest cause of difference with the democrats, was their laying, and causing people to lay, so great a stress on the concerns of this world as to occupy their whole minds and hearts, and to leave a few scanty and lukewarm thoughts for the heavenly treasure." It can hardly be denied that there is a bias towards conservatism in men whose natures are essentially moral. Sir Thomas More, Dr. Johnson, Southey, are instances of this rule, which is general, though by no means universal. On the other hand, it would scarcely be unfair to say that reformers as a body, and as represented by their chief men, have been more distinguished by public spirit than private virtue. Take Mirabeau, Fox, Byron, as not inequitable instances. Of course it occasionally happens that reform is so imperative that to further it appears in the light of a duty to the most religious and humble minds, of which temper Crom-

well and Hampden are the most illustrious types.

Again it is a fact, which we may regret, but which we cannot dispute, that minds more distinguished by delicacy than strength are at once repelled by, and unfitted for, the rough conditions of public life. And no form of public life is so rough as that of the sincere reformer of abuses. M. Renan makes a fine remark when discarding with decision Gerson's title to be considered the author of the *Imitation*. He says:—

"Il y a d'ailleurs un étrange contraste entre le rude scholastique dont la vie fut remplie par tant de combats, et le pacifique dégouté qui écrivit ces pages pleines de suavité et de naïf abandon. Un homme mêlé à toutes les luttes de son temps n'eût jamais su trouver des tons aussi fins et aussi pénétrants. L'homme politique conserve jusque dans la retraite ses habitudes d'activité inquiète; il est une certaine délicatesse de conscience que les affaires ternissent irrévocablement, et on trouverait à peine, au moins dans le passé, une œuvre distinguée par le sentiment moral, qui soit le fruit des loisirs d'un homme d'état."

It is not only to Evangelical religion that men of taste have an aversion. Artistic natures rarely care for politics, or understand them. And their feeling is rather one of hostility than indifference to the tumult and the noise which are rarely absent from popular reforms; they thus add another contingent to the conservative classes.

The bearing of these remarks on the subject before us is not difficult to see. Cobden's success and fame as an agitator and reformer have been so great that many persons who judge only by the external result might be tempted to infer that he was pre-eminently adapted both by taste and disposition for the career he selected. The evidence in these volumes is opposed to such an inference. Cobden always protested that the bustle and excitement of public meetings, and all the operose machinery connected with agitation were distasteful to him, and only undergone for the sake of the great end in view.

"In the last year of his life," writes Mr. Morley, "as he and Mrs. Cobden were coming up to London from their home in the country, Mrs. Cobden said to him— 'I sometimes think that, after all the good work that you have done, and in spite of fame and great position, it would have been better for us both if after you and I married we had gone to settle in the backwoods of Canada.' And Cobden could only say, after looking for a moment or two with a gaze of mournful preoccupation through the window of the carriage, that he was not sure that what she said was not true."

We may surmise that he caught a glimpse of Renan's reflection that the practice of affairs is apt to tarnish the inner brightness of the soul, though the regret, precisely because of the good work he had done, could hardly be more than transitory. How, then, it may be asked, did Cobden become an agitator and reformer if he had an inherent dislike to the conditions which the career necessarily involved? The answer is that the new time has brought with it the perception and obligation of new duties, which men of courage and generosity will not neglect in obedience to private inclination. It is now possible to serve one's country in other capacities than that of the soldier or even the lawgiver. A man endued with adequate ability and social spirit may, we see, make the most serious contribution to the moral and material well-being of his fellow countrymen. If his motives are pure and unselfish, he may not only live down obloquy, but attain to as good a conscience as any recluse occupied in chastening himself by self-mortification and prayer. Public life and a career of agitation, even in a noble cause, may be harmful to certain spiritual graces, just as hard work can seldom beautify the hands. But reckoning these drawbacks at their highest, they will hardly be found to

be more disfiguring than those produced by fastidious and effeminate self-culture pursued in a selfish and unsocial temper. Cobden approached the agitation against the corn laws, to use his own words, in a "moral and even religious spirit," and Mr. Bright has borne witness that his friend's life was "a life of perpetual self-sacrifice." If to live for others is the essence of religion, it must be admitted that Cobden's life was religious. The circumstances of his age enabled, or rather forced, him to be a reformer, to strive for measures and principles which help to alleviate the lot of the poor, to give them better food, better education, better ideals of national greatness. Had he lived in the fifth century amid the falling ruins of the Roman Empire, we may be sure he would have had no such thoughts or objects. His thoughts then would have turned with St. Augustine to "The City of God," of which he would have striven to become a citizen with as much zeal and singleness of heart as in the nineteenth century and in England he strove for untaxed bread and the suppression of war.

It is ardently to be wished that the hope to which Mr. Bright gave expression at the recent commemoration of his birthday may soon be realised, that this wise and instructive book will soon be published in a cheaper form, so as to make it accessible to a wide class of readers. Few works have appeared in this generation animated by so lofty a tone of morality and duty. It is a real continuation of Cobden's own work; his spirit breathes from it afresh. Every young man who aspires to be a worthy patriotic citizen should read it. It may be regarded as a manual of public spirit.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

MORE DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.¹

IF these are days of education, they are also days of a more questionable blessing—talk about education. No doubt we want sound theory as well as constant practice in this important matter; but perhaps the chief reason why the flood of educational matter let loose upon the world is so questionable a blessing is this, that, for the greater part, those who busy themselves most with the theory, have least to do with the practice. Few of those who write, and fewer still of those who speak on the subject, can be suspected of ever having spent an hour a day for half a dozen days consecutively in actual teaching. The fact is, the practical pedagogue has little time for advancing his theories; the theoretical pedagogue in nine cases out of ten is a man of theory only. Consequently, education is mainly in the hands of men who have their theories, but have little time, and probably less inclination, to propound them; while talk about education is mainly left to those who have no opportunities for testing their theories practically.

The professional pedagogue, on the whole, is looked upon and spoken of as a prejudiced person; a creature of wooden methods, and dogged persistence in sticking to them. Yet if we remember that his opinions, unlike the disquisitions and nostrums of his critics, have been formed upon practice and experience, we shall cease to wonder at the divergence of theory and practice, or at the attacks too often made on the professed pedagogue.

For former generations of Englishmen the curriculum of their education in public schools might be briefly sum-

med up as consisting of classics and mathematics. The present generation enjoys a curriculum of wider scope; considered rather too wide by some practical educationalists, and miserably narrow by many laymen. The study of English, French, and German is now added to that of Latin and Greek: natural science may be said at least to be on its trial as an educational method; and much more time is given to acquiring history and geography. Drawing and music, too, are more generally taught; but still the main parts of the curriculum in our public schools remain what they were fifty or a hundred years ago. Boys on the "modern sides" of our schools are in a minority of something like one to five; and on the "classical sides," classics and mathematics still occupy far more time than any others.

There are several minor reasons for this, but, I believe, the main reason why classics and mathematics remain as the principal methods of education is this, that the conscientious and experienced pedagogue is very loth to sacrifice that which gives him the best grip of a boy's mind—that he will not give up *lessons* in favour of *lectures*. Any person who has had experience in teaching will recognise the distinction. You can make a lesson out of languages and mathematics; but as far as one can gather from experience, what are called lessons in science, history and geography, evaporate into lectures, admirably suited to eager and attentive pupils, but quite unfitted for the great majority, the uninterested and inattentive. For, alas! horrible unreality as it may be to the theorist, the great majority of English boys are uninterested and inattentive by nature.

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine* for Dec. 1875.

They have by no means that thirst for information that distinguished Masters Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford, and drew so much interesting matter from Mr. Barlow. Here and there you have boys more or less impressed by what they are reading or hearing or trying to solve, but many more decline to be interested in any sort of work, and will do their best to corrupt even the intelligent and interested minority. To this unthinking majority languages, literature, history, mathematics, science—all are equally boring; and in schools it is for majorities that we must legislate. Supposing, then, that in classics and mathematics he has the main ingredients of a system that will interest and improve and sharpen the intellects of his thinking and more gifted minority, and at the same time give him continual chances of coming hand to hand with his unthinking majority, and of wrestling closely with them in a *lesson*, is it probable that the practical teacher will feel desirous of exchanging such a method for one which naturally tends to resolve itself into the *lecture*? Nothing, of course, is urged against the desirability of lectures on science and other important and useful subjects for rising geniuses; but if it be asked, Why must such subjects be treated in the lecture rather than in the lesson? all one can say is that at present this seems to be the verdict of experience.

It is at the classics that a dead set is most commonly made. If languages are indeed so valuable a means of education, why, it is asked, is it necessary to go back centuries and centuries to classical Greek and Latin? Why not put the study of our own language in the place of a classical training? Here, again, it becomes absolutely necessary to know something about boys and their peculiarities as learners, before one can settle this question of English *versus* Classics.

It may seem a paradox, but it is still quite true, that many boys,

who can get on pretty well with Latin and Greek, are too stupid to do English. Where are the declensions and conjugations that not only exercise their memories at a time when memory wants plenty of exercise, but also compel them to keep their wits awake, to compare inflections, and apply rules of syntax? The inflections in English are almost nil, while as to syntactical rules, even a young boy who comes from an educated home obeys them without even having needed to learn them. As to spelling, it cannot possibly be reduced to rules, and, without some knowledge of Latin and Greek, must become purely and simply a matter of observation, except in the few inflections that the language possesses. Teaching English with small boys generally comes to this, that they are set down to read an easy author with notes, and expected to interest themselves in derivations of words from languages which they know nothing at all about, and in the analysis of sentences which they can understand without it, or cannot understand with it; and to be mentally exercised in receiving matter which, if the book be easy, gives them no trouble, and, if it be difficult, presents them with difficulties for the solution of which a complete explanation must be given, or they are helpless. In fact, English must be read by English boys almost entirely for the matter. Latin and Greek present matter in combination with various trials of wits in other respects.

“But, surely,” some would say, “a stupid boy would make more out of his own language than out of a foreign and dead tongue? Gray’s *Elegy*, for instance, would be a poem that surely would make itself felt and understood partly even by the dullest of dullards?” The following extract from a theme on that poem, which had been read during the term, will perhaps show how very little some boys are capable of understanding the simplest parts of an English classic;—“Gray’s *Elegy* is

all written in four-lined verses; it rimes from the first line to the fourth. Gray's *Elegy* consists of thirty-two verses; it begins with the parting of day, and goes on telling us all what happened when day is departing, when ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to Darkness and to me. Then in small print at the bottom of the page it gives you the meaning of all the difficult words, and explains them to you in such a way that you cannot help understanding them." This is copied *verbatim* from a paper written by a boy who, it appears, *could* help understanding what he read.

Perhaps the most objectionable phrase in connection with education is that which, I think, belongs exclusively to seminaries for young ladies—"a finished education." I know of none other more absurd than that which so often figures in the prospectus of a Collegiate School or of an Academy—"thorough English." The British parent, taking a severely practical view of matters, probably has somewhat the same view of it as that which the prospectus implies, and considers that his sons are "thorough English" scholars if they can pass an easy examination in spelling, reading, writing, English history, and geography. It probably never occurs to him that his boys would be quite as much at sea in Chaucer as in Cæsar; and would find many a passage from *Paradise Lost* quite as unmeaning as a literal translation of Horace or Propertius.

Very much more might be said in favour of German and French as substitutes for the classics; but here also there are very serious practical difficulties in the way. People, especially mothers, do not like their children to be without the correct accent; the imparting of which can hardly be said to be the function of the pedagogue. The difficulty of teaching French and German both scientifically, and at the same time colloquially, in our home schools, is

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one that has yet to be solved. Englishmen as a rule cannot and will not do the latter; foreigners can rarely be trusted to do the former. The hypothesis that English schools on English principles might be established in France and Germany is liable to this *reductio ad absurdum*, that the great distance between a boy's home and his school would be intolerable to the maternal, if not to the paternal heart, and that such a system carried out on a complete scale both by ourselves and by our Continental neighbours, would lead to a removal of English families to the Continent, and of Continental families to England. For education in speaking the language such schools would be practically useless, as they would form English-speaking colonies independent of the tongue prevailing outside their own bounds. The present method of sending English boys to foreign schools is open to the very serious objection that a correct accent must be purchased at the cost of a great part of that physical and moral training that we value so highly in our own schools.

So far we have been speaking of those who object to classics as a means to an end which both parties in the quarrel have in view. But there are other opponents of the old-fashioned *curriculum* who appear to propose to themselves an end other than that which the pedagogue has in prospect. "Before," it is said, "there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle which things it most concerns us to know." To that *dictum* I respectfully demur; and would suggest that the sentence would be nearer the truth if thus rewritten, "Before there can be a rational *curriculum*, we must settle what subjects it most concerns us to study, in order that we may become more capable of acquiring and retaining knowledge."

The primary object of sending boys to school is not that they may learn, but that they may learn how to learn; not that they may acquire knowledge,

but that their brains may be so exercised as to make them capable of acquiring it. If useful knowledge and elevating ideas flow in by the way, all the better. But we do not want to sacrifice *education* to *instruction*. We want first of all to educate, to bring out and strengthen our boys' mental faculties; not to set about giving them instruction before their minds have undergone the training that will enable them to receive it rationally. "Oh, if it is gymnastics you want," replies another enemy of the classics, "don't trouble yourselves with Latin. Take up Chinese instead, and you will get far more gymnastic exercise out of that than you can get out of the classics." But may there not be a wise moderation in this as in other things? Because we want gymnastic exercises, and think that we have found a part of the sort of thing we want in Latin and Greek, it hardly follows that we must want those exercises in excess. If an athlete is going to attempt a high jump of five and a half feet, why raise the bar to six and a half? If the Eton eleven are turning out at Lord's to play Harrow, you need not walk out and say to their captain, "If it is cricket you want, why not play the Gentlemen of England?"

It must be supposed that Mr. Herbert Spencer is attacking the country gentleman's view of a classical education, and not the pedagogue's, when he writes: "A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them"; and when he maintains that classics are taught in our schools rather because a classical education is ornamental than because it is useful. The schoolmaster's view is rather this—that it is very doubtful whether it will be found an ornamental thing at all, very often perhaps rather the reverse, judging from the ignorance of the classics displayed by many who have had a classical educa-

tion; but that the acquiring a knowledge (limited and imperfect as it may be) of Latin and Greek must in itself be a useful thing. Professor Ramsay¹ is not the only "out-and-out believer" in the value of classics as an educational method, though the advantages to be derived from them be mainly indirect.

But we are getting some distance away from those "Diversions" through which a pedagogue would wish to bring before his readers some characteristics of the *genus* Boy.

It may not be a familiar truth to theorists, but it is pretty well known to all practical pedagogues, that the boy is by nature conservative, and liable to become rabidly so, if treated to a little judicious opposition and banter. To nine boys out of ten the names of Bright and Gladstone are simply bugbears; much what a red flag is to a bull. Not, of course, that they understand anything about politics, but that they hear that those statesmen are opposed to the conservative principles which are firmly established in their own boyish hearts.

Now it is interesting and curious to observe this strict conservatism in a boy's school-work. He learns the third Latin declension, and finds that the ablative singular of *lex* is *lege*. I believe that hundreds of pedagogues will bear me out when I say that it is horse-work to get a boy to make the ablative singular of the adjective *tristis*, *tristi*. His conservative feelings rebel against that innovation in the inflections he has already learnt. In the same way the second conjugation of the regular verb is steadily adhered to when the third is undertaken. Boys *will* write *reget* and *regent* for *regit* and *regunt*, because they have pinned their faith upon *monet* and *monent*. It is a curious fact, too, that small boys are often strongly attached to the word *erint* for *erunt*. I once knew a Scotch

¹ Vide *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xli. p. 329.

boy who had made this blunder and would not be disabused of it. After hunting in vain through his Latin grammar to show me the word, he declared that it was so in the book he had learnt from in Scotland, and till that book, which was not forthcoming, should be consulted, he declined to admit that he was in the wrong.

One of the commonest types of boy is the strictly *matter-of-fact*. Boys have a strong distaste for "show-off," and a strong determination to avoid any exhibition of such a weakness in themselves. Hence a literalness and a dogged, matter-of-fact style of going to work, which is sometimes mistaken for sheer stupidity. What can be better than this exactly literal translation of Ovid's words concerning the Scythians, *Arcent mala frigora braccis*; "They keep off bad colds by means of wearing breeches"? A less conservative and matter-of-fact person would have missed the point of the plural in this passage. Again, that line of Horace, which has led to the fall of many a victim, when subjected to a common-sense view, thus yields up the secret of its meaning, *Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum*; "If you want to roast a liver properly." A matter-of-fact person of my acquaintance thinks that *ludus circensis* means "a round game."

Who is not familiar with the touching story of Hero and Leander, and Byron's moving lines on the subject? Let me lay before the reader a matter-of-fact account of the transaction as sent up to me by a hard-hearted youth: "Leander was a young man, who was in love with a young woman, and between them was a large piece of water, so that if he wished to see her he would have to cross it; so he resolved to swim it. He reached the opposite shore all safe, but in coming back the journey was too long, the tide very strong, and he got the cramp and was drowned."

I have only once come across a boy

able, without being taught, to take a really comprehensive view of languages, and to see that English, French, and Latin are to a great extent capable of being treated as one and the same tongue. He was a wild youth, from the sheep-runs of Australia, and perhaps travel had done something towards forming the breadth of his views. He came in the middle of the term, and being quite innocent of anything except reading, writing, and arithmetic, was set down at once to the elements of French and Latin. Unfortunately I did not explain to him that at different hours he was supposed to be doing different work, and that English, French, and Latin would be brought before his notice separately. He spent five or six weeks working on his own system without letting us perceive the theory he held; and when the examination at the end of the term came on, then he astonished our weak minds. The following, word for word and letter for letter, was his Latin exercise:—

- "The just man"—*Le pitiest ponto.*
- "The beautiful girl"—*La pitetiest felia.*
- "The long war"—*La grand wur.*
- "Old men are surly"—*Ponno curunt morsuly.*
- "That city is very beautiful"—*J'ai cunitz est petest.*
- "They will have been advised by Cicero"—*Arant habent been moniter by Cicero.*

In the Latin grammar paper he was required to decline *qui*. Not being familiar with that pronoun, he selected from the English language a word which seemed to have some affinities with it—"quickly." To this he added a miscellaneous lot of Latin inflections, and the result was this—*Quicklya, quicklyæ, quicklyorum, quicklyæ, quicklyæ, quicklya*. He was once required to spell the word *gymnasium*. An adherence to his comprehensive system may be traced in his effort, which was this—*gymmegyuynnasey room*.

He was more or less of a philosopher, but he stayed not long amongst us. Those whom the gods love die young,

and he was soon recalled to the happy hunting-grounds of Australia.

But this was not the only boy I have known to make semi-philosophical blunders. One of my boys on first being confronted with the dual *ἑστων*, not having learnt, or forgetting, there was no first person in that number, produced "I two am" as the nearest thing he could think of to express it. Boys are very fond of putting *nemo* with a plural verb, and for all I know their reasoning is this: "The singular speaks of one, the plural of more than one. Evidently *nemo* is neither singular nor plural, so the verb can be what you like." "Why," I once asked a boy, "does *magnificus* make comparative *magnificentior*?" "Because," I was answered, "it means a hundred times more magnificent." Another of my boys explained *ἕξοχον ἄνδρα* as a man with six minds. The pseudo-philosophical, too, is often puzzled with queer fancies, and brings them to his master for solution. Being in difficulties with respect to the Latin rule for the construction of the place to which one goes, a small boy once came to me to know if Sicily was an island large enough to take the preposition *ad*. Another wanted to know if *abs* was the plural form of *ab*.

But breadth of view and a philosophical habit of inquiry cannot be said to be usual characteristics of school-boys. As a rule their views are extremely narrow. They are guided commonly by a rigid and orthodox trust in the letter of grammar and dictionary. For example, a boy is required to turn into Latin the following English sentence: "We know that the gods are on our side." He produces this rendering, *Scimus deos citra esse*. Again, "The king yielded to the augur" is turned, *Rex perforaculo concessit*. Another friend of mine considered that the words applied by Horace to the ship of the state, *Non tibi sunt integra lintea*, was adequately rendered by "You have not fresh linen." The

words, so frequently occurring in Homer, *ῥῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς*, are often taken to mean "the godly Ulysses." A few months ago a boy brought me, in a copy of Latin elegiacs, the following rendering of the line, "And autumn presses near," *Autumnusque artus post duo flavus agit*. It is fair to him to add that the translation of his line is not what I thought it to be, "And yellow autumn behind plies his two legs;" the words *post duo* referring to the two past seasons of the year. This pentameter is reported from a Yorkshire school, *Pulvis et hic hæc hoc omnia more fiunt*. Some of my readers may remember Virgil's description, in the *Georgics*, of bees leaving their hives in the morning, *Mane ruunt portis: nusquam mora*. A pupil of mine thus Englished the words, "In the morning they rush forth from the gates: manners are nowhere." A similar tendency towards slang may be observed in this translation, *Tempestiva viro*, "For your blooming husband." It was a boy educated in the Isle of Man, who rendered *Tres gravissimi historici*, by "Three very grievous hysterics."

The following is an instance of a narrow and orthodox view of the use of the dictionary:—

Boy (translating). "*Otia tuta*, safe plins."

Master. "Safe what?"

Boy. "Safe plins, sir."

Master. "What are plins?"

Boy. "A kind of fish, sir."

Master (aware that there may be more things in heaven and earth and sea than are dreamt of in his philosophy). "Where do you find that?"

Boy. "In my dictionary, sir."

Master. "Let me see it," (reading from the book), "*Otis*, a kind of fish, *Plin*."

This mistake is akin to that of the editor of a once well-known Greek Testament, who is said in his Preface (since suppressed) to have expressed his obligations to various German critics, "including that copious writer

Professor Ebend." — the German equivalent for Dr. Ditto.

A still more common type of boy is the puzzle-headed, on whose banners confusion waits, as he marches forth to do battle with his natural enemies, his teachers. Perhaps no species of boy produces such a plentiful crop of ludicrous blunders as this. One of them renders *ῥεῦμα ὀξύ* by "swift rumour," probably with a muddled reminiscence of Virgil's description of Fame floating in his brain. *Labienus nudo capite in equo versabatur*, is turned, with a wild scorn of proprieties, into "Labienus was riding about on his horse's bare head." *μητιέτα Ζεύς* conveys an inappropriate idea of mayors and corporations when translated "Councillor Zeus." Many an idle dog before now has translated Homer's *κύνας ἀργούς* in such a way as to turn the laugh against himself. *σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὅσσοισι νύξ ἐφέρπει*, says poor Alcestis, in her last moments, not at all meaning, "Dark night is creeping over my bones." Neither is the simile *ὥς δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἐλέφαντα γυνή φοίνικι μίηνῃ* happily given in this rendering, "And as when a woman paints an elephant with red." A rather vivid recollection of a local entertainment seems to have prompted the following, *ἀγορήνδε καλέσσατο λαὸν Ἀχιλλεύς, οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν ἤγερθεν, ὁμηγερέες τε γέγοντο*, "Achilles called the people to the assembly room, and when they were come together and were closely packed," &c. One translator has thought it right to say that *Age fare vicissim* means, "Come, tell me for the twentieth time." *Tripodas geminos* alludes to no such monster as a boy imagined who translated it by "Three-footed twins." Cerberus is represented in the poets as an animal *latratu trifauci*, which one boy, not without ingenuity, has twisted into "Cerberus with treble back." The Cambridge Little-go Examination lately produced the following graphic translation: *Domestico vulnere ictus, filium anno ante natum amisit*. "Having been bitten by a tame fox, he lost his son a year before he

was born," a sentence which starts clearly, if not correctly, but ends in clouds and darkness. But we must bear in mind that we are treating of the boy; at the universities we are all men. *Ignari sumus* is a sentence so very simple, that I was surprised, though proof against a good deal, to find a boy making it mean "The height of ignorance." *Medius juvenum* is perplexing when said to mean "middle-aged youths." *Vin' tu Curtis Judæis oppedere?* is believed by one to mean, "Did you see Curtis the Jew coming this way?" From the same came the following Latin rendering of "We never set foot in your land," *Nunquam tua in patria pedimus*. As I write a delicious translation of Homer (*Od. xii. 129*) is brought to me:—

. . . τόσα δ' οἴων πάρα καλὰ
πεντήκοντα δ' ἕκαστα γόνος δ' οὐ γίνεται αὐτῶν.

"And as many beautiful kidneys of sheep, fifty each, but you will not get their legs."

This boy deserves to be a son of the clergyman who after serving a long curacy in London was presented to a country living; and who thereon expressed his delight to a friend, and announced that he "should keep a sheep, and have kidneys every morning for breakfast." In all these specimens of the confusion that accompanies some boys in their school career, it is possible to see some glimmerings of an idea, some chance of letting in light, and doing something for mental ailments.

Boys, as I have already remarked, generally have a strong objection to showing off their literary acquirements. A few, however, have a taste for airing their style; and boys are rarely so amusing and absurd as when, whether by choice or compulsion, they make some literary efforts. In examination papers, questions on the character of men and women often produce queer answers, as for example—

Saul—anger, malice, changeability.

Eli—quietness, regret, religious.

David—bloodthirsty-religious feeling.

Again, the question, "Mention a prominent point in Cicero's character," produced this answer:—"1. Speech. 2. Orator. 3. Dictator." Another tells us that "Wolsey was liked by Henry VIII. because he did not mind drinking, dancing, and sinning." The Venerable Bede is a personage whose name has a way of getting mixed up with much doubtful matter. One boy has written that "The Venerable Bede was a historian, known in his own day, from his extreme antiquity, as Adam Bede." Here again is a puzzle: "The country was called Latium with regard to its breadth; Italia with regard to its length."

Here is another communication from friends in council:

Q. "What is the difference between a strong and weak verb?"

Ans. "You use a weak verb, when you are not quite sure of the truth of what you say; but you use a strong verb when you are perfectly sure, and wish to be emphatic."

Here are two more Scripture characters, the author of which seems to have taken moral and physical peculiarities in combination:—"Naaman was a good man, but he had a bad temper and was a leper." "Hezekiah was a pious man, but he had a very weak heart."

The following literary effort is from a theme on English poetry:—

"English poetry consists of lines put together so that they come in rhyme, and have the same number of syllables in each line; but there is another kind of poetry called prose, which has lines of different lengths, and different numbers of syllables in each line." This is rather rough on Mr. Walt Whitman, and the latter part of the definition might have been prompted by a study of the "nonsense rhymes in blank verse," with which a famous living comic dramatist is credited:—

"There was a young man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they said Did it hurt?
He replied No it didn't,
But I thought all the time 'twas a hornet."

Another boy seriously wrote down the following, on the same subject:—"Poetry may be divided into two kinds, the comic and the holy." A literary light of my own tending thus discourses on primitive deacons: "A deacon then was a very different thing to what it is now. He was a kind of sexton, and looked after the church." Mr. Spurgeon complained on one occasion that his deacons were worse than the devil. Resist the devil and he will fly from you; but resist a deacon and he will fly at you. This is even harder upon them than the dictum of my pupil. Perhaps the best specimen of a literary effort that ever came into my hands was produced by an invitation to write a theme upon assassination. Thus it goes off: "Assassination is an awful crime, and if not found out during the assassin's life, he will meet his reward some day. The last assassination which has been committed is of a very awful description, committed by some Nihilists on the Czar of Russia."

The following is a confusing piece of classical dictionary work. "Orestes, Alcmaeon, and Œdipus, were the three mothers of Thebes; he was born by Œdipus, who afterwards killed her husband; they were all matricides." "The world perched on the shoulder of Atlas," is not a very happy expression for Ovid's *sederat*, nor does Hom. *Il.* ii. 156 *εἰ μὴ Ἀθηναίῃ Ἥρᾳ πρὸς μύθον ἔειπεν* appear to mean, "Had not Hera made a speech in the Athenian language." *Cœnæ caput erat*, &c., was a short time ago in my hearing translated, "He was drunk in the head." A conscientious but not very successful attempt, too, was this, *Pari felicitate se gessit*, "He waged himself with Parian felicity." An odd mixture of ideas is suggested by putting "Peace was concluded" into Latin thus, *Pax debellata est*. *Undantia æna* is oddly translated "The surging pot."

In one sense the schoolboy considers that quality is better than quantity: for he plays fast and loose with the

quantities of syllables in a way that is at times appalling. Most pedagogues are accustomed to hear *Lycoris* turned into liquorice; and some have heard what has more than once come to my ears, *flumine languido Cockytus errans*. It is odd that boys almost invariably make the greatest number of excruciating false quantities when just let loose upon Horace. Words that they would probably pronounce correctly, in Livy or Cicero, they horribly illtreat when first coming across them in lyrics. I remember in my schooldays a bet being made with a great offender in this matter, that he would mispronounce three words in the first line of the ode he was called on to say by rote. His scholarship would not have won him his bet, but a wily cunning did. He boldly began, "*Eheu fugāces Postūme, Postūme,*" and so escaped with only two false quantities.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot," in one sense is not one of the pedagogue's functions; but "making shots," is always a favourite device of the boy; a device leading to a few happy escapes, and to more lamentable falls. Here are a few instances of the sort of thing that happens when skirmishing begins in the scholastic warfare. Q. "In what other phrase in the Old Testament does the word 'ark' occur besides the Ark of the Tabernacle?" A. "Archangel." Q. "What was a satyr?" A. "A Roman nymph." Q. "Who at Rome wore the Latus Clavus?" A. "Those who had the right of admission to the Cloaca Maxima." One of my boys, coming across a couple of proper nouns that wanted explanation in an examination paper, made an ill-assorted pair of them thus—"Thalia is the Muse of Poetry. Hister is the Muse of History." "What do you mean," I said to a small boy once, "by saying of a man that he drinks the waters of Lethe?" "That he is fond of beer," was the immediate reply. Again, the question, "Explain the expression, 'The plummet of the house of Ahab,'" elicited the two fol-

lowing responses: (1) "The direct line of his descent;" (2) "A family heirloom." A few days ago I was examining a class *vivā voce* on the book of Exodus, and we had mentioned On as the seat of the priesthood. On asking a minute or two afterwards what the Egyptians principally worshipped, I was promptly answered, "Onions." Rarely does the youthful mind so freely indulge in the propensity to making shots as when a question is asked relative to a figure of speech. The air becomes thick with hazardous conjectures of zeugma, hendiadys, asyndeton, &c. A climax was once reached amongst my boys when a hopeful tried his last chance with, "Hoteron-proteron!"

The boy decidedly has not a fine perception of humour. Let no pedagogue dream that his choicest witticisms are really appreciated. For ulterior purposes they are frequently received with great laughter. But the average boy is not really tickled by that which most provokes the amusement of his betters. Two things, however, excite his genuine mirth. One, a bodily slip, fall, or accident happening to one of his fellows; or, still better, to his master. The other, a chance allusion to the name or nickname of some boy in his form; still better, again, to the name or nickname of the master of the form. Thus, not long since at a concert at a well-known public school, a song containing an allusion to beetles was received with the greatest applause, because "beetle" was the nickname of one of the masters who happened to be present. These are things that always cause the boy to give way to inextinguishable laughter. On the other hand, many mistakes which most tend to upset the gravity of masters he regards as boring incidents, useful only by way of occupying time, and postponing inconvenient questions.

There is no danger of the above specimens of boys' blunders and eccentricities being taken too much au

grand sérieux. For professed pedagogues they may perhaps provide a little amusement; and possibly they may in a very small degree serve a useful purpose in warning the man of educational theories only that school-boys are not so ready as is sometimes imagined to hand over their brains for a master to exercise and pull about as he wishes. On the contrary, they are very jealous of attempts on the part of outsiders to get hold of those commodities. They much prefer secreting them in inaccessible corners of the skull, and putting them to work only for their own purposes; whether those purposes be the reading of the lightest literature, the calculation of their own or a rival's batting average and bowling analysis, or the concocting of mischief. They are not eager for knowledge, nor do they thirst for truth. Their ambition is commonly confined to the prospects of going into the army or navy, or farming and enjoying sport over their own land.

For a long time yet educational controversies are likely to go on. On one field has to be decided the relative value of education and instruction; on another, of classical and modern systems. Though the present is said to be a transition stage, and though it is confidently asserted that our old established system is slowly but surely giving place to the new, yet it cannot be said that the signs of the times very greatly encourage that hope. It might have been expected, from the nature of the case, that we should see the publication of Science Primers in far greater quantity than we did years ago; and so we do. But at the same time still greater is the increase of classical school-books. The editions of separate books of Homer and Virgil, of separate Greek plays, of speeches of Cicero and dialogues of Plato, are in immensely greater quantity than they were twenty years ago. And the same may be said of complete editions of classical authors. and of grammars and

dictionaries. If the old dog is indeed dying he shows a surprising amount of vigour in his last hours. Neither side is at all likely to prove its point for the present, and to silence its opponents with a triumphant Q. E. D. But out of the controversy it may fairly be hoped that much good is coming. The professed pedagogue is invited to consider his system not as a revelation direct from above, but as a human ordinance, pronounced by many very superior human beings to be radically wrong and intensely stupid. Whether he arrives at the same conclusion or not, it will probably do him a great deal of good to overhaul his system, and when he finds his methods faulty to correct them according to his lights. And it is possible that those who attack the present system will modify the strength of their opinions when they see that the heads of our great schools (who are certainly not, as a body of men, to be justly accused of bigotry or narrowness), are able to go only a short way with them in their proposed reforms. The man of theory will always continue to think and speak of the professed pedagogue as a "gerund-grinder," who will not abandon "that intensely stupid custom, the teaching of grammar to children;" and the professed pedagogue points to the man of theory as an "irrational flabby monster." In both cases, no doubt, considerable injustice is done. Some pedagogues have listened with respect, for example, to the *dictum*, "It may, without hesitation be affirmed that grammar is not the stepping-stone, but the finishing instrument," and have modified their methods accordingly. In the matter of Greek I have seen the results in the case of decidedly intelligent pupils—results, simply deplorable and irremediable. But if the systems and methods of the professional are such as to irritate the lay educationalist, some of the tenets of the layman are equally irritating to the professional man, who after inheriting a

system and practising it has honestly found that, in his opinion, it answers its purpose. And it is especially irritating to see how in appraising "the relative value of knowledge," an immense amount is said in favour of such sciences as chemistry, botany, anatomy, and comparatively little in favour of literature; and how it seems to be assumed that true religion is fostered by observation and study of the Creator's works as manifested in matter, much more than by the study of His highest work—the mind of man. By some it would seem to be held that the conformation of Shakespeare's skull is a thing of equal interest with the productions of his brain; the history of the earth's crust as engrossing as the history of those for whom the earth's crust was made; the study of human character on a par only with that of the limbs of a frog or the digestive process in an insectivorous vegetable. Man possesses nothing more interesting than his language; but according to some, it would seem that that is the one thing about him undeserving of analysis.

If it be, however, the pedagogue's misfortune that he is obliged to a very great extent to go on with the educational system as he has found it, it is his boast that he has the best right to speak of boys as he finds them.

Whether he believes them to be subjects fitter for scientific than for classical, for modern than for old-fashioned education, one thing he will certainly find out by experience, viz., that the quality of education is like that of mercy, blessing him that gives and him that takes; that there is in it a *quid pro quo* of considerable value, to be derived not only from the diversions, many and various, which play-hours and school-hours afford, but also from the contemplation of British schoolboys' many various and good points. Their thoughtlessness leads to many objectionable traits and habits, as for example cruelty, disobedience, mischief; all that which Americans so happily sum up in the expression "pure cussedness." On the other hand they are open and generous, good-tempered in spite of much to try the temper, very affectionate both to persons and places, at home and at school, forgiving everything in their pastors and masters except partiality and injustice, and at bottom, if they can be induced to reflect, kind-hearted, and considerate. That pedagogue, I think, is less adorned with graces than average English boys, who cannot say of them, "with all their faults I love them still."

J. H. RAVEN, M.A.

Beccles.

puttock—criticisms, of relatives and others, who “saw only the outside of the thing”; but the young lady “had faith in her own insight,” as she afterwards told Miss Jewsbury, and was likely to act for herself. Meanwhile, to be “aiding and directing her studies,” and to have a kind of home at Haddington when he chose to go there on a Saturday, was surely a tinge of gold upon the silver of the Buller tutorship.

Moreover, Carlyle's occupations of a literary kind were becoming more numerous and congenial. “I was already getting my head a little up,” he says, “translating *Legendre's Geometry* for Brewster; my outlook somewhat cheerfuller.” All through the preceding year, it appears from private letters, he had been exerting himself indefatigably to find literary work. Thus, in a letter of date March 1821 to an old college friend: “I have had “about twenty plans this winter in “the way of authorship; they have “all failed. I have about twenty “more to try; and, if it does but “please the Director of all things to “continue the moderate share of health “now restored to me, I will make the “doors of human society fly open before “me yet, notwithstanding. My *petards* “will not burst, or make only *noise* “when they do. I must mix them “better, plant them more judiciously; “they shall burst, and do execution “too.”¹ Again, in a letter of the very next month: “I am moving “on, weary and heavy-laden, with “very fickle health, and many discomforts,—still looking forward to “the future (brave future!) for all the “accommodation and enjoyment that “render life an object of desire. *Then* “shall I no longer play a candle-snuffer's part in the great drama; “or, if I do, my salary will be raised.”² From Mr. Froude we learn that one of the burst petards of 1821 had been the proposal to a London publishing

firm of a complete translation of Schiller's works. That offer having been declined, with the twenty others of which Carlyle speaks, the only obvious increase of his literary engagements at the time of the beginning of the Buller tutorship in 1822—beyond the hack-contributorship to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, which had been going on since 1820—consisted, it would appear, in that connexion with the *New Edinburgh Review* of which mention has been already made, and in the translation of *Legendre* which he had undertaken for Brewster. But there was more in the background. There is an important significance in the fact that his second contribution to the *New Edinburgh*, published in April 1822, when the Buller tutorship had just begun, was an article on Goethe's *Faust*. The German readings which had been going on so assiduously since 1819 had borne abundant fruit privately in Carlyle's mind; and he was now absorbed in a passion for German literature. Schiller, Goethe, and Jean Paul, but especially for the present the two former, were the demigods of his intellectual worship, the authors in whose works, rather than in those of any of the same century in France or Britain, he found suitable nutriment for his own spirit. He had proposed, we see, to translate the whole of Schiller. Of his studies in Goethe and their effects we have a striking commemoration in the passage of his *Reminiscences* where he tells of that “windless, Scotch-misty, Saturday night,” apparently just about our present date, when, having finished the reading of “*Wilhelm Meister*,” he walked through the deserted streets of Edinburgh almost in a state of agitation over the grandeurs, the depths of novelty and wisdom, he had found in that book. Henceforth, accordingly, he had a portion of his literary career definitely marked out for him. Whatever else he was to be, there was work enough before him for a while in translation from the German and commentary on

¹ Mr. Ireland's copies of early Carlyle Letters, in Mr. Conway's *Memoir*, p. 185.

² *Ibid.*

accepted the tutorship on the terms stipulated by Irving. It must have been on an early day in the spring of 1822 that he made that call at the house of the Rev. Dr. Fleming in George Square, to receive his new pupil, Charles Buller, with Charles's younger brother Arthur, on their arrival in Edinburgh, and had that first walk with them by the foot of Salisbury Crags, and up the High Street from Holyrood, of which there is such pleasant mention in the *Reminiscences*. Dr. Fleming, a fellow-contributor with Carlyle to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, and a much respected old clergyman of Edinburgh, had interested himself greatly in Irving's London prospects, and tried to smooth the way for him by letters to London friends, and it was in his house in George Square that the two English boys were to board, Carlyle coming to them daily from his lodgings in Moray Place, Pilrig Street. He had already, before the arrival of the boys, he tells us, entered Charles Buller in Dunbar's "third Greek class" in the University. The information agrees with the University records; for in the matriculation-book of the session 1821-22 I find one of the very latest matriculations to have been that of "Charles Buller, Cornwall," and I find him to have been all but the last student enrolled for that session in Dunbar's senior class. This of itself would imply that Carlyle's tutorship of the boys must have begun in February, 1822; for, as the University session ends in the beginning of April, it would have hardly been worth while to enroll the young Buller in a class after February. The tutorship was a settled thing, therefore, while Irving was still in Glasgow, and it had been going on for some months before Irving's permanent removal to London. Carlyle himself seems to have become aware of the haziness of his dating of the transaction; for he inserts, by way of after-thought, a dim recollection of one or two sights of Irving somewhere shortly after the

Black Bull parting, and of talks with him about the Buller family while the tutorship was in its infancy. Anyhow, the Buller tutorship, with its 200*l.* a year, was "a most important thing" to Carlyle in "the economies and practical departments" of his life at the time; and he owed it "wholly to Irving." The two boys, Charles Buller especially, took to their new tutor cordially at once, and he cordially to them; and there were no difficulties. In the classics, indeed, and especially in Greek, Charles Buller, fresh from his Harrow training, was far his superior; but he could do his duty by both the boys by getting up their Latin and Greek lessons along with them, teaching them as much mathematics as they would learn, and guiding them generally into solid reading, inquiry, and reflection.

Another gleam of sunshine in Carlyle's life early in 1822, or what ought to have been such, was the correspondence with Haddington. Since the visit of the previous June *that* had gradually established itself, till it had become constant, in the form of "weekly or oftener sending books, &c., &c.," with occasional runs down to Haddington in person, or sights of Miss Welsh with her mother in Edinburgh. How far matters had gone by this time does not distinctly appear; but there is some significance in the fact that Irving, writing from Glasgow to Miss Welsh, immediately after his return from the trial-preachings before the Hatton Garden congregation in London, had sent the letter through "T. C." The impression made by that letter, as it may be read in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Irving*, certainly is that Irving's own feelings in the Haddington quarter were still of so tender a kind that the advancing relations of "T. C." to the "dear and lovely pupil" were not indifferent to him. Doubtless there were obstacles yet in the way of any definite engagement between Carlyle and the young lady who was heiress of Craigen-

puttock—criticisms, of relatives and others, who “saw only the outside of the thing”; but the young lady “had faith in her own insight,” as she afterwards told Miss Jewsbury, and was likely to act for herself. Meanwhile, to be “aiding and directing her studies,” and to have a kind of home at Haddington when he chose to go there on a Saturday, was surely a tinge of gold upon the silver of the Buller tutorship.

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² *Ibid.*

the great German writers for the behoof of the British public. There were but three or four men in Britain competent for that business, and he was one of them.

The translation of *Legendre's Geometry* for Brewster deserves a passing notice. Though not published till 1824,—when it appeared, from the press of Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh, as an octavo of nearly 400 pages, with the title *Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry; with Notes. Translated from the French of A. M. Legendre, Member of the Institute, &c. Edited by David Brewster, LL.D., &c. With Notes and Additions, and an Introductory Essay on Proportion*,—it was begun by Carlyle in 1822, and continued to occupy him through the whole of that year. His authorship of this Translation remained such a secret, or had been so forgotten, that the late Professor De Morgan, specially learned though he was in the bibliography of mathematics, did not know the fact, and would hardly believe it, till I procured him the evidence. It was one day in or about 1860, if I remember rightly, and in the common room of University College, London, that De Morgan, in the course of the chats on all things and sundry which I used to have there with him, and with my other colleague in the college, dear old Dr. Sharpey, adverted to the Legendre book. He knew, he said, that Brewster himself could not have done the translation; but, had always been under the impression that the person employed by Brewster had been a certain Galbraith, a noted teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh. Recently, however, he had heard Carlyle named as the man; and, being very doubtful on the point, he wanted very much to be certain. To back my own statement, I undertook to obtain an *affidavit* from head-quarters. “Tell De Morgan,” said Carlyle, when I next saw him, “that every word of the book “is mine, and that I got 50*l.* for the “job from Brewster; which was then “of some consideration to me.” He

went on to speak, very much as he does in the *Reminiscences*, of the prefixed little Essay on Proportion, retaining a fond recollection of that section of the book,—begun and finished, he says, on “a happy forenoon (Sunday, I fear)” in his Edinburgh lodgings, and never seen again since he had revised the proof,—as really a kind of feat in the way of mathematical exposition. De Morgan, who had some correspondence on the subject with Carlyle after I had conveyed Carlyle's message, paid the Essay a compliment, in his subsequent *Budget of Paradoxes*, by calling it “as good a substitute for the Fifth Book of Euclid as could be given in speech”; and a glance at the Essay in the volume itself will confirm the opinion. It fills eight printed pages, among the sixteen with Roman paging prefixed to Legendre's text, and may therefore have been done after the text; and it consists of but four definitions and three theorems, wound up with these concluding sentences:—“By means of “these theorems, and their corollaries, “it is easy to demonstrate, or even to “discover, all the most important facts “connected with the doctrine of proportion. The facts given here will “enable the student to go through “these Elements [Legendre's] without “any obstruction on that head.”—The Translation of *Legendre*, with this Essay on Proportion, was Carlyle's farewell to mathematics. To the end of his life, however, he would talk with great relish of mathematical matters. Once, in the vicinity of Sloane Street, when I was telling him of a geometrical problem which Dr. Chalmers had confided to me, with the information that he had been working at it all his life and had never accomplished the solution, Carlyle became so eager as to make me stop and draw a diagram of the problem on the pavement. Having thus picked up the notion of it, he branched out, in the most interesting manner, as we walked on, into talk and anecdote about mathematics and mathematicians, with

references especially to Leslie, West, Robert Simson, and Pappus. A marked similarity of character between Carlyle and Chalmers was discernible in the fact that they both avowed a strong personal preference for the old pure geometry over the more potent modern analytics. "In geometry, sir, you are dealing with the *ipsissima corpora*," Chalmers used to say; and Carlyle's feeling seems to have been something of the same.

There was a variation of Carlyle's Edinburgh existence, not altogether disagreeable, when the seniors of the Buller family followed the two boys, and made Edinburgh for some time their residence. They took up house in India Street, giving dinners there to ex-Indians and others, and seeing a good deal of company; and Carlyle, while continuing his lessons to young Charles and Arthur, was thus a good deal in India Street, observing new society, and becoming acquainted with Mr. Buller, senior, the sprightly Mrs. Buller, and their third and youngest child, Reginald. As he makes this advent of the Bullers to Edinburgh to have been "towards the autumn" in 1822, just when Irving had gone to London for good, we are able to connect it with another advent. It was on the 15th of August 1822, after weeks of enormous expectation, that George IV. arrived in Edinburgh, welcomed so memorably on board his yacht before landing by Sir Walter Scott; and thence to the 29th, when his Majesty took his departure, all Edinburgh was in that paroxysm of loyal excitement and Celtic heraldry and hubbub of which Sir Walter was the real soul and manager, and the best account of which is to be found in his *Life* by Lockhart. It is hardly a surprise to know that what the veteran Scott, with his great jovial heart, his Toryism, and his love of symbols, thus plunged into and enjoyed with such passionate avidity, tasking all his energies for a fortnight to make the business a triumphant success, the

moody young Carlyle, then a Radical to the core, fled from in unmitigated disgust. He tell us in his *Reminiscences* how, on seeing the placard by the magistrates of Edinburgh, a day or two before the King's arrival, requesting all the citizens to appear in the streets well-dressed on the day of his Majesty's entry, the men in "black coats and white duck trousers," he could stand it no longer, and resolved to be absent from the approaching "efflorescence of the flunkeyisms." The tutorial duties with the Bullers being naturally in abeyance at such a time, and rooms in Edinburgh so scarce that the use of Carlyle's was a most grateful gift to his merchant friends, Graham and Hope, who were to come from Glasgow for the spectacle, he himself was off for a run in Annandale and Galloway before his Majesty made his appearance, and did not return till all the hubbub of the fortnight was "comfortably rolled away." I have heard him describe this flight of his from George IV., and from the horrors of that fortnight of feasting, processionings, huzzaings, and bag-pipings, round his Majesty in Edinburgh, at more length and in greater detail than in the passage incidentally given to the subject in the *Reminiscences*; and one of the details may be worth relating:—On the first stage out of Edinburgh he put up for the night at some village inn. Even at that distance the "efflorescence of flunkeyisms" from which he had fled seemed to pursue him; for the talk of the people at the inn, and the very papers that were lying about, were of nothing but George IV. and the Royal Visit. Taking refuge at last in his bedroom, he was fighting there with his habitual enemy, sleeplessness, when, as if to make sleep absolutely impossible for that night at least, there came upon his ear from the next room, from which he was separated only by a thin partition, the moanings and groanings of a woman, in distress with toothache or some other pain. The "oh! oh!" from the next room had become louder

and louder, and threatened to be incessant through the whole night, so that each repetition of it became more and more insufferable. At last, having knocked to solicit attention, he addressed the invisible sufferer through the partition thus: "For God's sake, woman, be articulate. If anything can be done for you, be it even to ride ten miles in the dark for a doctor, tell me, and I'll do it; if not, endeavour to compose yourself." There ensued a dead silence, and he was troubled no more.

The Edinburgh University records show that "Charles Buller, Cornwall," matriculated again for the session 1822-3, (one of the very earliest students to matriculate that year, for he stands as No. 8 in a total of 2,071 matriculations), and that he attended the 2nd Latin class, under Professor James Pillans, who had succeeded Christison as Humanity Professor in 1820. A later name in the matriculation list (No. 836) is that of "Arthur Buller," who had not attended the University with his brother in the previous year, but now joined him in the 2nd Latin class, and also took out Dunbar's 2nd Greek class. In the same matriculation list of 1822-3 (No. 21), as entering the University for the first time, and attending Pillans's 2nd Latin class with the two Bullers, appears "John Carlyle, Dumfriesshire." This was Carlyle's younger brother, the future Dr. John Carlyle, translator of Dante, and the only other of the family who received a University education. He had been for some time a teacher in Annan School, in succession to his brother there; and, as he was to choose the medical profession, his present attendance in the Arts classes was but preliminary to attendance in the medical classes in the sessions immediately to follow. He lodged, as the *Reminiscences* tell us, with his brother, in the rooms in Moray Place, Pilrig Street.

The winter of 1822-3 was passed by Carlyle in the Edinburgh routine of his

daily walks from these rooms to the house of the Bullers in India Street, his tutorship of the two young Bullers and other intercourse with the Buller family and their guests, and his own German and other readings and literary occupations and schemings. It was in that winter, and not at the earlier date hazily assigned in the *Reminiscences*, that the cessation of correspondence with Irving became a matter of secret vexation to him, and he began to feel as if he and Irving were for ever separated. The good Irving, now in the full whirl of his activity with the Hatton Garden congregation and of the London notoriety to which that led, was too busy to write; and it was only by rumour, or by letters from others, that Carlyle heard of Irving's extraordinary doings and extraordinary successes in the metropolis, of the crowds that were flocking to hear him in the little Scotch chapel, and the stir he and his preachings were making in the London fashionable world. "People have their envies, their pitiful self-comparisons," says Carlyle, admitting that the real joy he felt at the vast and sudden effulgence of his friend into a fame commensurate with his powers was tempered by a sense of the contrast between himself, still toiling obscurely in Edinburgh, a "poor, suffering, handcuffed wretch," and the other Annandale fellow, now so free and glorious among the grandees on the Thames. There was, he adds, just a speck of another feeling,—of honest doubt whether Irving would be able to keep his head in the blaze of such enormous London popularity; whether he had strength enough to guide and manage himself in that huge element with anything like the steadiness, the earnest good sense, that had characterised the more massive and more simple-hearted Chalmers in Glasgow. This feeling, he seems to hint, was increased rather than lessened when Irving's first publication came into his hands,—the famous *Orations and Argument for Judgment to Come*, by which,

early in 1823, the cooler and more critical world were enabled to judge of the real substance of those pulpit-discourses which were so amazing the Londoners. Meanwhile, as Irving himself was still silent, Carlyle could only plod on at his own work. It seems to have been late in 1822, or early in 1823, that, having closed his contributions to Brewster's *Encyclopædia*, and got the Legendre translation off his hands, he set himself to his *Life of Schiller*.

If, however, the *Life of Schiller* was begun in Edinburgh, it was not finished there. The University session of 1822-3 over, and the spring and summer of 1823 having come, the Bullers, with that aptitude for change of residence which characterises retired Indians and people with plenty of money, had removed to a country retirement at the mansion of Kinnaird in Perthshire, situated on the river Tay, some miles to the north of Dunkeld. Carlyle and his tutorship of young Charles and Arthur Buller had, accordingly, been transferred thither. He must have been there early in June 1823; for a letter of his is extant, dated from Kinnaird House on the 17th of that month, in which he describes his first sight of Dunkeld and its old cathedral, with Dunsinane Hill, and the position of old Birnam Wood in the neighbourhood, and his thoughts in these spots of "the immortal link-boy" that had made them famous. The same letter gives an interesting glimpse of his own mood in the first month of his Tayside residence with the Bullers. "Some time hence," he says to his correspondent, Thomas Mitchell, "when you are seated in your peaceful manse,—you at one side of the parlour fire, Mrs. M. at the other, and two or three little M.'s, fine chubby urchins, hopping about the carpet,—you will suddenly observe the door fly open, and a tall, meagre, careworn figure stalk forward, his grave countenance lightened by unusual smiles in the certainty of

"meeting a cordial welcome. This knight of the rueful visage will, in fact, mingle with the group for a season, and be merry as the merriest, though his looks are sinister. I warn you to make provision for such emergencies. In process of time I too must have my own peculiar hearth; wayward as my destiny has hitherto been, perplexed and solitary as my path of life still is, I never cease to reckon on yet paying scot and lot on my own footing."¹ From the *Reminiscences*, where we learn that he was at this time persevering with his *Life of Schiller*, we have his later recollection of those summer and autumn months, and on into late autumn, in Kinnaird House. "I was nightly working at the thing in a serious, sad, and totally solitary way. My two rooms were in the old mansion of Kinnaird, some three or four hundred yards from the new, and on a lower level, overshadowed with wood. Thither I always retired directly after tea, and for most part had the edifice all to myself,—good candles, good wood fire, place dry enough, tolerably clean, and such silence and total absence of company, good or bad, as I never experienced before or since. I remember still the grand *sough* of those woods, or, perhaps, in the stillest times, the distant ripple of the Tay. Nothing else to converse with but this and my own thoughts, which never for a moment pretended to be joyful, and were sometimes pathetically sad. I was in the miserablest dyspeptic health, uncertain whether I ought not to *quit* on that account, and at times almost resolving to do it,—far away from all my loved ones. My poor *Schiller*, nothing considerable of a work even to my own judgment, had to be steadily persisted in as the only protection and resource in this inarticulate huge wilderness, actual and symbolical."²

¹ Mr. Ireland's copies of Carlyle Letters, in *Conway*, pp. 192, 193.

² *Reminiscences*, i. 208, 209.

It is a relief from these complaints to be able to insert a fact in Carlyle's biography which appears but indistinctly in his gloomy memories of the months thus passed at Kinnaird. It was in October 1823 that the first part of *Schiller's Life and Writings* appeared, without the author's name, in the then celebrated LONDON MAGAZINE of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. It was the most important of the metropolitan magazines of that time, counting among its contributors, since its foundation in 1820, such writers as Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, Hamilton Reynolds, Bryan Waller Procter, Thomas Noon Talfourd, young Thomas Hood, and De Quincey. The admission of Carlyle into such company, the opening of such a London connexion at last, ought to have been some gratification to him in his recluse life at Kinnaird; and, doubtless, it was so, to a far greater extent than he could remember when he wrote the *Reminiscences*. He does vaguely mention there that, though his own judgment of the merits of his performance was not very high, he had compliments from the editor of the magazine,—i.e., we must suppose, from Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who were their own editors, unless indeed young Thomas Hood, who was a kind of assistant editor, was the medium of the communication. What is more important is that the *Life of Schiller*, if not all in the editor's hands complete when the first part appeared, must have been reported as complete, or as approaching completeness, in Carlyle's own hands at Kinnaird. This, accordingly, fixes October 1823, or thereabouts, as the date of his passing on from *Schiller* to the new work which he had prescribed for himself as a sequel, viz., the *Translation of the Wilhelm Meister*. It must have been in one of those nocturnal sittings in the late autumn of 1823 in the old Mansion of Kinnaird, amid "the grand *sough* of those woods" outside, when his Schiller manuscript lay

finished beside him, and he had Goethe before him, that there happened that "Tragedy of the Night-Moth" which he has commemorated in one of his metrical fragments—

" 'Tis placid midnight ; stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in heaven ;
Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,
All mortal things to sleep are given.

But see ! a wandering night-moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright ;
A while keeps hovering round, then ventures
On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing ;
A universe of fire it seems
To moth-savante with rapture gazing,
Or fount whence life and motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,
Hopes boundless, adoration, dread ?
At length, her tiny pinions twirling,
She darts, and,—puff!—the moth is dead."

It is Carlyle's own distinct statement in the *Reminiscences* that Irving had encouraged him in the *Life of Schiller*, and had "prepared the way" for it in the LONDON MAGAZINE. How is this to be reconciled with his repeated references to the total cessation of correspondence between himself and Irving from the date of Irving's definite settlement in London to that week, "late in autumn 1823," when Irving, having married Miss Martin of Kirkcaldy, was on his marriage-journey with her in Scotland, and generously determined to pass near Kinnaird, so as to pick up his old friend and have a day or two of his society? One might have thought that it was in this renewed meeting of the two friends in Irving's honeymoon jaunt that there came from Irving the suggestion of the LONDON MAGAZINE as a place for the *Schiller*, or the intimation that he had already arranged for it and knew it would be welcome there. This supposition, however, will not cohere with the date of Irving's marriage. It took place at Kirkcaldy on the 13th of October 1823, after the number of the LONDON MAGAZINE containing the first part of the *Schiller*

had been out a fortnight; and Irving's marriage-tour in Scotland lasted through the rest of that month and the whole of November. There must, therefore, have been renewed correspondence between Irving and Carlyle, with arrangements about the *Schiller*, some while before October 1823, though Carlyle's memory had become hazy about that matter too. It is pleasant to be sure of the main fact,—which is that it was to the ever-friendly Irving that Carlyle owed this second great service of his introduction to the LONDON MAGAZINE, just as he had already owed him the Buller tutorship.

The winter of 1823-4 seems to have been wholly passed at Kinnaird. At least, there was no re-appearance of the Bullers in Edinburgh that winter, and no re-attendance that winter of Charles Buller or his brother Arthur in any of the classes of Edinburgh University. What we gather from the *Reminiscences* is that, towards the end of the winter, the Bullers had begun to weary of Kinnaird life, and indeed of life in Scotland, and were meditating a return to England, possibly for ultimate settlement in Cornwall, but certainly with a view to London as their intermediate headquarters. He hints also that they had by this time been a good deal exercised by the moodiness and miserable bad health of the strange tutor they had domiciled with them, and whom they respected and admired so much. Might it not be the best arrangement that he should go for a month or two to his native Annandale to recruit his health, and then rejoin them in London, there again to take charge of his pupils?

Taking leave of Kinnaird with that understanding, Carlyle, it appears, rode either directly thence, or very soon afterwards from his father's house at Mainhill, all the way to Edinburgh, to consult a doctor as to his dyspepsia. Was it chronic, and incurable except by regimen? or could it be removed by medical treatment? "*It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco,*"

was the physician's answer; on which Carlyle's comment is that, having instantly and absolutely followed the advice, and persevered for "long months" in total abstinence from tobacco, without the slightest sign of improvement, he came to the conclusion that he might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured his sorrows into the "long, hairy ear of the first jackass" he met, as have made that ride to Edinburgh to consult the great authority. This story of the tobacco consultation, with the irreverent comparison of medical wisdom on that subject to the "hairy ear of a jackass," was a favourite one with Carlyle in later days. I have heard it from him several times with two additions to what appears in the *Reminiscences*. One was that, the doctor having asked him whether he *could* give up tobacco, "Give it up, sir?" he replied; "why, I can cut off my left hand with an axe, if *that* should be necessary!" The other was an account of his months of probation of the new no-tobacco regimen. The account took the form of a recollection of himself as staggering for months from tree-trunk to tree-trunk in a metaphorical wood, tobaccoless and dreary, without one symptom of benefit from his self-denial, till at last, sinking at the foot of one of the tree-trunks, and seeing a long clay and a tobacco-pouch providentially lying on the turf, he exclaimed, "I will endure this diabolical farce and delusion no longer," and had a good smoke then and there once more, in signal of reverting for ever to his old comfort. Tobacco and a very little good brandy, he used to maintain to the end of his life, were the only two drugs in the whole pharmacopœia that he had found of any real utility to the distressed human organism.¹

¹ Carlyle's habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan before he came to Edinburgh University. His father, he told me, was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so

It was during the two or three spring months of 1824, spent at Mainhill in Dumfriesshire, under the care of that "best of nurses and of hostesses," his mother, that the *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* was finished. It was in the June of the same year that, having revised the proofs of the three volumes of that book for Messrs. Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh, who had agreed to be the publishers, as they were also of his translation of *Legendre's Geometry*, and having run up to Edinburgh himself with the last proofs and the preface, and received from Messrs. Oliver and Boyd 180*l.* for the labour, and having taken a farewell at Haddington the purport of which may be guessed, he embarked in the Leith smack that was to carry him to London. He was then in his twenty-ninth year, and it was his first visit to the Great Babylon. The second part of his *Life of Schiller* had appeared in the number of the LONDON MAGAZINE for January, 1824; but the

thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of that allowance. Carlyle's allowance, in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much. Once, when the canister of "free-smoking York River" on his mantelpiece was nearly empty, he told me not to mind that, as he had "about *half-a-stone* more of the same upstairs."—Another tobacco anecdote of Carlyle, which I had from the late G. H. Lewes, may be worth a place here. One afternoon, when his own stock of "free-smoking York River" had come to an end, and when he had set out to walk with a friend (Lewes himself, if I recollect rightly), he stopped at a small tobacco-shop in Chelsea, facing the Thames, and went in to procure some temporary supply. The friend went in with him, and heard his dialogue with the shopkeeper. York River, having been asked for, was duly produced; but, as it was not of the right sort, Carlyle, while making a small purchase, informed the shopkeeper most particularly what the right sort was, what was its name, and at what wholesale place in the city it might be ordered. "O, we find that this suits our customers very well," said the man. "That may be, Sir," said Carlyle; "but you will find it best in the long run always to deal in the veracities." The man's impression seemed to be that *the veracities* were some peculiar curly species of tobacco, hitherto unknown to him.

rest had still to be published, and would probably appear in the magazine when he was himself in London and had formed personal acquaintance with the editorial powers. Copies of the *Wilhelm Meister* from the press of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd would follow him from Edinburgh; and it would thus be as the anonymous author of the *Life of Schiller* and of the *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* that he would first step into London literary society. For the rest, his prospects were utterly undefined. Whether he should remain in London permanently, or return to Scotland, depended on events not yet calculable. All that was certain was that the Buller tutorship would still be his anchorage for a time in London, as it had been for the last two years in Scotland, and that he had Irving's house for his London home so long as he might choose. It was, in fact, to Irving's house in Myddelton Terrace, Islington, where Irving and his wife were living as a newly-married couple, that Carlyle was to steer himself after the Leith smack had landed him in London river.

* * * *

From this point there is a break of two years and four months in Carlyle's life, during which he had nothing to do with Edinburgh. From the *Reminiscences* and other records, the incidents of that interval may be filled in briefly thus:—

NINE MONTHS IN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM (*June, 1824—March, 1825*).—Residing with the Irvings at Islington, or in lodgings near them, Carlyle in those months made his first acquaintance with London, and with various persons in it of greater or less note. Introduced at once to the Stracheys, and to the then celebrated Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu of Bedford Square, it was through them, or otherwise directly or indirectly through Irving, that he saw something of Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Bryan Waller Procter, Crabb Robinson, and others of literary name, besides such commercial London Scots

of Irving's congregation as Sir Peter Laurie, Mr. William Hamilton, and Mr. Dinwiddie, and the young English manufacturing chemist, Mr. Badams of Birmingham. After Mrs. Strachey and the queenly Mrs. Basil Montagu, his most valued new friends in this list, he tells us, were Procter, Allan Cunningham, and Badams. This last, indeed, under pretext of putting him on a regimen that could cure his dyspepsia, lured him away to Birmingham for three months; which three months of residence with Badams in Birmingham, and of rambles with Badams hither and thither in Warwickshire and sights of Joe Parkes and other Birmingham notabilities, have to be interpolated therefore in the general bulk of the London visit. There was also a trip to Dover, in the company of the Stracheys and the Irvings, with a run of some of the party, Carlyle one of them, to Paris, for ten days of Parisian sight-seeing. Altogether, the London visit had been so successful that, when the tutorial engagement with the Bullers came to an end in the course of it,—which it did from the impossibility of an adjustment of Carlyle's views with Mrs. Buller's ever-changing plans,—the notion among his friends was that he could not do better than remain in London and take his chances as a London man of letters. The concluding portions of his *Schiller* had appeared in the LONDON MAGAZINE during the first months of his visit; and before the end of 1825 the five portions into which the work had been cut up for magazine purposes had been gathered together, and published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey in the form of an octavo volume, with the title *The Life of Friedrich Schiller*, bringing the author 100*l.* It was during his stay in London also that he received his first communication from Goethe, in the form of a brief letter of thanks for a copy of the *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* which had been sent to Weimar some months before. But, though things seemed thus to conspire in favour of the detention of Carlyle

in London, he had made up his mind to the contrary; and in March 1825 he turned his back upon the great city, and was on his way once more to his native Dumfriesshire.

NINETEEN MONTHS OF DUMFRIES-SHIRE FARM-LIFE (*March 1825—October 1826*):—For about two months Carlyle was at his father's farm-house of Mainhill, near Ecclefechan, resting from his return-tour through England, and preparing for the adventure which he had planned. This was an attempt at tenant-farming on his own account in that neighbourhood. A letter of his to Mrs. Basil Montagu, of date May 20, 1825, is still from Mainhill; but on the 26th of that month he entered on the possession of the adjacent little farm of Hoddam Hill, which he had taken on lease from his father's landlord, General Sharpe, "a neat, compact little farm, rent 100*l.*," with "a prettyish-looking cottage" for dwelling-house. Here for a whole year he lived, nominally a tenant-farmer, as his father was, and close to his father, but in reality entrusting the practical farm-work to his brother Alick, while he himself, with his mother or one of his sisters for his house-keeper, delved a little for amusement, rode about for health, and pursued his studies and literary tasks—chiefly his projected translation of *Specimens of German Romance* for the bookseller Tait of Edinburgh. There were letters to and from his London friends; there was once a sight in Annan of poor Irving, whose London troubles and aberrations were by this time matters of public notoriety; there were visits to and from neighbours; but, on the whole, the year was one of industrious loneliness. Though he tells us but little of it, what he does tell us enables us to see that it was a most important and memorable year in his recollection. Perhaps in all Carlyle's life no other year is so important intrinsically; and it might be well to mark this fact by remembering it always in his biography by some such name as THE YEAR AT HODDAM HILL.—What

does he himself tell us? "I call that year idyllic," he says, "in spite of its russet coat." This is general; but he gives us vital particulars. It was the time, he distinctly tells us, of his complete spiritual triumph, his attainment once and for ever to that state of clear and high serenity, as to all the essentials of religion and moral belief, which enabled him to understand in his own case "what the old Christian people meant by *conversion*," and which he described afterwards, in the Teufelsdröckh manner, as the reaching of the harbour of the "Everlasting Yes" at last. The word *happiness* was no favourite one in Carlyle's vocabulary, with reference to himself at least; but he does not refuse even this word in describing his new mental condition through the year at Hoddam Hill. What he felt, he says, was the attainment of "a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant." Even his bodily health seemed to be improving; and the effect extended itself most manifestly to his temper and disposition towards others. "My thoughts were very peaceable," he says, "full of pity and humanity as they had never been before." In short, he was no longer the moody, defiant, mainly despondent and sarcastic Carlyle he had been, or had seemed to be to superficial observers, through the past Edinburgh days, but a calmer, wiser, and more self-possessed Carlyle, with the softest depths of tenderness under all his strength and fearlessness,—the Carlyle that he was to be recognised as being by all who knew him through the next twenty years of his life, and that indeed he continued to be essentially to the very end, despite the clouds and rages that would again gather round his demeanour more visibly in his later years, and the darkness of desolation in which his sun went down. To what agency does he attribute this "immense victory," as he calls it, which he had thus permanently gained over his own spirit

in this thirtieth year of his age passed at Hoddam Hill? "Pious musings, communings silent and spontaneous with Fact and Nature in those poor Annandale localities,"—these, including the sound on Sundays of the Hoddam kirk-bell coming to him touchingly from the plain below, "like the departing voice of eighteen centuries," are mentioned as accounting for much, but not for all. "I then felt, and still feel, endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business. He, in his fashion, I perceived, had travelled the steep rocky road before me, the first of the moderns." Not to be forgotten either, as that which tinged the year to perfection in its "idyllic" character, was the flitting across the scene of the presence that was dearest to him. His pledged bride, no longer at Haddington, but residing with her relatives in Nithsdale, made her first visit to his family in this year; they rode about together for ten days; and the future was arranged. After exactly one year at Hoddam Hill, a difference with General Sharpe, his father's landlord and his own, led to the giving up of the Hoddam farm and of the Mainhill farm at the same time, and to the transference of the whole Carlyle family to Scotsbrig, a much better farm, out of General Sharpe's territories, but still in the vicinity of Ecclefechan. This was in May 1826. At Scotsbrig, however, Carlyle remained little more than four months; for, "as turned out," he married and went to Edinburgh in the following October.

* * * *

AT COMELY BANK, EDINBURGH.

October 1826—May 1828: *ætat* 31—33.

Carlyle was now for the first time an Edinburgh householder. Comely Bank, where he had his domicile for the first eighteen months of his married life, is a single row of very neat houses, situated in a quiet road leading from the north-western

suburb of Edinburgh to Craigleith Quarry, and uniting itself there with the great Dean Road, which has started from the west end of the city at a considerably higher level. The houses lie back a little from the footpath, within railings, each house with its iron gate and little strip of flower-garden in front, while each has a larger bit of walled garden behind. The entire row,—though within a walk of two minutes from the dense suburb from which it is specially detached, and of not more than fifteen minutes from the fashionable heart of the city, by the steep slopes of streets ascending from that suburb,—has even yet a certain look of being out in the open, with fields before the windows, and a stretch of fields to the back; and fifty years ago there must have been less of incipient straggling of other buildings in the neighbourhood to interfere with that impression. There are exactly twenty houses in the row; but, as three numbers are skipped for some reason or other and the first house from the inner or town end is marked No. 4, the numbering reaches to twenty-three. Carlyle's house was No. 21, the last but two at the outer or country end of the row. His natural daily walks thence, when they were not into town, up the steep sloping streets spoken of, would be to Craigleith Quarry and the Corstorphine Hills, or past these on the great road towards Queensferry, or aside from that direction northwards to the beautiful shore of the Firth of Forth, with the fresh sea-breeze, between Cramond and Granton.

No contemporary record yet accessible gives so distinct a general idea of Carlyle's state of mind and mode of life during his eighteen months at Comely Bank as the following portion of a letter of his to Mrs. Basil Montagu, dated on Christmas-day 1826, or just after he had settled there:—

Of my late history I need not speak, for you already know it: I am wedded; to the

best of wives, and with all the elements of enjoyment richly ministered to me, and health—rather worse than even it was wont to be. Sad contradiction! But I were no apt scholar if I had not learned long ago, with my friend Tieck, that “in the fairest sunshine a shadow chases us, that in the softest music there is a tone which chides.” I sometimes hope that I shall be well: at other times I determine to be *wise* in spite of sickness, and feel that wisdom is better even than health; and I dismiss the lying cozeners Hope entirely, and fancy I perceive that even the rocky land of Sorrow is not without a heavenly radiance overspreading it, lovelier than aught that this Earth, with all its joys, can give. At all events, what right have we to murmur? It is the common lot: the Persian King could not find three happy men in the wide world to write the names of on his queen's tomb, or the Philosopher would have recalled her from death. Every son of Adam has his task to toil at, and his stripes to bear for doing it wrong. There is one deadly error we commit at our entrance on life, and sooner or later we must lay it aside, for till then there is neither peace nor rest for us in this world: we all start, I have observed, with the tacit persuasion that, whatever become of others, *we* (the illustrious all-important *we*) are entitled of *right* to be *entirely fortunate*, to accumulate all knowledge, beauty, health, and earthly felicity in *our* sacred person, and to pass *our* most sovereign days in rosy bowers, with distress never seen by us, except as an interesting shade in the distance of our landscape But I must descend from life in general to life in Edinburgh. In spite of ill-health, I reckon myself moderately happy here, much happier than men usually are, or than such a fool as I deserves to be. My good wife exceeds all my hopes, and is, in truth, I believe, among the best women that the world contains. The philosophy of the heart is far better than that of the understanding. She loves me with her whole soul, and this one sentiment has taught her much that I have long been vainly at the schools to learn. Good Jane! She is sitting by me knitting you a purse: you must not cease to love her, for she deserves it, and few love you better. [Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Montagu had never yet met, but are here considered as already fast friends, through Carlyle's talks with each about the other.] Of society, in this Modern Athens, we have no want, but rather a superabundance; which, however, we are fast and successfully reducing down to the fit measure. True it is, one meets with many a Turk in grain among these people; but it is some comfort to know beforehand what Turks are, have been, and for ever will be, and to understand that from a Turk no Christian word or deed can rationally be expected. Let the people speak in the Turkish dialect, in Heaven's name! It is their own, and they have no other. A better class of persons, too, are to be found

here and there,—a sober, discreet, logic-loving, moderately well-informed class : with these I can talk and enjoy myself ; but only talk as from an upper window to people in the street ; into the house (of my spirit) I cannot admit them ; and the unwise wonderment they exhibit when I do but show them the lobby warns me to lose no time in again slamming-to [a Scoticism for violently shutting] the door. But what of society ? Round our own hearth is society enough, with a blessing. I read books, or, like the Roman poet and so many British ones, “disport on paper” ; and many a still evening, when I stand in our little flower-garden (it is fully larger than two bed-quilts) and smoke my pipe in peace, and look at the reflection of the distant city lamps, and hear the faint murmur of its tumult, I feel no little pleasure in the thought of “my own four walls” and what they hold. On the whole, what I chiefly want is occupation ; which, when “the times grow better” [it was that year of commercial crash which ruined Sir Walter Scott and so many others], or my own “genius” gets more alert and thorough-going, will not fail, I suppose, to present itself. Idle I am not altogether, yet not occupied as I should be ; for to dig in the mines of Plutus, and sell the gift of God (and such is every man’s small fraction of intellectual talent) for a piece of money, is a measure I am not inclined to ; and for *invention*, for Art of any sort, I feel myself too helpless and undetermined. Some day,—oh that the day were here !—I shall surely speak out those things that are lying in me, and give me no sleep till they are spoken ! Or else, if the Fates would be so kind as to show me—that I had nothing to say ! This, perhaps, is the real secret of it after all ; a hard result, yet not intolerable, were it once clear and certain. Literature, it seems, is to be my trade ; but the present aspects of it among us seem to me peculiarly perplexed and uninviting. I love it not : in fact, I have almost quitted modern reading : lower down than the Restoration I rarely venture in English. Those men, those Hookers, Bacons, Brownes, were *men* ; but, for our present “men of letters,” our dandy wits, our utilitarian philosophers, our novel, play, and sonnet manufacturers, I shall only say, May the Lord pity us and them ! But enough of this ! For what am I that I should censure ? Less than the least in Israel.

The mood here, though philosophic, pensive, and secretly critical, is on the whole even cheerful, and accords undeniably with what we should expect from his own statement as to the remarkable change of spirit, the triumphant self-conquest and dispersion of his old glooms and chagrins, that had been effected during the late idyllic year at Hoddam Hill, as well as from the

fact of his happy marriage at last. It accords also with all that I have been able to learn independently of Carlyle in those now distant days of his early married life. From two persons in particular I have had most intimate accounts of his habits and demeanour in the Comely Bank period. One was the late Rev. David Aitken, D.D., once minister of a Scottish country parish, but in the later part of his life resident in Edinburgh. He was a relative of Carlyle, and had seen a great deal of him and of Mrs. Carlyle privately, and at the tables of various friends, in those old Edinburgh days. His report was that perhaps the most observable thing about Carlyle then was the combination of extraordinary frankness, a habit of speaking out most strikingly and picturesquely whatever was in his mind, with the most perfect command of temper in meeting objections, evading attempted slights or provocations to anger, or changing the subject when opposition was becoming noisy, or the opponent was evidently a blockhead. Again and again Dr. Aitken had observed this, and wondered at his tact and suavity, especially when he had propounded something startling to commonplace people, and the expression on the faces of some of his auditors was, “Who are *you* that dare thus advance notions discomposing to your seniors ?” To the same effect is the information I have had from a venerable friend of Carlyle in those days who still survives. He was most methodic in his arrangement of his time, this friend informs me, always reserving the solid hours of the day for his literary work in Comely Bank, but very accessible and sociable in the afternoons and evenings. To this friend I definitely put the question, “Was he gloomy and morose, or noted for asperity and sarcastic bitterness in talk ?” The answer was : “Not a bit ; the pleasantest and heartiest fellow in the world, and most excellent company.” It is evident that, whether from more smiling

circumstances, or from that drill in self-control which had been imposed upon him by his spiritual regeneration at Hoddam Hill, he was a considerably different being now, in his social demeanour and aspects, from what he had been some years before, when Margaret Gordon and Irving had thought it necessary to remonstrate with him on his fitful and forbidding manners with strangers. But, indeed, they mistake Carlyle utterly who do not know that to the end, with all his vehemence in indignation and invective, and with a stately dignity of manner which repelled too irreverent familiarity, and with which the most impudent did not dare to trifle, there was a vast fund in him of what could be described as the homeliest and most genial good-fellowship and the richest old Scottish heartiness. It was not only his faculty of humour,—though those who have never heard Carlyle's laugh, or known how frequently it would interrupt the gathered tempests of his verbal rage and dissipate them in sudden sunburst, can have no idea of his prodigious wealth in this faculty, or of the extent to which it contributed to the enjoyment and after-relish of every hour spent in his society. I have heard the echoes of Sloane Street ring with his great laugh many and many a night between ten and eleven o'clock, and more than once have had to stop by a lamp-post till the grotesque phrase or conception had shaken me to exhaustion in sympathy with him and the peal had ended. But better still was the proof of the depths of pleasant kindness in Carlyle's nature, his power of being actually happy himself and of making others happy, in some of those cosy evening hours I have spent with him,—“cosy” is the only name for them,—in the well-remembered dining-room in Chelsea. Then, both of us, or one of us, reclining on the hearth-rug, that the wreaths of pipe-smoke might innocently ascend the chimney, and Mrs. Carlyle seated near at some piece of work, and public questions laid aside

or his vehemences over them having already subsided for that evening, how comfortable he would be, how simple, how husbandly in his looks round to his wife when she interjected one of her bright and witty remarks, how happy in the flow of casual fireside chat about all things and sundry, the quoting of quaint snatches of ballad or lyric, or the resuscitation of old Scottish memories! This mood of pleasant and easy sociability, which always remained with him as one into which he could sink when he liked, out of his upper moods of wrath and lamentation, must have been even more conspicuous and common, more nearly habitual, in those Comely Bank days when he felt himself for the first time a full citizen and householder of the Modern Athens, and was not disinclined for friendly intimacy with the other Athenians. Then, as always, the basis of his nature was a profound constitutional sadness, a speculative melancholy, in the form of that dissatisfaction with all the ordinary appearances and courses of things, that private philosophy of protest and nonconformity, which made him really a recluse even when he seemed most accessible and frank. His talk with most of the Edinburgh people, even when apparently the friendliest, was therefore, as he told Mrs. Montagu, like talk from an upper window to people passing in the streets; and into the real house of his spirit few were admitted farther than the lobby. But he had at least disciplined himself into all the requisite observances of good-humoured courtesy, and learnt to practise in his own demeanour the maxim he had about this time thrown into verse:—

“The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And there comes good luck and bad :
The thriftiest man is the cheerfulest ;
’Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad ;
’Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.”

What he lacked most, as he told Mrs. Montagu, was fit occupation. His four volumes of *Specimens of German Romance*, consisting of translations

from Musæus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hoffmann, Jean Paul, and Goethe, with biographical and critical notices of these authors, had been lying already printed in Ballantyne's warehouses before he had settled in Comely Bank, and were published by Tait early in 1827. As they had been done originally on commission from Tait, they may have brought something more considerable in the way of payment than if they had been a voluntary labour. But, when these were out, what was he to do next? Fortunately, that question was soon answered.

It was in the spring of 1827 that, by means of a friendly letter of introduction sent from London by Mrs. Montagu's son-in-law, Procter, *alias* "Barry Cornwall," Carlyle formed his memorable acquaintance with Jeffrey. The incidents of that acquaintance, from Carlyle's first call on Jeffrey in George Street with Procter's note, when Jeffrey received him so kindly, and said "We must give you a lift," on to the ripening of the acquaintance by Jeffrey's calls at Comely Bank, his pretty gallantries and wit-encounters with the fascinating young bride, and the frequent colloquies and amicable little disputations between Jeffrey and Carlyle, in Jeffrey's leisurely rides to his country-house at Craigcrook, or in that fine turreted old mansion itself, have all been immortalised in the *Reminiscences*. Nowhere is there such a sketch of Jeffrey in our literature, such a perfect portraiture and appreciation of that celebrated man; and the only question that remains is whether Carlyle has quite done justice there to Jeffrey's kindness to himself. No doubt he wrote with a strict conscience, and knew better what he was about than readers can now know for him. Still one does carry away an impression that very seldom has there been so much attention by a veteran celebrity of fifty-three years of age to a rising junior, or so much of care in

befriending him practically, as the good Jeffrey bestowed, in 1827 and for some subsequent years, on a young man of letters so utterly different from himself as Carlyle was in character and principles, so intractable to his Whig teaching, and so wrapt up in a certain foreign, unintelligible, and tasteless Mr. Goethe. Something of this feeling, indeed, does appear in many passages of Carlyle's sketch, as when he says "Jeffrey's acquaintance seemed, and was for the time, an immense acquisition to me, and everybody regarded it as my highest good fortune." And no wonder. From being a mere translator from the German, or writer of hack articles in obscure places, Carlyle became a contributor to the EDINBURGH REVIEW. In June 1827, or within a month or two after his introduction to Jeffrey, appeared his first article in the Review, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, in twenty pages; and in the very next number, in October 1827, appeared his more full and elaborate article, in forty-eight pages, entitled *State of German Literature*. They caused, as he tells us, "a sensation among the Edinburgh buckrams," and were widely criticised in the newspapers, with the effect of setting "many tongues wagging" about the strange fellow in Comely Bank to whom Jeffrey had given such unusual licence of innovation on the established doctrines of the Review, and who was trying to found a school of "German Mysticism." At all events, people who liked that kind of matter and were interested in German Literature knew henceforth where to apply; and, a so-called FOREIGN REVIEW AND CONTINENTAL MISCELLANY having been started in London, Carlyle was eagerly invited to contribute. In the first number of this new periodical, in January 1828, appeared his *Life and Writings of Werner*, in forty-seven pages; and in the second number, in April 1828, his *Goethe's Helena*, in forty pages. These two articles in

the FOREIGN REVIEW, with the two already contributed to the EDINBURGH, form the whole of Carlyle's known writings during the Comely Bank period.

One of the most interesting men in Edinburgh during Carlyle's eighteen months at Comely Bank was Sir William Hamilton. The name of Sir William, and his reputation for universal erudition and for devotion to philosophy and metaphysics, had been known to Carlyle from the later days of his studentship in Edinburgh University. In then passing the house where Sir William lived, and seeing the light burning in Sir William's room late at nights, he would think to himself, "Ay, there is the real scholar, a man of the right sort, busy with his books and speculations!" Since then he had formed some slight personal acquaintance with Sir William by meetings with him in the Advocates' Library; but it was after the settlement in Comely Bank in 1826, when Sir William was thirty-eight years of age, and had been nominally for five years Professor of History in Edinburgh University, that the acquaintanceship reached the stage of familiarity. Carlyle has commemorated it in a few pages contributed to Veitch's *Memoirs of Sir William Hamilton*, published in 1869, thirteen years after Sir William's death. "I recollect hearing much more of him," Carlyle there writes, "in 1826 and onward than formerly: to what depths he had gone in study and philosophy; of his simple, independent, meditative habits, ruggedly athletic modes of exercise, fondness for his big dog, &c. &c.: everybody seemed to speak of him with favour, those of his immediate acquaintance uniformly with affectionate respect. I did not witness, much less share in, any of his swimming or other athletic prowesses. I have once or twice been on long walks with him in the Edinburgh environs, oftenest with some other companion, or perhaps

"even two, whom he had found vigorous and worthy: pleasant walks, and abundantly enlivened with speech from Sir William." He proceeds to describe a peculiarity of Sir William's talk, when, in expounding some difficult point perfectly lucid to himself, he would say "*The fact is,*" and then, after plunging for a while through a tough medium of words and distinctions, repeat "*The fact is,*" and so go on again, without ever quite succeeding in clutching "the fact" so as to bring it out to his satisfaction. There is also an account of a debate on Craniology between Sir William and Mr. George Combe one evening at a great meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, when Sir William, in Carlyle's opinion, utterly demolished Combe and his phrenology by exhibiting two skulls, one the skull of a Malay murderer and the other the skull of George Buchanan, and showing that by the phrenological measurements the Malay murderer was much the superior man. That presence of Carlyle in the Royal Society rooms seems, however, to have been on a winter visit to Edinburgh a year or two after the time of his residence in Comely Bank. That he knew those rooms by more attendances in them than one I am positively certain; for he entertained me once with a recollection of the very excellent and rare quality of the tea that, from some exceptional opportunity of correspondence with China, used then to be served out to members and visitors of the Edinburgh Royal Society after the business of the meetings.

Another Edinburgh acquaintanceship of the Comely Bank time was that with John Wilson, the ever-famous "Christopher North." He had been lord of BLACKWOOD since 1817, and since 1820 the admired and adored of all the youth of Edinburgh University, for his magnificent mien and stature, and the legends of his feats of strength, pedestrianism, and pugilism, no less than for his eloquent

and rapturous prelections in the Moral Philosophy professorship. To know the great Wilson by his figure and face as he strode, yellow-haired and white-hatted, along Prince's Street or George Street, was a mere privilege of being in the same city with him. You could not miss him if you were in either of those streets, and on the outlook for him, any three days in succession; and once seen he was in your memory for ever. That amount of cognisance of Wilson in Edinburgh had been Carlyle's, as everybody else's, for not a few years; but it was now, in Wilson's forty-second or forty-third year, and Carlyle's thirty-second or thirty-third, that they first met in private and shook hands. It was, as Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, informs us in her Life of her father, in the rooms of a friend of Carlyle's who was also a friend of Wilson's. Carlyle has described to me the meeting himself, and how late they sat, and in what a glory of talk, though the details had been forgotten, they spun out the hours, not without hospitable fluid aids on the table, whether of the foreign ruby and amber sorts or of the more potent native crystal. It was so very late, or rather such early morning, before they parted, I have heard most authentically from another source, that, when Wilson rose and threw open the window, clear daylight had come, and the birds were singing. Regular to strictness as were Carlyle's habits always, and obliged as he was to such strictness by the state of his health, he would venture now and then on such exceptionally late conviviality on sufficient occasion or in fit company, and did not find himself any the worse for it. Other instances of it are within my knowledge, when he sat for long hours with far humbler companions than Christopher North, and was the life and soul of their little symposium.¹

¹ There does not seem to have been much direct intercourse between Wilson and Carlyle after the meeting mentioned, though there

De Quincey had not made Edinburgh definitively his home in 1827 and 1828; but, his connexion with BLACKWOOD having then begun, he was a good deal in Edinburgh through those years, astray for reasons of finance from his family in Grasmere, and quartered with his friend Wilson, or in Edinburgh lodgings of his own. In recollection of his severe review of Carlyle's Translation of *Wilhelm Meister* in the LONDON MAGAZINE for August and September 1824, there was considerable shyness on De Quincey's part in meeting Carlyle now; but, a meeting having happened somehow, and that disagreeable recollection having been sunk, no one was a more welcome visitor to Carlyle and his wife in Comely Bank than the weird little opium-eater. The passage in the *Reminiscences* in which Carlyle gives his own and Mrs. Carlyle's impressions of De Quincey as they then knew him, reveals on the whole, with all its drawbacks of critical estimate, a lingering regard to the last for De Quincey as one of the most remarkable British children of genius in his generation; and there is other, and perfectly conclusive, evidence that in the Comely Bank days his regard for De Quincey was something still higher and more affectionate. But, indeed, all through those days in Edinburgh, Carlyle's literary sympathies, politically a Radical *sui generis* though he was, and the *protégé* though he was of the Whig potentate Jeffrey, were rather with that Tory set of Edinburgh intellectualities of whom De Quincey was one, and of whom Wilson in *Blackwood* was the public chief, than with Jeffrey's more narrow-laced clientage of the blue-and-yellow.

were cordial exchanges of regards between them, and some incidental compliments to Carlyle in *Blackwood*. I have reason for believing that among Carlyle's papers he has left sketches of Wilson and Sir William Hamilton; of what extent, or whether that of Hamilton amounts to anything more than is published in Veitch's *Life of Hamilton*, I do not know.

His acquaintance with Lockhart, who had been in London since 1826 as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, can hardly date from this period; but among those I have heard him speak of as Edinburgh friends of his, almost certainly of this period, was the accomplished George Moir, then one of the young Tory lawyers of literary note about the Parliament House, and afterwards Professor of Belles Lettres in the University. How many other persons, Whig or Tory, distinguished or undistinguished, came about him in Comely Bank, who can tell now? Miss Jewsbury, indeed, in her notes of Mrs. Carlyle's talks with her, is very comprehensive and summary on the subject. "Whilst they were in Edinburgh," says Miss Jewsbury of Carlyle and his wife, "they knew everybody worth knowing: Lord Jeffrey was a great admirer of hers, and an old friend; Chalmers, Guthrie, and many others." This may be substantially true, but the particulars are a sad jumble on Miss Jewsbury's part. Guthrie was then a young man, living totally unheard of in his native Forfarshire, and not yet even a parish minister; and the great Chalmers, who had left Glasgow and its excitements in 1823 for the quiet studiousness of the Moral Philosophy Professorship at St. Andrews, can have been but an occasional visitor to Edinburgh from that date till 1828, when they invited him with acclamation to the more national post of the Professorship of Theology in Edinburgh University. Carlyle's distinct statement in the *Reminiscences* is that, after his old casual meetings with Chalmers in Glasgow in Irving's company in 1820 and 1821, he "never saw him again" till May 1847, when the noble old man, in his final visit to London a week or two before his death, called upon him and sat with him an hour in his house in Chelsea.

More precious by far to Carlyle than all the acquaintanceships Edinburgh afforded, or could afford, was his

correspondence with Goethe. It was to this great European intellect, this German soul of light and adamant, now verging on his eightieth year, and whom he was never to behold in the flesh, that his thoughts turned incessantly in his domestic musings in Comely Bank, or in his walks anywhere, with or without Jeffrey, between the rugged mass of Arthur Seat and the sylvan range of the Corstorphines. On Goethe's part too there had been a growing interest in the young literary Scot who was doing so much to introduce and interpret Goethe himself, and German thought and literature generally, to the mind of Great Britain. Apart from the four Review articles of 1827 and 1828, there had appeared, since that *Translation of Wilhelm Meister* in 1824 which Goethe had acknowledged in the note from him received by Carlyle in London, the *Life of Schiller* in 1825, and the *Specimens of German Romance* in 1827, this last completing the translation of the *Meister* by the addition of the "Meister's Travels" to "Meister's Apprenticeship." These had been sufficient texts for new communications between the sage at Weimar and his Scottish admirer; and such accordingly there had been. One is not sure whether already there had passed those knick-knacks of presents from Mrs. Carlyle to Goethe and from Goethe to Mrs. Carlyle of which we hear in the Goethe-Carlyle story as a whole; but certainly there had been letters between the two men. Nay, Carlyle and his writings had become a topic of frequent talk with Goethe in Weimar. It was on Wednesday, the 25th of July 1827, for example, that Goethe, having just received a letter from Sir Walter Scott, dated from Edinburgh on the 9th of that month, in reply to a letter of compliment and admiration which he had addressed to Scott circuitously in the preceding January, used these memorable words to Eckermann, after showing him Scott's letter and expressing his

delight with it :—"I almost wonder "that Walter Scott does not say "a word about Carlyle, who has "so decided a German tendency that "he must certainly be known to him. "It is admirable in Carlyle that, in "his judgment of our German authors, "he has especially in view *the mental* "and moral core, as that which is "really influential. Carlyle is a *moral* "force of great importance. There is "in him much for the future, and we "cannot foresee what he will produce "and effect." To the same purport were Goethe's words in again speaking to Eckermann about Carlyle sometime afterwards,—“What an earnest man "he is! and how he has studied us "Germans! He is almost more at "home in our literature than we our- "selves.” Goethe's surprise at Scott's silence about Carlyle was an acute hit, though made a little in the dark. Who does not regret to have it to say that Carlyle never was in Scott's society, never exchanged a word with him? That man of men in Edinburgh, of richer heart and grander genius than all her other celebrities put together, remained a stranger to the very fellow-citizen that was worthiest to know him and that would fain have known him well. Any time for the last fifteen or sixteen years Carlyle had, of course, been familiar with the stalwart figure of Scott, as he might be seen in the legal crowd in the Parliament House, or in his limping walk homewards thence, by the Mound and Princes Street, to his house in Castle Street. Further, it must have been some time in the Comely Bank days that Carlyle and his wife, walking in Princes Street, bestowed those more particular glances of curiosity on Scott's approaching figure of which I have heard Carlyle speak more than once. The little dogs that were passing would jump up, they observed, to fawn on the kindly lame gentleman whom they knew by instinct to be such a friend of their species and of all the living creation; and Scott

would look down to the animals benevolently from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. That this was Carlyle's closest approach to relation with Scott seems unaccountable. True, the time when Carlyle and his wife took up house in Edinburgh had been at the close of that fatal year for Scott when there had come the sudden crash of his fortunes, followed by the death of Lady Scott, converting him into a lonesome and bankrupt widower, incapable any longer of his customary hospitalities in Castle Street, and indeed bereft of that house, as of all else, for the behoof of his creditors, and toiling to redeem himself by his *Life of Napoleon* and other colossal drudgery in lodgings in North St. David Street. But that crisis of his downfall had passed, and the year 1827 had seen him more like himself, and domiciled again, more in household fashion, first in Walker Street and then in Shandwick Place. There had been the great Theatrical Fund Dinner in Edinburgh on the 23rd of February 1827, when Sir Walter was in the chair, and when in responding to his health he divulged formally, amid plaudits such as had never been heard in a hall before, the already open secret that he was the sole author of the *Waverley Novels*; and later in the year the voluminous *Life of Napoleon* was published, with the first series of the *Chronicles of the Canongate* besides, and the *Tales of a Grandfather* had been begun. Any time shortly before or shortly after that month of July 1827 when Goethe was so much gratified by the receipt of Scott's letter, there was nothing but the most untoward fate to hinder such a meeting between Scott and Carlyle as would have been pleasant to both. Unless I mistake, Goethe himself, struck with the anomaly that two such men should be in Edinburgh together without knowing each other, took special pains to put the matter right. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, mentions that Goethe, in writing to "his friend Mr. Thomas

Carlyle" soon after the receipt of Scott's letter, described it as "cheering and warm-hearted." This would tell us little, as Lockhart might have picked up the information by accident afterwards. There hangs in my memory, however, though more hazily than I could now wish, a talk with Carlyle himself, or with his brother John, in which I was told that Goethe purposely sent some such message to Scott through Carlyle, with the express intention that it should bring them together. Whether I was told of an inclosed note from Goethe to Scott in addition I cannot distinctly remember; but my recollection is that Carlyle did call at Scott's door (it must have been in Walker Street or Shandwick Place) and left the note or the transcribed message, whichever it was, and that, much to his disappointment, he heard nothing more of the matter. That this was by some sheer mischance no one can doubt that knows Scott's universal kindness and exemplary attention to all the social courtesies. It is not the less to be regretted; and Carlyle, I think, regretted it always. His estimate of Scott, it could be proved, was much higher in 1827 and 1828 than that which he penned ten years afterwards in his famous essay in the *London and Westminster Review*.

Carlyle's later memories of the eighteen months, or more strictly nineteen, spent in Comely Bank, are summed up by him in the *Reminiscences* in one doleful sentence. "Comely Bank," he says, "except for one darling soul, whose heavenly nobleness, then as ever afterwards, shone on me, and should have made the place bright (ah me, ah me! I only know now how noble she was!) was a gloomy intricate abode to me, and in retrospect has little or nothing of pleasant but her." So far as this is not a picture tinged, like all the rest of his life, by the final darkness in which it was painted, and to be corrected by the facts as they are otherwise

ascertained, the reference may be to the causes which made him suddenly give up his Comely Bank house and remove himself again from Edinburgh. These, there can be no doubt, were economical perplexities. Thrift, frugality, abhorrence from debt or extravagance, was always one of Carlyle's characteristics; and he had found the expenses of married life in Edinburgh beyond his means. On this point some light can be thrown by information from himself, and an annexed calculation. He told me once of a ride of his into Dundee, in the dusk of evening, with 300*l.* in his pocket, all he had in the world, and of a certain nervousness that came over him, in consequence of the disturbed state of the times and the roughness of the neighbourhood, lest he should be attacked and robbed. The story had no special significance for me at the moment, save that I wondered what Carlyle could have been doing so far north out of his usual track as Dundee; but it seems to me now that the date must have been the spring of 1824, when he parted with the Buller family at Kinnaird House, on his way southwards, to recruit himself, if possible, for meeting them again in London and there resuming the tutorship. Dundee or Perth would then be a likely station on his southward journey; and he had been in the receipt by this time of two years of his salary from the Bullers. On that supposition, remembering that his intermediate receipts before his marriage and settlement in Edinburgh had been 180*l.* for his *Wilhelm Meister*, together with something further of the Buller salary for resumption of duty in London—but that there had been expenses for his nine months in London and Birmingham, some loss in the year's farming speculation at Hoddam Hill, and the necessary costs of his removal and marriage, and of furnishing the house in Comely Bank—we may fairly conclude that he cannot have begun housekeeping in October 1826

with more than a clear 100*l.* or so. His literary earnings in the next eighteen months, if the whole of his remuneration for the *German Romance* fell in then, may have been about 300*l.* for that work, together with about 150*l.* for his four articles in the *Edinburgh* and the *Foreign Review*. Compute the expense of the Comely Bank household, rent included, as necessarily not less than about 300*l.* a year; and it will be seen that, in the beginning of 1828, Carlyle may well have felt that if he remained in Edinburgh he was in danger of running aground. He had been anxious, in fact, to obtain some post of fixed and certain income that would relieve him from precarious dependence on the press. Two such chances had offered themselves. The new "University of London" (now University College, London) had been founded in 1826; and in the course of 1827 the authorities of the new institution had been looking about for professors, in view of the opening of the classes for teaching in October 1828. Carlyle had thought that the Professorship of English Literature would suit him and that he would suit it, and had hoped that Jeffrey's influence with Brougham might secure him the post. Then, while that matter was still hanging, there was the still more desirable chance of the succession to Dr. Chalmers in the Moral Philosophy Professorship at St. Andrews. It was known in January 1828 that Dr. Chalmers was to be removed to Edinburgh; candidates were already in the field for the succession, the gift of which was with the Professors of St. Andrews, and Carlyle is found in that month making very energetic exertions as one of them. A letter of his to Procter in London is extant, dated the 17th of that month, explaining the circumstances, informing Procter that Jeffrey is his mainstay in the business and that he may "also reckon on the warm support of Wilson, Leslie, Brewster, and other men of mark,"

and requesting a testimonial from Procter and one from Mr. Basil Montagu. Both projects having failed, and the certainty having come that he must depend still on his earnings by literature, his resolution was taken. Away in his native Dumfriesshire, but in a much more wild and solitary part of it than his previous residences of Mainhill, Hoddam Hill, and Scotsbrig, was his wife's little property of Craigenputtock, worth from 200*l.* to 250*l.* a year. It was not in his wife's possession as yet,—her mother, Mrs. Welsh, having the life-rent of it; but, besides the farm-house upon it, occupied by the farmer who rented it, there was another and superior house, the humble mansion-house of the property, with sufficient appurtenances of garden, stabling, &c. Why not remove thither? One could live there at half the cost of living in Edinburgh, and yet have excellent milk, poultry, eggs, &c., of one's own, a horse to ride on, and healthy moors to scamper over! Jeffrey and others thought Carlyle mad in making such a proposal; but in May 1828 it was carried into effect. In that month Carlyle and his wife, after staying a week in Jeffrey's fine new house in Moray Place, while their furniture was jogging along in carts from Edinburgh to Craigenputtock, followed it by coach.

Here, therefore, in Carlyle's thirty-third year, his Edinburgh life properly ends, and there begins that extraordinary Craigenputtock period of six years, the literary products of which were five more articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, six more for the *Foreign Review*, three articles for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, one for the *Westminster Review*, about a score of contributions of various lengths to *Fraser's Magazine*, several little papers elsewhere, and, above all, the *SARTOR RESARTUS*. There were, indeed, two breaks in the six years of Craigenputtock hermitship. One was that

second visit to London, from August 1831 to April 1832, in which he heard of his father's death, and in which, while endeavouring to get his *SARTOR RESARTUS* published in book-form, he added Leigh Hunt, young John Stuart Mill, and others, to the number of his London acquaintances. The other was in the winter of 1832-3, when he and his wife were again in Edinburgh for some months, renewing old ties. That winter in Edinburgh, however,—just after the death of Scott, and some months after the death of Goethe,—furnishes nothing essentially new in the way of incident. Then, in the summer of 1834, when Carlyle was in his thirty-ninth year, and his *SARTOR RESARTUS* was appearing at last by instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*, there was the great final migration to London, beginning the forty-six years of Carlyle's life that were to be associated for ever with No. 5 (now No. 24) Cheyne Row, Chelsea. During those forty-six years there were, of course, frequent trips to Scotland, with chance

returns for a few days to Edinburgh. Most memorable of all was the visit to Edinburgh in April 1866, for the installation in the Rectorship of Edinburgh University. Of that visit, perhaps the crowning glory of his old age, and reconnecting him so conspicuously with Edinburgh at the last, but saddened for him so fatally by the death of his wife in his absence, I have not a few intimate recollections; as also of those later, almost furtive, visits now and again in his declining autumns, to his eightieth year and beyond, when his real purpose was pilgrimage to his wife's grave in Haddington Church, and he would saunter, or almost shuffle, through the Edinburgh streets as a bowed-down alien, disconsolate at heart, and evading recognition. These recollections may perhaps follow fitly, here or elsewhere, on some other occasion. All that is properly the Edinburgh Life of Carlyle has been concluded here.

DAVID MASSON.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH UNCLE FLOYD'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS BECOMES IRREVOCABLE: MADELEINE CHANGES HANDS: AND MURDOCH HAS REASON TO CONGRATULATE HIMSELF.

WHEN Madeleine and Uncle Floyd had proceeded some distance along the lane, they came to a little rising ground. The lane was bordered on each side by a stone wall, of the same kind as that which surrounded Mossy Jakes's field; and a straggling row of apple-trees was planted along both these walls, and so close to them that, in the apple-season, some of the apples used to drop into the road, and be there picked up and devoured by the errant youth of Suncook. But no trees grew on the rising ground, and from the summit thereof there was a fine outlook, south-eastwards, to the sea. When the two wayfarers reached this point, Uncle Floyd proposed that they should stop for a few minutes, and rest. Madeleine, who was used to her uncle becoming tired at unexpected moments, and when he had really done nothing enough to tire anybody, offered no objection to his proposal; especially as she wished to have some fun with the squirrel, which she could not do so well while she was walking.

The evening was warm, and there was only a slight movement in the

air. Though it was dark overhead, and round about, yet on the eastern horizon there was a dim belt of brightness; for there the moon was just about to rise. Now that the sounds of the day were over, the plunging of the sea along the beach was distinctly audible, and seemed so near, that you could distinguish the breaking of the separate waves. A bird of some kind, with a long, melancholy note, was calling from the marshy land. As if in answer to it there came a halloo from the village; but this was not repeated, and the cry of the bird went on at intervals. It seemed to expect an answer of another kind.

Uncle Floyd had seated himself upon a flat stone, which was placed in such a position as to allow him to rest his shoulders against the bulk of the wall. He sat negligently, like a tired man. And in truth he was very weary: he felt like one who has travelled far over fatiguing ways, and thinks the time has come to pause. He would gladly have prolonged his rest here for a long while. He had reached a sort of turning-point in his life, and had attained higher ground than any he had traversed for a long time back. He hoped to mount higher still in the future; but for the present he wished to pause—to look back over the past, and to take his breath for what might be to come.

And what was to come? Lord Castlemere sighed, yet he was not sad; but a peculiar stillness was settling over his mind—a dusky repose unlike anything he had known before. It resembled this summer evening, dark and pleasant, with a brightness of the coming moon beyond the verge of the ocean, towards which his face was set. The call of the bird from the unseen marshes was but the echo of a voice that called in his own soul. He could not look forward, and imagine himself continuing to act in the world; or rather, he had an inward sense that the future and the present were one, and that the past was in them. This world, which had seemed so obvious and important—was it really anything? Was it a finality? Lord Castlemere smiled, not with his lips, but in some inward region of his being. He fancied himself seeing through a pretence—tawdry but plausible, which had long deceived him, and many others with him. It had driven him to do things which had better have been left undone. Only those things which had been done in defiance of this plausible pretence now appeared to have been worth doing; and they were not many. “If I could only tell men the truth that I see now!” thought he. Then his reflections took a deeper turn. “The heart of man,” he thought, “has not been given here to meet with the accident of three-score years and ten, and perish of it. The truth that I see will be known; for I am like a wave of the sea—nothing that I really am is myself. In a moment I shall lapse upon the shore and cease; but that which filled me flows on in the common ocean of our nature, and is never lost Madeleine, give me your hand, my child.”

“I cannot,” replied Madeleine; “I am holding my squirrel.”

Uncle Floyd’s hand fell by his side. There was a pause. A slight spasm passed across Uncle Floyd’s face, which was faintly illuminated by the eastern brightness. Then his features assumed

an aspect of profounder repose, and his eyelids drooped.

“Papa,” said Madeleine at length, “let us go home now. I do not like the noise that bird makes. Have you not rested enough?”

It seemed that he had not, for he made no reply.

“I will give you my hand now,” said Madeleine; “do come! There is a man coming along the lane, and he frightens me.”

The man of whom she spoke was then within a rod or two of them; he approached, and stood before them. He was dressed in black, and had long black whiskers; but Madeleine could not distinguish his features, for such light as there was was behind him. She pressed close to her uncle’s side, and laid her arm round his neck.

“Good evening, Floyd!” said the man; and then, as the other made no answer, he continued, “Come, you’re not going to cut your own brother, are you?”

“Do you suppose we believe that you are his brother?” demanded Madeleine, resentfully.

“Well, Maddey, it’s hardly to be expected that you should be wise enough to know your own father, though you have grown so tall since I saw you last,” returned the man, with a short laugh; “but really, Floyd, it is too absurd of you! I mean no harm, man; and you can’t be more astonished than I am at our meeting here. But you see I found you out; and I’m bound to tell you that I’m not going to see my poor little chance spoiled by this by-blow of yours. It’s not a fair thing, you know. So you must—What ails the man? Asleep?”

“If he is asleep, you have no right to wake him,” said Madeleine.

By this time the moon had mounted above the horizon, and its light rested upon Uncle Floyd’s face. The man in black stooped down, and thrust his own face close to that of the other. Then he touched his hand. The next

moment he rose erect, with an odd sound in his throat.

He stepped back a few paces, and at first seemed inclined to go away at once. But after standing a little while, and drawing a heavy breath or two, he came forward again, and spoke in a lowered tone to the child.

"Come here, Madeleine," he said. "Don't be afraid of me—I won't hurt you. Your uncle is—he must not be disturbed. He is very ill; we must go and find a doctor. I am your father, my dear—I am Murdoch Vivian. We must lose no time."

"If you are my father, why do not I know you?" the child inquired, doubtfully.

"Never mind; you will remember me by and by, perhaps. Come with me now." He held out his hand.

"Uncle Floyd, shall I go with him? Is he my father?" she asked, bending towards him who sat there, to meet his eyes.

"He can't answer you For God's sake, child, don't keep me waiting here any longer," said Murdoch Vivian, in a voice that had a shudder in it.

"Why are you afraid? You were not afraid at first," said Madeleine. Then she looked again at Lord Castle-mere, who sat plunged in such deep forgetfulness, and wholly still; and something in the aspect of his white countenance, now clearly lighted by the moon, caused her to shrink away from him. Something that was awful had come over this usually pleasant uncle of hers, who had loved her so much, and whom she had liked, but had never thought very highly of. To outward seeming this still was he; and yet it was certainly not he, but some cold stranger, terribly like him. The mystery of this invisible but appalling change terrified the child; it was the first great reality she had known, and she understood it no more than we—any of us—understand realities, being brought up to regard only appearances. And since she was also unaccustomed to it, it

subdued her courage—a predicament from which our brisk familiarity with unknowable things gradually frees us.

In comparison with this fear, the aversion she had felt for the man who called himself her father lost its colour; for now he and she had common cause together, as it were. She went to him, therefore, though she would not take his hand; and when he started off down the lane towards the house, she followed him. But after going a little way she began to run; and overtaking the man, she clutched the skirt of his coat with her little hand.

"He is coming after us," she whimpered.

The man started violently, and turned. "What? Who?" he cried in a breathless voice. For a moment he peered fearfully into the darkness behind them, straining his eyes, and listening. But no sound of footstep or movement of advancing form was there.

"You scared me, child," he said at last, shrugging his shoulders. "You mustn't have such nervous fancies. There is nothing. Come along."

"He seemed to come after me," she repeated, her little teeth chattering. "What made him be so still? It was never so before."

"There, there—never mind!" he said, grasping her hand and hurrying onward. "God knows how it happened," he went on to himself in a muttering tone. "It's just as well, I suppose; but I would rather not have seen it—just then! Is this luck? It has been long coming, and now it has an ugly look. But one must make the best of things. Poor Floyd! he is well out of it. Now if I can manage with this old French tartar, we shall be safe, and Master Jack may shoot his arrows here till the Day of Judgment, if he likes! Yes, I've been badly used from the start; it's time I had my turn."

Encouraged by these reflections, and by the distance which by this time separated him from the lonely figure sitting in the darkness on the summit

of the little rise, the Reverend Murdoch Vivian approached the old red house, which now looked black beneath the shadow of the elm. Leaving Madeleine beneath the porch, with strict orders to stay there until he came back, he walked cautiously round the corner of the building. All the windows of the lower story were dark; but in a window overhead there was a light, and a shadow moving on the blind. Reassured by this, the clergyman returned to the porch, where the child was crouched in a corner with the squirrel clasped in her arms, and softly entered the house. He felt his way along the dark passage until he came to the second door on the right, which was ajar. Slipping in here, he stepped up to the table, upon which he could just distinguish a number of papers lying. Two of these were large documents, written on some tough substance that felt like parchment. There were two others, which were evidently papers. He carried all four to the window, through which a ray of moonlight was beginning to fall. After studying them closely for a minute or two, he replaced one of them upon the table, and put the others into the metal case which he carried slung over his shoulder. The sound of a tread overhead, causing a slight jar of the ancient framework of the building, made him pause and listen. The door above opened and closed, and the step began to descend the stairs. Mossy Jakes was coming down, and he was carrying a lamp with him, as was evident by the gleam that was visible through the half-open door. The staircase was so situated that if the clergyman attempted to get out, he would meet the Frenchman face to face. He waited, therefore, in the hope that the old gentleman might not be going to enter the study. But in this he was disappointed. He heard Mossy Jakes, on reaching the foot of the stairs, proceed slowly along the passage, and when he got to the door, he pushed it open and came in. Murdoch Vivian was unable to take measures

for concealing himself; nor did the room afford any facilities for so doing. Consequently there was nothing for it but to stand where he was, and risk what might happen.

The old Frenchman appeared with the lamp in his left hand, and carrying over his right arm a heap of dusty and moth-eaten garments, which had manifestly belonged to a woman. There was a rich satin pelisse, trimmed and lined with fur, an embroidered robe with lace about it, a quaintly shaped bonnet, and a pair of small wrinkled gloves. He looked straight at Murdoch; but there was in his eyes a vacant, or rather an absorbed expression, as of one whose sight has temporarily ceased to inform him of aught save the objects of his thought. As he came forward, Murdoch moved to one side (he had been standing in front of the table), and the other set down his lamp, and laid the garments reverently upon the arm-chair. After regarding them for a short time with the same intently absorbed gaze, he turned towards the wall where the darkened portrait hung. Taking hold of the frame with his bony hands, he detached it from the fastenings, and deposited the picture carefully upon the table. From the shelf underneath the bookcase he selected a bottle containing a brownish liquid, uncorked it, and poured out a little of the liquid upon the canvas. Then with a cloth he rubbed over the surface, and Murdoch perceived that the darkness which overspread the design was disappearing, having been caused, not by age, as might have been supposed, but by painting it over with some kind of semi-opaque varnish. As the veil was thus removed a face began to be revealed, starting out from the gloom with almost the effect of a living countenance. The features were those of an extremely lovely young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, with soft brown hair and delicate complexion. The expression was one of singular sweetness and happiness; there was no definite smile, but the

lightsomeness of youthful gaiety seemed to shine forth from every part. At the same time there was a depth and intelligence in the glance that preserved it from the charge of superficiality. Here was pictured the embodiment of a soul created to enjoy all delights both of mind and heart; such a woman as might render a man's life blessed, cheering him and inspiring him in sorrow or defeat, sympathising with his success and pleasure, and increasing them, loving him at all times with a love that time could only ripen and make more tender. With her as his wife, a man might find all that was best and purest in the world at his own hearth-stone, so that in forsaking the world for her sake he would gain whatever was worth having in it. To neglect such a woman, to weary of her, to desert her, would be grotesque impossibilities. Nor was she formed for grief or hardship.

When Mossy Jakes had finished restoring this portrait, he took it once more in his arms, and set it upright on the chair where the faded garments lay. The effect of this conjunction was unexpected and strange; it was somewhat as if, from the decayed and dusty cerements of the dead, had arisen in undiminished freshness and beauty the living untroubled soul over which death and time could not prevail. The contrast had something ghostly in it, and would appear mournful or the reverse to the beholder according as he were or were not disposed to believe in a life of compensation and fulfilment beyond the grave. In the former case, the mortality symbolised by the poor moth-eaten clothes was triumphed over by the apparition of the unshadowed and unsullied spirit; in the latter, the bright promise of the face was mocked and falsified by the forlorn rottenness of the relics which survived it. For old Mossy Jakes, however, the spectacle possessed still another and more pathetic aspect. When the late knowledge of the truth

had overtaken him, he had gathered together those things associated with his daughter's bodily existence which his ignoble pride and anger had called unclean, and had set them up as the idol of his ineffectual homage and repentance. And in order to enhance, as it were, the tragedy, he had brought forth from its obscurity the banished portrait, to shame still more, by its gracious and forgiving beauty, the neglect and defacement which his erring wrath had inflicted upon the garments the girl had worn.

Most forlorn of all however was the probability that the old man had forgotten Annette herself, and was grieving partly at the spiritual blight which his false judgment of her had brought upon himself, and partly at the loss of that grievance which had been the food and occupation of his latter years. His resentment had been selfish, and now his sorrow was no less so, nor did he himself know what he was actually doing, or wherefore he did it. He had but felt an impulse to give some expression to his inward commotion, and the impulse had taken this form. It was vague and inadequate; but in so far it indicated the rudderless and objectless state to which his life had been brought. The abstraction which prevented him from being aware that there was a spectator of his proceedings, was another sign of the completeness of his bewilderment—for bewilderment, like excessive concentration, sometimes acts like a partial blindness. Murdoch Vivian, being unconnected in the Frenchman's mind with the events that had brought matters to their present pass, was for the moment as good as invisible to him. He might remember afterwards that some one had been there; but it would be like the memory of a dream.

As for Murdoch, his chief desire was of course to get out of the way, and the path was now open to him; yet he lingered a moment, overcome by the grim oddity of the spectacle.

Mossy Jakes had got down on his knees in front of the chair, and was muttering to himself in an inarticulate undertone. Here was one who had apparently suffered shipwreck by the same means that had started Murdoch on what bade fair to be a prosperous voyage. But Murdoch's brain was so disconcerted by the fatal occurrence of which he only was as yet aware, as to admit an undefined impression that he was somehow involved in Mossy Jakes's incomprehensible mummery. The clergyman, in fact, had only mechanically apprehended the bearing upon his own fortunes of his brother's sudden death; it had so upset (or it may be more correct to say, forestalled) his expectations, that in his heart he was half disposed to regard it as a sort of trick, destined to bring him no good. There was a death-scent in the air, however hopefully reason might talk. The riches and power which seemed within his grasp were like those fairy treasures which, upon examination, prove to be pebbles and chaff. The true place for Murdoch was in the dust and mildew there beside the Frenchman. A weakness of heart and purpose visited the man, and made him tremble and sicken. Thoughts of all the evil he had done crowded upon him unbidden, demanding whether he deserved any better fate than failure and despair. Persons like this reverend gentleman usually contrive to justify to themselves even the least handsome of their acts; but at rare seasons this feat of imagination fails them, and a helpless depression takes its place. They feel, perhaps, that luck is their only god, and that it is a deity upon whose constancy no dependence can be placed; in the midst of its most indulgent smile it may be compassing their destruction. At such seasons there may be a panic-stricken impulse on their part to abandon this perilous religion, and prostrate themselves before a less whimsical omnipotence; but the impulse commonly evaporates along with

the panic. In Murdoch's case it was not sufficient to make him restore the stolen documents to the place where they belonged, and confess that of himself he could do nothing. Time enough to repent, if repentance were necessary, after the advantages now in prospect had been secured. It is more comfortable to thank the Lord for benefits already acquired, than to leave it to His wisdom whether they shall be acquired or not. Possession should come before gratitude, lest it be omitted altogether. Reinforcing his fainting courage by these and the like considerations, the Reverend Murdoch Vivian stole away on tip-toe behind Mossy Jakes, and went forth where night and Madeleine awaited him.

CHAPTER XI.

"There is no sequestered grot, lone mountain
tarn, or isle forgot,
But Justice, journeying in the sphere, daily
stoops to harbour there."

AFTER the boy known as Jack had seen the black coat-tails of his clerical visitor disappear round the angle of the ravine, and after he had recovered from the emotional reaction following the adventure, he fell into serious meditation upon himself and his circumstances. He was now (in his opinion) come to an age when a man should make up his mind what he was to do in the world. He was five feet four inches in height; with his bow and arrow he had often killed a hare at eighty yards, and had once, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, transfixed a great blue heron, measuring six feet across the wings. He could run, by the hour at a time, along the woodland paths, without getting out of breath or exhausted. He could swim out to Plover Rock, a mile from shore, and back again without touching bottom. He could find his way through the forest by day or night, and knew how to get food and comfort in places where an ordinary white man would have gone hungry and comfort-

less. He could speak and read both French and English, and could pick his way pretty readily through a local Indian dialect; and he could play a goodly number of interesting tunes on his banjo. These things of themselves were doubtless enough to enable a man to succeed in life; and Jack possessed in addition several incidental advantages. He had neither father nor mother, and so far as he knew had never had any; and as a direct consequence was unencumbered with relations in any degree. In changing his abode he would be relieved from the trouble of either selling his furniture or carrying it with him, for furniture he had none, unless his shooting and musical apparatus could be called by that name. Travel, even of the most extended description, was certain to cost him nothing, not only because the journey would be performed on foot, but because he had no money to disburse, should payments be required. It was true that he might desire to proceed by sea, but in that case his prospects were equally clear; he knew enough of the construction and management of an ordinary coasting-smack, to have received overtures from the captains of more than one of them to try a voyage; and no doubt he might find a place on one of those big three-masted affairs that stood up against the horizon on clear afternoons, and rode at anchor at Newburyport, according to the tale of those who had been there. At present he rather inclined to try his fortunes on the blue water; it seemed a quicker way of arriving at the solution of delightful mysteries than was afforded by an overland journey. However, this momentous decision could lie over for a few minutes, or even until to-morrow morning. In adopting measures calculated to influence one's whole future life it is well not to be over hasty.

Now as to the causes which prompted Jack to undertake his indeterminate emigration, plenty of them were to be had for the asking. In the first place,

he had a curiosity to see something that he had not yet seen; and he was under the impression, common to many older and possibly wiser persons than himself, that this something was not to be found by remaining where he now was. In the second place, he had a special disinclination to abide in his present quarters; and this not merely because the weather was fine and suited to adventure, either in the direction of the rising or of the setting sun, but because the civilised community of Suncook had of late betrayed symptoms of a renewed desire to bring him within the pale of order and respectability. Such a contingency as this was manifestly not to be risked by a free and enlightened being; and since it might not be easy to resist for an indefinite period the attacks and plottings of a hostile population, the only dignified alternative was a timely retreat. This argument would perhaps have possessed less instant weight, however, had it not been for the unpleasant incident which had occurred that afternoon, and which had brought affairs to a climax. Jack felt that he could never again enjoy a moment's peace in a place where his peace had been so rudely and so wantonly disturbed. The spot would always henceforth be associated with the unlovely face and figure, and objectionable proceedings of the man in the black clothes. Moreover, he had a haunting presentiment that the man in question would come back, at the head of an army only less intolerable than himself, intent upon taking him prisoner, and perhaps destroying him. He had heard that in the Indian wars prisoners were tortured and burned at the stake; and that would most likely be his fate, if captured alive. As to his means of defence, he had only eleven serviceable arrows left; and allowing that he killed one or two assailants at every shot, there would still be a sufficient number remaining to make things unpleasantly warm for him. In the last resort, indeed, he had the

control of another weapon of offence, far more terrible than arrows, or rifles either, for that matter; but everything depended upon the effectiveness with which this weapon was used on the first attempt, for the simple reason that it could never by any possibility be used more than once. It was capable, all by itself, of annihilating a small army, especially if the army advanced to the attack in close order; but if it should miss fire, it would act as an assistance to, rather than an exterminator of, the enemy. In addition to this drawback, Jack was harassed in the bottom of his soul by some secret doubts as to whether the thing could be made to work at all. It could not be denied that the means to be employed to bring it into action appeared wholly out of proportion with the magnitude of the promised effect. Some months ago Jack had made an excursion of a dozen miles or so inland, and in the course of his wanderings he had come across a stone quarry, and he became much interested in watching the process of getting out the masses of granite. In several places he saw men at work drilling deep narrow holes in the rock; and into these holes he afterwards saw them pour some handfuls of a black granular substance, resembling very coarse black sand. When all the holes had been filled, and the contents packed tightly into place, all the men left off working, and retired to a distance, or screened themselves behind corners or barriers, and in a few moments Jack was surprised to find himself apparently the sole occupant of the quarry. But while he was marvelling at this disappearance, and trying to fathom the meaning of the shouts which met his ears on every side, all at once a series of deafening explosions took place in every part of the quarry, accompanied by clouds of white smoke, and the upheaval and fall of huge lumps of rock. And while he was wondering whether the solid earth had become alive, and were going to depart from its present situation and

remove to some other place, a fragment of granite about two feet in diameter rose in the air like a bird, and came down with a crash a yard or so from where he was standing.

The next minute all the quarrymen came out of their hiding-places, and some of them came round him and began asking him inconsiderate questions: such as whether his mother knew he were out? whether he wanted to run away with the quarry? whether he wished to comb his hair with a ton of granite? whether he were in the habit of chewing pebbles when he was at home? whether he thought that powder would sit still and wait until he was ready to move? what the tarnation Moses his business was there any way?—and the like. To all these interrogatories Jack opposed a grave and dignified silence, and by and by the men left him and betook themselves laughing to their work. But one big brown-bearded fellow, with strong sunburnt arms like the limbs of a yew tree, patted him kindly on the shoulder, made him come with him to the place where he was at work, and there entertained him with merry and curious conversation all the afternoon. Jack soon got to like him very much, and they became mutually confidential. The man had a pleasant, mellow way of using his voice, which he brought out of the depths of his broad chest, and modulated at different parts of the sentences, instead of speaking all in one key, as other men did. He said his name was Hugh Berne, and that he was born in a town in England called Bideford, on the coast of Devonshire. When he was a boy he had shipped on board a vessel bound for China, and after arriving at a place called Hong-Kong, where he left the ship without asking leave, he wandered about, meeting with many adventures both by land and sea; and at length came to a country named Australia, which was about ten thousand miles distant from Bideford, and nearly or quite as far from Sun-cook. There he had lived for several

years, raising cows and sheep and getting together a good deal of money. But at last a year came when for eleven months not a drop of rain fell, and the biggest river in Australia dwindled away to a series of half-stagnant puddles. All Hugh's cattle died, and he left Australia with ten pounds in his pocket, and embarking in another vessel he set sail for New Zealand. There he added little to his fortune, but something to his experience, for he had many fights with a stalwart race of savages known as Maories, and got one of his ribs broken with a club, and the point of a spear driven through the muscle of his leg. However, the climate was very fine, and his mind was easy, so his wounds soon healed and made his body easy also. Then he set sail again, taking the place of second mate on board a ship bound for Lima in Peru. But hurricanes and other disasters overtook them; they were driven many hundred miles northward of their true course, and at length the vessel sprang a leak; and the end of it was that Hugh, and a young fellow of twenty named Bryan, were washed ashore on a raft one morning on Rey Island in the Bay of Panama. Thence, after being pretty well treated by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, they made their way across the Isthmus, and Bryan sailed for England; but Hugh thought he would have a look at the United States before he went home, so he worked his way up to New Orleans—a town inhabited chiefly by French folks and niggers, and lying beneath the level, as it seemed, of the biggest river in the whole earth, which swirled along, up above there, like a yellow ocean running a race—and so on by degrees to New York and Boston, and finally to Newburyport and Suncook. Here he had been for nine months or more, but he was becoming restless, and meant to shift his quarters ere long.

Here the narrator paused, and the auditor also shut his mouth in order to ask whither he purposed going next.

"Nay, that's more than I can tell thee, Jack, my lad," replied the brawny Marco Polo, fetching a mighty blow with his hammer on the head of the huge iron spike which he held in his left hand. "'Tis small odds to me, so I come to new lands, which is ever my desire. Chuck a copper aloft, and cry heads or tails—that's my religion!"

"But if you had no copper?" suggested Jack.

"Why then," said Hugh, laughing and rolling his shoulders about, "I'd make shift to wait until religion came to me again."

"Have you ever heard anything more about Bryan?" Jack inquired.

"Ah, he was a lively chap!" said Hugh, poising his hammer and turning his head on one side. "Twenty year old, and as big a man as I be, or nigh to it, though a bit under my height. Always jolly, and feared neither God nor man; he saved a man from drowning once, with a thirty foot shark within ten yards of 'em; and the next day, it might be, he smote a fellow under the ear and laid him stiff for giving him the lie at cards. And he was a gentleman's son, was Bryan, though as rough outside as any of us; come of a good stock, somewheres in the north, but which it was none knew, for Bryan was the only name he give us. No, nothing have I heard of him since last we parted in Porto Bello town, but he's in some mischief, I doubt, be he where he may."

With that he wagged his brown beard and set to hammering again.

"Why are you making that hole?" demanded Jack.

"Now that's a thing thou shouldst know of thyself, friend Jack, having seen the working of it—and much to thy cost, only luck would have it other ways. This hole is to hold the powder; then we fire it through this bit of yarn, and what happens then?—thine eyes have seen it."

"Do you call that black stuff powder?"

"Ay, no less."

"How does it make such great rocks move?"

"Nay, there I am no wiser than thou. Only I know that so it is."

Jack was silent for some time, but at length he said—

"Hugh Berne, will you give me some of that powder?"

"Ay, and welcome, if thou'lt promise not to blow thy head off with it," replied the man of Devonshire.

"Here, open thy pouch. Now thou hast enough to blow up Suncook meeting-house; but do it not, my lad, lest the steeple fall down and make a hole in thee. But what art going to use it for?"

"I will tell you some other time," said Jack mysteriously. "I should like to go with you when you go away from here. I should like to see Bryan."

"Give me thy hand, lad," exclaimed the brown giant; "I like thee, and thy way of speaking out. We'll have a cruise together yet, and find Bryan too, if above ground he be. Come here again, when time serves, and talk it over."

To this proposal Jack agreed very readily, and so the friends parted. But from one cause and another it so happened that no good opportunity of revisiting the quarry came, wherefore Jack had not seen Hugh from that day to this. But he had kept the powder, and kept it dry, and had stowed it away in as nearly the right place and manner as Hugh's hints and the light of his own understanding had enabled him to do. All there was to be done after that was to await development, which, after all, is not a complex task, if one has a fair amount of patience and no temptation to premature action. Howbeit, after his first spell of meditation on the eventful afternoon of which I write, he made certain preparations—not that he had any definite anticipation of calamity, but he reasoned, convincingly enough, that if he were going to start on his travels the next day, any calamity which meant to take place must necessarily do so during the

next twelve hours. So the afternoon waned, and the sun set, making the west look so attractive, that Jack, gazing thitherward, was pretty well resolved to take that direction at sunrise. He recollected, however, that the sunrise was often quite as alluring as the sunset, and if it should be so to-morrow he might possibly wish to change his mind. Thus he kept the question in abeyance.

When the transparent shadows of evening began to deepen in the ravine, Jack went into his cave and laid hold of his supper, reflecting as he did so that he should never sup in this place again. The thought did not sadden him, for homesickness was a thing he had as yet had no opportunity to know anything about. In his visions of the future he saw such caves as this awaiting him at the end of every day's journey, and Suncook somehow only far enough off to ensure his safety. And Mossy Jakes—would Jack never wish to see him again? Well, he must first have an experience of what it was not to be able to see him. He had often not set eyes on him for a week or two weeks at a time, and felt none the worse for it. But Jack probably had no idea what a difference there is between choosing not to see a person and not being able to see him. Now is it easy for any of us to understand why we should feel one way when our friend goes to the Antipodes, and quite another way when he dies, though we know in either case that he will never appear before our mortal eyes again. What chiefly possessed Jack's mind at present was a sense of novelties to come; it was pleasurable, and took away a part of his appetite.

Now the moon rose, and sent soft shafts and pools of light into the ravine. The silence at this hour was great and sweet. Jack fetched his banjo, and sitting on the Witch's Head he plucked at the strings and let his thoughts sail away in vague melodies. Under the influence of the music he presently became melancholy, but it was a luxurious kind of melancholy,

which he liked better than most so-called enjoyments. It lifted his face upwards, and made his eyes grow large and his heart beat full. It made him feel that there was some delicious thing in the world which was better worth having than any other thing, and which he would one day find. He played very softly, lest the vision should take alarm and vanish; and the sea murmured a tender accompaniment and filled the listening pauses. Meanwhile the moon climbed higher, until it rode among the leafy summits of the trees, and drew white curves upon the eddying blackness of the rivulet, and rested its light upon the stern brow of the Witch's Head, and cast Jack's shadow into the darkness on the other side. The boy struck a few concluding chords and then rested the banjo across his knees. The tinkle of the rivulet, which had seemed rhythmical just before, now confessed itself only music disorganised. A tiny chorus of tree-frogs higher up the ravine, prattled cheerfully about their small affairs. Jack was beginning to feel drowsy.

But now a thing happened that set him wide awake again, and something more. He had been sitting quite motionless for several minutes; nevertheless he all at once became aware of a motion somewhere—a sort of deep tremor or vibration, that shook him where he sat. The vibration grew more marked; and soon he perceived that it was the Witch's Head itself that trembled. Without any agency of his own, so far as he could tell, the great boulder was shaking to its foundations, and with a movement unlike any that Jack had ever communicated to it. It shuddered as if in fear, or with a premonition of some great event to come. And with that Jack remembered—and the memory sent the blood hot to his cheeks and checked the evenness of his breath—those tales that the Indians had told him, how the enchanted stone was wont to tremble thus at the approach of danger and treachery.

After continuing for some two minutes, the motion ceased. Jack slipped down the back of the boulder, and entered his cave, whence he emerged a moment afterwards, having left his banjo inside. He had his flint and steel in his hands, and, crouching down in the shadow, he made some careful movements with his hands in the vicinity of the narrow crevice between the boulder and the base on which it rested. Having accomplished what he wished, the boy came out from the shadow, and bending his ear earthwards, listened intently. A minute or more passed away, and nothing came of it. Jack relaxed his attitude, and raised his head doubtfully. But the next instant he became tense again. Far down the ravine echoed the sound of footsteps—a heavy, clumsy tread that the boy recognised; and to confirm its identity, he presently heard a voice—a smooth, yet harsh voice, whose tones he could never forget. This voice was addressing some person or persons following behind—evidently the hostile army of villagers. The worst that Jack had apprehended had therefore come to pass—his enemies, led on by his arch enemy, had come by night to surprise and capture him. Capture him they might; but they should not surprise him; he would sell his liberty and life dearly. A stern expression settled upon the boy's face—an expression not unfamiliar to those who knew him in after years, but which seemed strange now, contrasted with his youth and innocence. As the steps and voice drew near, he retreated within the shadow of the rock, and was lost to sight.

"Yes, yes—we are all right now," said the voice; "I recognise the place. Do you wait here, while I climb up and take——"

A hissing flash leapt up between the boulder and the adjoining wall of the ravine, turning the moonlight a ghastly blue by its hot redness. Then came a vast roar and concussion, and a glare of smoky light, and a vision of a vast

body upheaving and descending. It was a sight and a sound to paralyse the stoutest nerves for a time. Blackness followed, and a grinding noise, and the crash and thunder of an immeasurable heaviness falling, and stunning the solid earth with a shock like an earthquake. After that, distracted echoes, flying far and near, and dying reluctantly away, the slow drifting of a pall of dust and smoke; the scared chatter and twittering of a thousand awakened birds; last of all, a sluggish silence, and the quiet returning lustre of the untroubled moon. Nature took but that short time to resume her eternal, all-surviving composure. But the wondrous stone, which for unknown ages had hung in mysterious poise above the narrow stream—the Witch's Head—had vanished from its immemorial seat. Prone in the ravine it lay, wedged immovably between the rocky walls, and damming the astonished rivulet, which rose behind it in a level pool, and forced a brawling passage past either side, and so on once more, confusedly babbling, seaward. A few minutes later and a stranger, passing that way, would never have suspected the overturn and cataclysm that had taken place.

CHAPTER XII.

MURDOCH VIVIAN DISAPPEARS FOR THE PRESENT, BUT LEAVES SOMETHING BEHIND HIM: OF THEATRES AND THINGS THEATRICAL: JACK HUMS AN AIR.

JACK leaned within the doorway of the cave, in a state of partial stupor. The result of his experiment had surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and he was for some time under the impression that the whole explosion had occurred in his own head. The smoke blinded him; the breath had been shaken out of his lungs by the concussion, and the spasmodic gasps whereby he strove to recover it only had the result of filling his throat with dust and the vapour of burnt powder. It seemed to him that he

would never feel comfortable again. He held his bow in his left hand, with an arrow fixed in the string; but anybody might have come and taken his weapons away from him, without his being able to offer any resistance, and probably without his even knowing it. But no one came.

Gradually the boy's senses came back to him. He passed his hand over his head, and failed to detect any essential alteration in its contour or position. All his limbs seemed whole, and his body much as usual. His eyesight, however, was still in rather a defective condition; wherever he looked, he saw a spectral flash, and the ghost of the great noise surged again through his nerves. His feeling was that something terribly wicked and unnatural had broken loose, and had committed an intolerable outrage. But before long he recollected that the breaking-loose in question was not unconnected with a previous action of his own; and then all the circumstances of the affair recurred to him. He had been attacked—he had been in danger—was he not in danger still? Bracing up his faculties, and subduing as well as he could the tremors that yet quivered through him, he waited for some sound or sign to inform him of the enemy's whereabouts. He waited in vain. At last he ventured to peep forth a little; no threatening array of armed men was visible in the ravine; the coast seemed clear; but the great stone was gone from its place, and lay below there, choking up the narrow way with its unwieldy vastness. An odd sense of emptiness or vacancy haunted the place where it had been; Jack felt impelled to thrust his bow over the spot, to assure himself that the Witch's Head was indeed gone. Yes, gone it was: and so was the Suncook brigade. Not a man of them all was visible. Their hearts must have failed them, and they had taken to flight. Jack generously admitted the probability that in their place he would have done the same thing.

But just as he was beginning to breathe freely once more, and to feel like himself, he heard, quite close at hand, a plaintive, whimpering sound, like the crying of a child. He was on his guard at once. It was not likely that a child would be in the glen at that time of night, especially under these peculiar conditions. Children were not generally enlisted in a band of desperate men, conspiring to drag their foe into captivity, and probably to burn and torture him. No—this was a treacherous device to lure him from his stronghold; but Jack was not to be snared in any such obvious way. He refitted his arrow to the string, and stood on the alert.

The crying continued, and certainly it sounded marvellously child-like. Jack listened critically. There were short sobbings, followed by half-uttered piteous words, and then an unrestrained outburst of long-drawn woe. As the lament went on the listener, in spite of himself, found his incredulity melting away, and something else was melting also, with the effect of bringing sympathetic tears to his eyes.

"It must be real," argued Jack with himself, "because—because—" He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

Being now unable any longer to hold out against this consummate beguilement of the enemy—if beguilement it were—Jack emerged wholly from the concealment in which he stood, and looked down the ravine towards the place whence the weeping proceeded. And lo! there stood a small figure, dressed in a short petticoat and embroidered jacket, with a straw hat on the back of its head, black hair tumbling about its face, and its chin uplifted in heart-broken abandonment of grief. There she stood, entirely alone and helpless; and no little girl, since the world began, ever looked more grievously alone and helpless than she did.

Jack spoke out at once.

"Don't you cry, little girl," he said. "There won't be any more noise. Did it frighten you?"

She stopped sobbing promptly, and gazed about, with tremulous lips apart.

"Wh—wh—ere are you?" she quavered out at length.

"Here!" said Jack, waving his arm to define his position. "I'll come down to you. Are you sure nobody else is there?"

"Ye—ye—yes: I think so."

"All right, then; you're safe; I'll take care of you," said Jack, finding himself not only fearless, but possessed of a reserved fund of valour sufficient for two. He climbed down from his coign of vantage, and approached her. She drew back a little.

"Are you an ordinary boy?" she inquired.

"I don't know," Jack replied, somewhat abashed, and scarcely prepared to say, on a moment's warning, what an ordinary boy was. "I suppose I am," he added.

"Let me look at you," said the young lady. "Stand still with your face to the moon."

"Is this right?" asked Jack, endeavouring to fix his regards upon the orb of night, but impelled to glance aside to see whether his critic were satisfied with him.

Whether she were or not was a matter she kept to herself for the present. She eyed him in silence with a pair of deep black eyes, the lashes of which yet glistened with tear-drops. Her small bosom also heaved now and then, as with a wave of the late disturbance. But mentally she had already recovered her composure. Jack, on the other hand, who had never been gazed at in this manner by one of the opposite sex before, did not feel nearly so much master of the situation as while he was consoling feminine distress from the mouth of the cavern.

"You had better tell me your name," observed the black-eyed girl, not in a menacing tone, but as if sug-

gesting something very much to Jack's advantage. Jack modestly and submissively accepted the hint, and mentioned the humble word which was responsible for his identity.

"But you have not told me your family name," said his examiner, shaking her head slowly with an air of being constrained, against her more indulgent impulses, to express her dissatisfaction. "Are you of gentle birth, little boy?"

The top of her head was on a level with Jack's chin as she uttered these words, but Jack felt that her description of him was perfectly justifiable. She was addressing him from an altitude to which he had never even aspired. He was so occupied in experiencing this conviction that he quite forgot she had expressed her superiority in the form of a question. He stood before her with downcast eyes, fumbling with his arrow.

"Don't you know," she said, more affably, "that nobody has only one name except kings and queens, and princes and princesses? You see there is no danger of their being mistaken for anybody else. And you are not a king, you know, or a prince. My name is Madeleine Vivian. Is not that a magnificent name? You see I don't mind not being a princess, for then I should be only Madeleine."

Jack still remained silent, being persuaded that in the presence of so much erudition and dignity it became him not to speak. Perceiving the impression she had made, Madeleine increased her graciousness.

"I don't mind you at all," she affirmed, tossing back her hair, and smiling upon him encouragingly. "I think you are a very nice sort of boy. But I didn't like that fire and earthquake at all. You didn't make it, did you?"

"Not exactly," said Jack, distressed at this turn of the conversation. After a moment's hesitation a helpless regard for the truth obliged him to add, "But I don't suppose it would have happened if it hadn't been for me."

"That was very wrong of you," said Madeleine, after a pause. "It is always wrong to do what I do not like. You won't do it again, will you?"

There was an accent of appeal in the last sentence that did something to set Jack at his ease, for it reminded him that this superior person had after all behaved very much like a little girl only a few minutes before, and might conceivably do so again. But he hastened to disavow any intention of repeating the late performance, and observed that he would not have been guilty of it at all had he known that Madeleine was there. "But I thought it was somebody else," he added.

"Oh! do you mean an ugly man with black things on the sides of his face, and said he was Murdoch Vivian, and my father? I didn't believe him, though."

"Where is he?" demanded Jack, quickly, grasping his bow.

"I think he ran away. He was going in front when the earthquake fell down, and then I didn't see him. Something puffed me over, and the brook wet my dress. I'm glad he is gone; he said we were coming to get a doctor: but doctors don't live in this sort of places in England. Do you live here, Jack?"

"I've got a cave up there," said Jack, in a deprecating tone.

"One that you can live in? A robber's cave?"

"No, it isn't a robber's cave," returned Jack, sorry to disappoint her manifest interest; "it's only mine. But you can live in it—I can, any way."

"You may show it to me," said Madeleine, with a condescension that barely veiled her curiosity. "We can pretend it's a robber's cave, you know, and that you are the robber."

"I shouldn't like to be a robber to you. Those robbers that Gil Blas tells about were unkind to women; and I'm sure I never could be unkind to you."

"Oh, well, of course you needn't be

that. You must be gallant and courteous. Oh, I'll tell you! we'll pretend that the ugly man—that he was carrying me away, you know, and that you fought him and slayed him, and rescued me. There were robber barons who used to do like that. Then you invited me to enter your cave, saying that it ill befits a lady of my condition, but you—you didn't have anything better, you know. We can make it up as we go on. Take my hand, and help me to get up."

If inferior to his companion in the dramatic instinct, Jack was by no means wanting in imagination, and he fell in with Madeleine's idea very pleasantly. He was moreover much encouraged by the change in her manner; and he reasoned that if she could pretend to be the distressed maiden in the hands of outlaws, she had perhaps been also playing a part when she lately overwhelmed him with her dignity and attainments. It might be that her genuine self was more like the trembling and tearful little creature whom he had first seen standing forlorn in the moonlight, than any character that she had adopted since then. He took her hand accordingly, and led her up the little ascent to the portal of the cave with excellent deference and gentleness.

"This is a real cave, isn't it?" said the lady, hesitating on the threshold. "It looks very dark. Are there any more robbers inside?"

"No, there are only you and I. And I've got a lamp that Deborah gave me."

"Deborah? Is Deborah my rival?"

"She is the cook at Mossy Jakes's," said Jack, uncertain whether or not the one implied the other. "She has a black face, but the insides of her hands are almost white."

"Oh, then she is not like me; she is not beautiful. Will she cook our supper for us?"

"She isn't here; but if you are hungry, I will get you some supper."

By this time Jack had conducted his fair guest into the cave, and was lighting the lamp.

"Well, perhaps you'd better," said Madeleine, seating herself on the mattress of sweet fern, and clasping her hands round her knees. "Of course the robber baron would offer refreshment to the lady. Besides," she added, with a perception of the occasional coincidence of the real with the ideal, "I am myself very hungry."

If Jack had been older and more experienced he might have paused to congratulate his companion on the faculty of intellectual detachment which her use of the word "myself" showed. Being only a boy, however, untrained in histrionic appreciation, but fully alive to the unpleasantness of hunger, he straightway went to work to get some food ready; and soon an appetising odour dispersed itself through the cavern, causing even Madeleine to relinquish for a while her assumed personality, and to watch with unaffected interest the homely drama of the kitchen. The fire was kindled in the stone fireplace, the pot was suspended over it, and an agreeable bubbling established itself in the interior. Jack knelt in front with an original wooden spoon of his own manufacture in his hand, now stirring the decoction, and now turning to smile promisingly upon his guest. The grey walls of the cavern sparkled as the blaze leaped up, and altogether the aspect of things was extremely cosy. Meanwhile the silent moon was lighting up the ravine outside, and dropping quivering rays into the depths of the dark pool that had formed against the overturned boulder.

"We don't need the lamp now that the fire is going," remarked Madeleine; "and I think it would look prettier and more mysterious without it. Shall I blow it out?"

Jack said that she might; and he added, with innate hospitality, that she was at liberty to do anything she pleased so long as she honoured his abode with her presence—or words to that effect. In fact, the children were losing no time in making friends with each other.

"Do you live this way always?" the maiden inquired. She had drawn nearer the fire, and was squatting in front of it, and poking it occasionally with the point of one of Jack's arrows, which he was too polite to restrain her from doing.

"Yes," he answered, "ever since I went away from Mossy Jakes's."

"It must be very nice. I think I will stay and live here with you. You can go out in the evenings, you know, and bring in booty; and then we will tell each other the histories of our lives and adventures; or we could get married. I might be your bride."

"Perhaps it would be better not to get married," suggested Jack, who, it will be remembered, had not had the advantage of observing the matrimonial relation from a favourable point of view. "We might do the other part, you know, without that."

Madeleine took the amendment in very good part; but she observed that the possession of her would probably be disputed at the sword's point by the host of her warlike relatives and friends.

"There will be bloody combats," she said, shaking back her hair with a heroic look. "My Uncle Floyd will come; and perhaps a whole fleet of ships of war will set sail from England. I shall stand by and see you fight, and when you conquer them—How nice that looks! Don't you think it's almost done now? I am so hungry!"

"If you will hold the dish, I'll put some into it. Will the ugly man come to fight too?"

"I suppose so, unless you really slayed him just now."

"You said he ran away," said Jack anxiously.

"I'm sure he must have wanted to, but perhaps he couldn't."

"Well, I hope he did," said Jack, becoming serious. "I shouldn't like him to be dead—quite, you know; and besides, then he would be under the great stone."

"It tastes very good, only it needs some salt," Madeleine declared.

"There is some in that little hole in the rock beside you. Perhaps I had better go outside and look—"

"Oh, no, I'd rather you wouldn't leave me here. And it makes no difference about him. Nobody wants him; and if he's under the stone, I'm sure you can't get him out, nor any one else. It would be no use either, because he would be dead."

"I shouldn't mind his being dead so much," said Jack, pondering the matter, "if I could only know that I hadn't made him so myself."

"It makes no difference about him," Madeleine repeated. "He wasn't a kind man, though he pretended to be at first. When we began to come here, he pulled me along faster than I wanted to go; and when I tried to stop he scolded me. My Uncle Floyd never used to behave like that. I don't want you ever to kill him. You must take him prisoner."

"Is he in England?"

"No, he is quite near here; we were walking home, and he sat down in the lane, and said nothing when I spoke to him. First he asked me to give him my hand, and I wouldn't, because I had the squirrel. I'm sorry I didn't now, because the ugly man said he was very ill. I like Uncle Floyd. I am the heiress of all his estates, you know. I shall be as rich as a princess."

"How big is your house in England?"

"Oh, we have three houses; and they are so big that one room of them is as big as all a house here. One of them is in London, in a fashionable square. Then there is one far away near Scotland, where they go when they want to shoot. The third one is the biggest of them all; that is in Devonshire."

"Is it near a place called Bideford?" demanded Jack with interest.

"Why, how did you know? Have you ever been in England?"

"I know a man who lived in Bideford," replied Jack, willing to make the most out of the fact; and it really

seemed remarkable that there should be even so much of a link between him and his dark-eyed little guest. He went on to describe Hugh Berne, and to give a romantic sketch of his biography. "He talks like this," he added, giving a very fair imitation of Hugh's manner of intoning his speech.

"Yes, that is the way the people talk there," said Madeleine, nodding her head approvingly. She had by this time finished her supper, and returned to the fern couch. "Perhaps some time we'll let Hugh Berne come here and help us to fight against my relations," she went on; for she was in the habit of inspecting all the bearings of a hypothetical situation, until it had acquired absolute consistency in her mind. "One of you could fight when the other was resting."

"How soon do you think your relations will get here?" asked Jack, suddenly remembering that an unlimited delay on this score might interfere with his own intention of departing by daybreak the next morning. The reflection caused him real uneasiness; for although he was not much behind Madeleine in the power of conceiving a set of circumstances, and himself as playing a part in them, he could not at the same time stand aloof, as she could, criticising her own invention, modifying it to suit her mood, and recognising all the while its essential unreality. By to-morrow morning Madeleine would have lived out her character of the abducted heiress, and be ready to adopt some other rôle.

"They may not come at all," she said. "I don't think they care for me any more than I do for them. You see, if I should be lost, they would get my estates; so perhaps I had better go back after all. But you may come too," she continued graciously, seeing in imagination the despair of the poor robber baron at being deserted. "I will give you the house in Devonshire, and you can come and see me in London. I have two aunts; they are rather trouble-

some old women. One of them is married, and has a lot of children, but they are very different from me. I like you better. My other aunt almost always lives with Uncle Floyd and me, she has no husband, because she is so ugly. She wants to teach me lessons, and says I ought not to read the old dramatists in the library. But I always do as I please; and when she troubles me, I say the speeches that are in the plays, and that always makes her angry. Sometimes I drive out with her in the Row: we go there in the afternoon in summer, when all the people come out in their finest clothes. But in the mornings Uncle Floyd and I have our ride, we gallop and gallop, and the gentlemen on horseback that we meet salute us with their whips, because Uncle Floyd is a great baron and lord to everybody but me. But the best is when, sometimes, he takes me with him to the theatre. Have you any theatre here?"

"I don't think we have," said Jack; "what is it?"

"Oh, it's where everything is the way it ought to be, and the people do things that make you laugh and cry; and they seem to live all their lives, and yet it is over in two or three hours. They fall in love, and kill each other, and make plots You see what both sides are doing, instead of seeing only one side, as with real people; and so you get excited, and you wonder how it will end. And everything they say means something, instead of being only 'How do you do?' and 'It's a fine day,' as real people do; and they tell you all they feel, and all they mean to do, just as you think things when you are alone. And when they are in love, it makes you feel as if you were in love too; and you feel as if you were laying their plots with them, or escaping from them: and you get dreadfully anxious for fear it shouldn't turn out the best way; but it always does, even when it's a tragedy. I like the tragedies the best."

"What are tragedies?" Jack inquired, too much interested to feel ashamed of his ignorance. Madeleine, too, had kindled with her subject, and by her gestures and the play of her childish but expressive countenance, she rendered her description vivid and picturesque; and Jack's undisguised attention flattered and stimulated her.

"Tragedies are where they die at the end," she said: "and all sorts of awful things happen—murders; and lovers are parted; and people make dreadful mistakes: and when the truth comes to be known, it is too late. And oh, you feel so sorry—so sorry! but not a disagreeable kind of sorry, as you do at anything that is not nice really—but a noble sort of sorry—ever so much better than only laughing and not minding things. Then, when it's over, a great green curtain comes down, and you go out, and there are people going up and down the streets just as if nothing had happened, and it is so common and stupid you can hardly bear it. It makes you wish there were no real people alive."

"But what sort of people are they that do the things in the theatre?" asked Jack, who had never conceived the idea of a race of beings of a species superior to mankind.

"Oh, what a pity that you don't know anything!" exclaimed Madeleine, with genuine commiseration. "Why, actors and actresses, you know."

"Are they alive the same way that we are?"

"Oh, in a great deal better way. Of course they must be; else common people wouldn't go to the theatre to see them. They are not like any people you ever saw; and yet they seem more like real people than if they were real I don't know how to tell you. But if all the strange and exciting things that ever happened to you in all your life were to get put together in one evening, then you would be something like an actor.

But even then it wouldn't be happening in a splendid great room, with thousands of people looking on, and clapping their hands, and shouting, and lights, and gilding, and colours,—and splendid dresses!" Madeleine ended with a quick-drawn, panting sigh, her eyes brilliant in the fire-light, her black hair dishevelled round her flushed cheeks, and her hands trembling. Jack, with his wide and steady gaze meeting hers, and his lips set close, saw, or believed he saw, the air-drawn picture of all the wondrous scenes that were in her memory. It was a moment which they both remembered for many years.

There was a pause of some duration: the fire crackled, the thin smoke curled up the chimney, and the shadows of the two children rose and fell fantastically on the rough walls. "I will go to London and see the actors and the theatre," Jack said at last.

"Yes, come back with Uncle Floyd and me, and we'll all go together!"

"No, I'm going alone; and first I'm going round the world, as Hugh Berne did. You shall go one way, and I'll go the other, and we'll meet on the other side. And then I'll tell you what I've seen and what I've done."

"Yes, after all that will be best," exclaimed Madeleine, perceiving at once the romantic advantages of Jack's plan. She struck her little palms together, and held them clasped on her breast. "I shall be sitting in my chamber, and suddenly the door will open and you will appear! And you will look all changed, with a great beard, perhaps, and a hat with a plume in it; and a scar across your forehead of some fight you had. And you will say, 'Knowest thou me, O Madeleine?' and I shall say, 'Right well I know thee, my lord Jack.' No, you must have some other name than Jack; it doesn't sound right in that place. You should be Romeo or Othello—but you are not dark enough for Othello."

"I don't care about the names," said Jack; "it's a little thing to care about, compared with some things."

Here his eye happened to fall upon his banjo, which stood in the corner where he had hurriedly thrust it the moment previous to exploding his mine. He took it up, and let his fingers trip across the strings.

Madeleine moved her head with pleasurable surprise.

"Music!" she exclaimed. "What a curious guitar. Do you know how to play?"

Jack made no other reply than to smite the strings again; and after a few preludes, he treated his guest to a plantation melody which he had learned from Deborah, and which bore the now time-honoured title of *The Old Folks at Home*. But it was all new to Madeleine, and she followed it with delighted attention, and with a rapidly-growing perception that her robber baron did know something, in spite of his ignorance in matters theatrical; for a musician was a being second only to an actor in her regard. Jack's voice at this period was probably far from being the superb organ that it afterwards became; but such as it was, he used it with the intuitive accuracy and taste of one born with music in his soul. The banjo is an instrument well adapted to accompany the noblest voice, but it likewise has the quality of enabling a voice which has only time and feeling to recommend it, to appear at its best. So Jack sang on through the whole list of old Deborah's melodies, Madeleine still pressing for more; and at last he said—

"Now I will sing you one other, and this one you must remember."

"I shall remember all of them. But why do you say only this?"

"Because nobody told me this; I found it myself. And Mossy Jakes was very angry when he heard it. But I love it the best of all. It has no words; but you must understand what it means without words. This is the way it goes."

Hereupon he sang the strange little air that has been before alluded to in these pages, and which had a mystery attached to it. For it was an air which Jack's mother had used to sing before he was born, and which she had sung even before she met Jack's father, in the girlish days when she and Professor Jacques Malgrè never dreamed that anything would ever part them. And afterwards, when she sat solitary and sad in the little chamber window of the old red house beneath the elm, gazing out over the cold sea, and knitting with listless fingers the tiny socks of the child that was to come—at that season the sweet and plaintive air had come back to her, and she had sung it to herself many and many times, thinking of France and of her father, and of all that had happened, and might be to come. It was the last song she sang before she began that pain that ended with her life. But by one of those mysterious processes, the laws of which are withheld from us, but of the truth whereof there exist instances innumerable, the memory of the mother's dying song lived on in her child, and years afterwards found utterance through his lips, though he never knew how he came by it. Such unconscious ingratitude is, indeed, one of the inevitable elements in the relation of child to parent. The one takes, as the other gives, without knowledge or acknowledgment.

"Do you like that?" asked Jack, when he had finished.

Madeleine had tears in her eyes. She nodded her head.

"Well," said Jack, "when I come to England I will sing that air; and then you will know, without any name, that I am myself."

"Yes," answered Madeleine, "I shall know."

The fire died out slowly, and as Jack continued to touch his banjo with meditative fingers, and with longer intervals between, Madeleine's eyelids began to droop, as well they might, for the night was late. When Jack saw how tired she was, he made

up a pillow for her, and arranged her comfortably on the sweet-fern mattress, and covered her little feet with a strip of blanket. She stretched out her arms, and put up her lips to be kissed—a ceremony which her host performed with great discretion, considering how unaccustomed he must have been to such things. A minute afterwards Madeleine was asleep.

But Jack, impelled by a shrinking curiosity, stepped softly out of the cave, and stood on the spot where the Witch's Head had been. Truly, there was a great change: it made the boy feel already homeless. In the interval that had passed while he and Madeleine were in the cave, he had almost persuaded himself that all that wild episode had been a dream. But now he felt that it was no dream. There lay the boulder at his feet, with the brook swirling round it, and the dark pool that had not been there before. The boy gazed downward, striving to penetrate the secret that perhaps lay hidden beneath. But the pool and the stone were alike inscrutable; and the latter seemed to have become a part of the solid earth—as permanent and as immovable. Who should lift it? There it might remain for ever; and in Jack's heart would remain the knowledge that his act had placed it there.

When at last he re-entered the cave, the moon had passed the zenith and was declining towards the west. It had shone upon more than one strange spectacle that night. Jack felt his way cautiously to the couch, where the soft rise and fall of Madeleine's breathing told how fast she slept. He lay down gently, so as not to disturb her; but soon he had followed her wherever dreams lead. When the earliest glimmer of dawn found its way through the chinks of the rock, it revealed the two cousins, who knew not of each other's existence, resting with their arms round each other, and their faces, which time and suffering should so greatly alter, smooth and untroubled. It seemed almost a pity that they must wake.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH JACK HAS HIS IDEAL REVEALED TO HIM: AND LEARNS WHAT A KEEPSAKE IS: AND HE AND MADELEINE SAY GOOD MORNING AND GOOD-BYE.

JACK was the first to unclothe his eyes, and raising himself on one elbow he contemplated his still slumbering companion with grave intentness, except when a yawn constrained him to suspend his scrutiny for a few moments. Madeleine was by no means an unattractive object as she lay there, so frankly and heartily asleep, with her eyelashes lying like a border of black fringe upon her clear olive cheek, and her hair spread abroad as the thready plumes of sea-weed lie upon the sands after the tide has ebbed. As the sleep cleared from his eyes, Jack noticed that she wore a delicately-wrought gold chain about her neck, to which a broad gold locket was suspended. The lid of this locket had got unfastened, revealing a finely-painted miniature within—a specimen of art such as the forest-bred lad had never happened to see before. It was a female countenance, of striking and impressive beauty. It was dark and vivid in expression, the form a long oval; the eyes were large, and alive with brilliance and power. There was a saddened droop about the corners of the mouth, which was exquisitely shaped, the lower lip much fuller than the one which rested on it. The hair, softly but intensely black, was massed above the forehead, and hung down beside the cheeks in heavy undulations. The neck was long, white, and firmly rounded, and supported the head like a flower. There was a certain severity about the level line of the brows, which increased the penetrating expression of the eyes beneath it. It was such a face as Jack's experience had not heretofore permitted him to conceive of; and he thought he should not care if there were no other face in the world.

After a while he rose from his place, and busied himself with preparations for breakfast, making as little noise as possible, in order not to shorten Madeleine's slumbers; but whatever he did the face attended him, and ever and anon he went back to the locket to get another peep at it. It seemed to him that this face could make him do wonderful deeds; it satisfied something in his idea of things which had till now lacked sustenance, and put the rest of the world in proper order and proportion. It seemed to say to him, "I know you, and you know me; and it has always been so, only that hitherto you have forgotten." It said also, "I am waiting for you somewhere; search over the world, and you shall find me." And the thought never now for an instant suggested itself to Jack that the face belonged to the past and not to the future. The accident of time had no relation with it; as it was, so it would always be. In other words, it owned all the qualities of immortality; there could be no disappointment or failure in it; it was infinitely worth caring for and finding.

Let the above remain written where it is, though much of it did not come consciously to Jack's apprehension until long afterwards. Nothing that is comprehended at the moment is especially worth comprehending; but true light dawns gradually, like the day. What Jack was sure of for the present was, that he had got hold of something poignantly real, and this conviction gave him security and confidence. Meanwhile, breakfast came into existence swiftly and prosperously, and the aroma of it crept like a flattering incense into Madeleine's nose, and finally waked her up. Singular to say, she knew where she was; her first glance was of pleasure, not of bewilderment. Perhaps her dreams and her waking were more nearly allied than is the case with most people.

"Good morning, Jack! What a good breakfast that must be. I think I like the cave even better at break-

fast than at supper. I wish we could take this cave to London."

"I wish you had come to it sooner. After breakfast I'm going away."

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, round the world," said Jack, as if the journey was one which he was in the habit of making most forenoons in the week.

"It would not be polite to go away and leave me here, after inviting me, you know," Madeleine said, in the manner of those who believe the unconventional and the impossible to amount to the same thing. But Jack, for several reasons, was less unquestioningly submissive than yesterday, though he was at least as well disposed towards the object of his hospitalities.

"I'm not going to leave you here," he explained, handing over a dish full of breakfast to her by way of recommending his speech. "First, I shall take you to where the path to the village begins, so that you can get to your uncle."

"Well, I shall tell him how nice it was here," she said, affably.

"I think you'd better not tell him anything yet, else they might come after me before I could get away. They shouldn't know that you have seen me."

"Oh, yes—a secret! Yes, Jack, I promise you they shall never know. They will wonder and wonder, but I shall be as silent as the grave!" said Madeleine, bringing a look of mystery into her eyes, and speaking in a most impressive tone. Then she changed to a more common-place strain. "Come and eat your breakfast here beside me. It will be years, and years, and ye—ars before we have our breakfast together again. Oh, and we must not forget to give each other keepsakes before—ere we part. What shall they be?"

"I don't know what a keepsake is," said Jack, without faltering.

"Why, you might tell that from the word itself," she returned, with a reproachful glance; "it's something a person gives you to keep when you are going to forsake them—don't you see?"

And it makes you remember her, and think about her; and then at last, when you meet her, and you are both so much grown up and altered, that if it wasn't for the keepsakes you wouldn't recognise each other. But when you see them, then you know it must be she; and you take her to your heart. . . . That's what a keepsake means."

Jack understood the definition without difficulty, in spite of the derangement of pronouns, which, perhaps, was the result of a defect in the English language quite as much as in Madeleine's grammar.

"You see there is not much here," he said, glancing down at the little pile of objects which he had heaped up at one side of the cave, in order to have them handy against his departure. But whatever there is, is yours, if you want it."

"Then I'll take the head of this arrow," she said, with a promptness which seemed to indicate that she had already had her eyes upon it.

Jack, who would have surrendered even his iron kettle had she expressed a wish for that indispensable article, immediately cut the arrow head from the shaft, and handed it to her with a cordial grace that would have done credit to Lovelace parting from Lucasta. The head was really a fine example of Indian art. It was shaped out of a flawless piece of semi-transparent jasper; and its long slender point and keen edges were as elaborately wrought and polished as if the work had been done by a scientific lapidary. The stem had been pierced by a small hole, to facilitate its being bound to the shaft; or, as Madeleine observed, to pass the chain through by which she would suspend it round her neck.

"I will always wear it there, Jack," she added; "and when we meet after you have been round the world, you will see it there. Well, but now you must choose what I shall give you."

Hereupon Jack could not for the life of him help looking in rather a

guilty manner at the locket. If he could carry that talisman with him on his travels, his success in life would be assured beyond peradventure.

Madeleine followed his glance, and interpreted it immediately.

"Do you care for this old thing?" she exclaimed, unclasping it from the chain and holding it towards him. "If I were at home I'd give you one all set with diamonds."

"Perhaps I ought not to take it," murmured Jack, as it lay in his open palm.

"Why not?"

"Because I want it so much," said he, being unable to believe that his possession of anything so transcendently valuable could fail to inflict a proportionate deprivation upon the giver of it.

"Why, it's worth hardly anything; it's only plain gold," cried Madeleine, as if gold were a chief ingredient of most things in this world.

"But the picture—" began Jack.

"Oh, yes, there's a picture in it. It's a portrait of my mother, I believe, or my grandmother. Do you want to have it taken out?"

"No," said Jack; and if his voice was low, it was the intensity of the negative in his soul left little power of audible utterance.

"We both have our keepsakes, then," said Madeleine, passing her chain through the hole in the arrow-head, and stowing it away beneath the front of her little dress. She looked pleased and complacent; but Jack's cheeks were deeply flushed, and his manner distraught.

Nothing more remained to be done except for Jack to gather his belongings together; and, after conducting Madeleine to the point whence the village could be seen, to say farewell to her. As they issued from the narrow door which neither of them were ever again to enter, the tender morning sunshine kissed their faces, and the dew from the vine that clustered overhead showered upon them in diamond drops. Everything that met their

senses was full of freshness and the joy of living; for though the earth is extremely old, as we count time, not the newest of us all can look so young as she does on a clear morning of a New England June. The only feature of the scene that seemed not quite in keeping was a blackened space immediately at their feet, where the Witch's Head had formerly rested. The rock here was crushed and splintered by the rending of the powder charge; and a corresponding mark appeared upon the upturned surface of the boulder; the whole of which, moreover had the pallid crudity of tint due to its having been sheltered from the mellowing influences of storm and sunshine. Some of the bushes which grew low down on the sides of the ravine had been broken or uprooted by the fall—signs of violence abhorrent to the sweet harmony of nature's works. But the strength of the sun and the air, united with the dancing elasticity of youthful pulses and spirits, were more than enough to counterbalance these sinister suggestions, even when re-enforced by the darker possibility to which they pointed. Madeleine regarded the spectacle with a curiosity that had nothing gloomy in it; and her companion found himself indisposed to take any other than an optimistic view of the situation. Yet he was not unwilling to turn from it, and think of other things, as became a young hero who has the world to conquer. The work before him was not so easy that he could afford to handicap himself with such a dead weight as that of the Witch's Head.

The children lost no time, therefore, in clambering down the ascent, and proceeding along the footpath beside the stream. Madeleine chatted as she went along with a gaiety and unrestraint that were scarcely usual with her, accustomed as she was to associate with people much older than herself, and to maintain her own dignity and importance with them. Jack made her forget her dignity; and his range of life and experience had been so

utterly different from hers, that they could meet on the basis of unlimited mutual giving, and without friction or opposition. As for Jack, he said very little; being one of those in whom the presence of many thoughts produces silence, owing to the difficulty they find in forcing their way out through the limited outlets of speech.

"Oh, do you hear that?" exclaimed Madeleine at last, pausing in her walk and lifting her finger. "Isn't it a bell?"

"It sounds like the meeting-house bell," Jack replied, after listening for a moment. "But to-day isn't Sunday; and they don't ring that way when any one is going to be buried. That would be much slower."

"Perhaps some one is going to be married?" she suggested.

"Oh, no one would want to be married to any one here," he replied, with unconscious cynicism. "They do that only when they can't help it."

At this point in the conversation a distant shout was heard; and after a short interval another, and still another. Then followed the rolling report of a gun, which Jack recognised as the voice of the old six-pounder which had been captured from the British in the war of 1812, and mounted on a sea-fronting eminence to the north of the harbour. But it had never before been fired except on Independence Day, or some similar celebration; and the ceremony was accomplished with a solemnity of parade and speech-making, and a display of uniforms and goose-step, such as could come only by prolonged forethought and preparation. What, then, was the explanation of it now?

"If we climb up the bank here we can see all over to the village from behind those bushes, without their seeing us," said Jack. "Shall I go up alone, or can you come with me?"

"Oh, you must let me come too!"

"Take hold of my belt, then, and come along."

In a few minutes they stood on the top of the little acclivity, which was

here somewhat loftier than at the ordinary point of crossing further seaward, and commanded all the better a view of the village and its environs below. At the first glance it was evident that something out of the common was going forward. The bell was swinging and clanging diligently in the steeple, half a dozen men were busy reloading the six-pounder, all the population of the village seemed to have turned out, and in all directions small squads of four or five were moving inland or along the shore, now and then sending forth the shouts which the children had heard. One party was coming directly towards them, and were not above two or three hundred yards off.

"I never saw them doing like this before," remarked Jack, uneasily. "They seem to be looking for something. I hope——"

Here Madeleine, who had been gazing very earnestly at the group of persons who were nearest them, suddenly clapped her hands together and gave a little laugh.

"I know what it's all about," she cried; "how stupid not to have known before. Do you see that man and woman down there—the woman has on the tall black bonnet? Those are

our servants that we brought over here with us—Philip and Jane, you know. And they have come out to look after me, because I am the great heiress, and they think I am lost!"

"Oh!" said Jack, with a sigh that indicated relief. The fact was, he had begun to fear that Suncook was rousing itself to look for him. But, luckily, he was not an heiress! "Well," he went on, turning to his companion, "you can let them find you now, and I must go."

"I don't want to have you go, Jack!" said she, quaveringly. She put out her small hand, and took hold of the fringed seam of his deer-skin doublet. "I like you," she said, with vehemence; and her strange childish face looked up at him beseechingly.

But after a moment she loosed her hold of him, and waved him away. "No, you must go," she said; "you must go round the world and become famous; and I will go to my estates, and keep them for you. That is the way all knights and ladies must do. Farewell! You may kiss my hand."

The boy gravely kissed her little twitching fingers; and then, with a tragic parting glance at him, she ran from him down the slope; and he turned back into the ravine.

(To be continued.)

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WORTHY—SIR SIMON HARCOURT.

IN the year 1176, before the first Plantagenet sat on the throne of England, Robert, the eldest son of Ivo de Harcourt, succeeded his father, and became the head of his family in England. He married Isabel, daughter and heir of Richard de Camville, who brought to him as her dower the Lordship of Stanton in Oxfordshire, thereafter called Stanton Harcourt. Since that time the Lords of Stanton Harcourt have been great folk in Oxfordshire, and have not seldom played important parts in English national life. In this year 1881 a lineal descendant of Robert and Isabel is still Lord of the Manor of Stanton Harcourt and M.P. for Oxfordshire; while his younger brother, the Home Secretary, sat for the city of Oxford till the last election. Through the seven centuries the male descent has been only once broken, and that within the last fifty years. Lands in other counties have come and gone, but to this Oxfordshire inheritance the family have cleaved with a tenacity very rare, even in England. Their chief residence has indeed been moved a few miles down the river, and at the time of the migration the old Norman house at Stanton Harcourt was dismantled, and much of the stone used in the building of Nuneham; but there has been no severance of the tie which has bound the family to these Thames slopes since the stormy times of King Stephen, when they first came to them.

One consequence of this remarkable identification of the same family with the same spot has been a great accumulation of papers and documents in the muniment-room and library at Nuneham, bearing directly on the doings and fortunes of the race which has been able to hold its own through

so many dynasties and generations, and incidentally on the national history. "A strong feeling of the duty of each individual who happens to be protector of the settlement to maintain all such possessions untarnished for his descendants, and through them for the 'public,'" has induced the present owner to print selections from these for his own family and friends. His aim has been to preserve as perfect a record as possible of the English branch of his own family for those who come after him, rather than to compile a book for general reading. In doing this, however—to judge from my own experience—the result has been that the family records often rouse a new interest in the national life which makes them a most interesting supplement to our ordinary histories. Great popular movements, such as the struggle of the Barons with the Crown, the Crusades, the French wars, and those of the Roses, the Reformation, the outburst of many-sided energy in Elizabethan and early Stuart days, the Civil War, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1688, and the long wrestle since then between the several estates and powers which make up the nation—all come before us in these Harcourt papers, and gain in reality and vividness when looked at from the family standpoint. The representative of the family for the time being may not have taken any very distinguished part in the shaping of the events which make the history of his time; but there he is, a visible palpable Englishman, coming from the same place and out of the same surroundings generation after generation, doing his share of fighting, taxpaying, keeping the peace; unconscious probably for the most part of the meaning and importance of what was going on round him, and mainly anxious about consolidating or en-

larging his estates, or other of his own private affairs. A series of family portraits of this kind can scarcely fail to make our conception of the times in which the originals lived more real and fuller of interest to us, and to throw valuable side-lights on the doings of kings, armies, and parliaments. Let us take, by way of illustration, one of the most critical times of English history, and see how the Harcourt of that day comported himself while the mighty struggle was raging between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future, which was the most marked characteristic of the first half of the seventeenth century both in England and on the Continent.

Simon was his name—a favourite one in the family ever since the son of Simon Montford had married an Anne Harcourt in Edward IV.'s reign. The bearer of it had fallen on evil times so far as his private fortunes were concerned; for his father, Sir Robert, had been one of the famous band of adventurers on the Spanish Main, whose deeds of daring and of lawlessness shed so brilliant and doubtful a lustre on the last years of Elizabeth's reign, and are still full of strange fascination for the English student of those times, when the cry of "Westward Ho!" lured the noblest and the wildest spirits to try conclusions with the Spaniard on the battle-ground of the New World. An expedition to Guiana, in the track of Raleigh, fitted out and maintained entirely at his own expense, had brought the family fortunes to a low ebb; and Sir Simon—for he had been knighted at Whitehall in June, 1627, 3 Car. I.—when he succeeded in 1631, found himself Lord indeed of Stanton Harcourt, but of that alone of all the wide lands which had belonged to his ancestors in most of the Midland counties.

The spirit of the time was as strong in Sir Simon as in his father, but took a different direction, possibly in consequence of the disastrous financial results of Sir Robert's enthusiasms. So instead of following in the steps of

Drake and Grenville and Raleigh, and pursuing the arch enemy of his country over the Western seas, Simon Harcourt had from boyhood cast in his lot with those of his countrymen who were fighting Spain and Austria, with the Pope and all the powers of evil at their back, in the Netherlands and Germany. In that list, too, stand some names as noble as any in English history, and none more so than that of Horace Vere, afterwards Lord Vere of Tilbury, Simon's maternal uncle, under whom he went to serve in the Low Countries at the age of sixteen.

Horace Vere was then second in command to his brother Francis, who had been general of the English forces in the Netherlands for more than twenty years, and had often held the chief command of the allied forces. Francis Vere had commanded at the great battle of Nieuport, and at the siege of Ostend, on each of which occasions Horace had been his brother's right arm. At Nieuport it was the charge of cavalry, led by him along the *dunes* bordering the shore, which retrieved the desperate day, rallied the exhausted English and Frisians, and broke the Spanish infantry, after his brother had been carried from the field desperately wounded. At Ostend, when the Imperialists (cheered by the presence of princesses come to exult in the certain fall of the great stronghold of rebellion) made their final assault, it was to his brother Horace that Sir Francis Vere assigned the Sand Hill, the post of danger, from which, for two long hours, Horace, "with twelve picked companies of divers nations," hurled back Walloons, Spaniards, Italians, the cream of the Imperial army, until the waters surged over the baffled assailants through the cut sluices, and Ostend was saved. The date at which Simon Harcourt joined his uncle is not certain, but we may be sure that in whatever year it was, from that time the young Simon was wherever hard knocks were going, and

learning how a leader should comport himself on such occasions; for of Horace Vere it stands recorded that "had one seen him returning from a victory one would from his silence have suspected that he had lost the day, and had he beheld him on a retreat he would have called him conqueror by the cheerfulness of his spirits."

It seems doubtful whether Simon became major of his uncle's own regiment in the Netherlands, but he is named as one of his scholars in the introductory epistle to Sir Francis Vere's commentaries, and his picture was hung at Kirby Hall, Essex, Lord Vere of Tilbury's seat, amongst those of his favourite officers.

In 1621, when the Thirty Years' War had broken out, and was going sorely against the Protestant cause, and the King of Bohemia and his English wife could scarcely find shelter in their own kingdom, James I., whose secret sympathies were undoubtedly on the Imperialist side, could no longer resist the popular cry that some aid should be sent from England to the good cause, and to the princess whose popularity had risen to an enthusiasm in her old home. Accordingly, Sir Horace Vere was commissioned to raise a regiment 2,200 strong, and start for the seat of war. His ranks were soon filled, and to a great extent with cadets of good family, amongst them, Alexander Leslie, defender of Stralsund against Wallenstein, and general of the Scotch Covenant army twenty years later. The Earls of Oxford and Essex served under him, and his nephew, Simon Harcourt. Great hopes were placed on the regiment, which was said to be "the gallantest in their persons which for many ages had appeared either at home or abroad." But they were not destined to be fulfilled. The support from England was half-hearted. James neglected to send two other regiments which he had promised, and pay came very irregularly. Nor did the King of Bohemia know how to use such a captain as Vere, or such troops as his famous regiment

when he had got them. After a long dreary campaign of marching and countermarching, interspersed with a few trifling skirmishes, all that was left to him of his dominions were Mannheim, Heidelberg, and another fortress or two. The most important of these, Mannheim, was entrusted to Vere and his regiment, and held by them for two years, when, all hopes of relief or for the cause at that moment in those parts, having ended, the place was surrendered on honourable terms, and the English garrison marched out with bag and baggage, drums beating, and colours flying, and retired to the Netherlands. From thence many of them returned to Germany, and served under Gustavus Adolphus and his captains, learning the lessons in war which they were destined to put in practice on English and Scotch battlefields. There were many of the Dugald Dalgetty type amongst them no doubt, as there were many Bertram Risinghams amongst the crews who sailed with Grenville and Raleigh on the Spanish Main; but, on the whole, the British recruits in the Thirty Years' War, who fought on the Protestant side, were a force of whom their nation may still be proud, and a marked contrast to the bands of Croats and Walloons, and the scum of all nations, who gathered under the captains of mercenaries, and sold their blood for pay and booty, "bearing the devil's stamp on faces of every complexion, and blaspheming in all European, and some non-European, languages."

Sir Simon continued to serve in the Netherlands till the eve of the troubles at home, which brought him, and so many of his old comrades, back from the Continent. In one of his visits home on leave he married Anne, daughter of the fourth Lord Paget; and from this time his foreign service seems to have become very irksome to him, though he is loath to quit it altogether for economical reasons, the trade of a soldier not having enabled him to repair those breaches in the

family property which had descended to him from his father.

It is from this point, about the year 1638, that we may be said to make his personal acquaintance through his correspondence with his wife and his wife's mother, which has been preserved. From this correspondence, and from fragments of a journal and account-books, we get a pleasant picture of a loyal and simple gentleman and soldier, of middle age, and having spent his life in camps, but untainted by militarism; a kindly and affectionate nature, looking forward to a quiet country home with wife and children; somewhat troubled with family law-suits, and the difficulty of supplying his wife with money. For the rest, looking at public affairs mainly from the soldier's point of view, and ready to take any honourable service which may offer, whether the commission came from King or Parliament. Had he lived till the actual outbreak of the civil war in England, he would doubtless have been found on the king's side; as it happened, he died the commissioned officer of the Long Parliament, and apparently under a cloud at court for having accepted that commission.

The following, to his mother-in-law, is the earliest in date of his printed letters, and needs no explanatory comments—

"For the R^t Hon^{ble} the LADY LETICIA PAGETT.

"MADAM,—Since I am as yett by y^e Prince of Orrange his denying me leave deprived of the honor and happines in giving you personall attendance I have presumed in these to present my humbl dutie unto you; & to assure your Ladyshipp I will make what hast I can; & cheefely for my deare wife's sake, for I never broockt my absence from her with y^e impatience as now; but sh^d it be my misfortune to be absent when she is brought to bedd y^r Ladyshipp will be pleased to joyne with yourselfe such friends as you shall best like off, & soe honor me in makinge a Christian of what it shall please God to send me. I have nominated some unto my wife, who if they may stande with your Ladyshipp her likeinge it is well, otherwise your Ladyshipp will favour me in makeing your owne choyce, & if your Lady^e approve of mine, then I entreate you to doe

me the honor as to envite them. Thus, wth my prayers for y^e continuance of your health, wth encrease of happines I humbly take my leave as beeinge

"Madam,
"Your dutifull & most respective
"Sonne & Servant,
"S. HARCOURT.

*"From the Hage the
"6 of Octo 1638 new stile."*

The Stadtholder seems to have granted the desired leave, but not in time for Sir Simon to be present at the birth of his eldest child; for on the 6th of December he writes to his wife from London, where, on his arrival, he has received good news.

"MY DEAR SOULE,—My joy was unspeakable at y^e newes of thy safe delivery. I beseech God to give us harts y^t ever may be ever thankfull unto him for this his blesseinge to us; God grant y^t it may live and prove an instrument of his glory and our comforts: my deare I will not now put you to the trouble of readinge many lines I will earnestly invoke God for thee and ever rest

"thy faithfull
"now most joyeouse
"affectionate husband
"S. HARCOURT."

In these same months the crisis was rapidly approaching which was to bring King and Parliament face to face in arms. The long negotiations between the Crown and the Scotch had ended in a courteous, but firm refusal of all proposals for the re-establishment of episcopacy in any form north of the Border. Scotland was already arming, and had found a general. In the autumn of 1638, a "little, crooked, and rather battered veteran," by name Alexander Leslie, the successful defender of Stralsund against Wallenstein (who had vowed to take it "though it were chained to heaven by adamant") one of Gustavus Adolphus' most trusted captains, and now a field-marshal, had landed from a small bark on the eastern coast. He had been in communication with the Covenanting lords with whom he was in entire sympathy: and had come at their summons, the only man probably under whom they would all serve loyally. Wentworth, when the news of Leslie's appointment reached him,

might sneer that the Scots had got for general "no such great kill-cow as they w^d have him," but at any rate there was no division of counsels in the north, and Scotland, if meddled with at all, must be dealt with "in kingly fashion."

So in January 1639, a circular to the English nobility went out in the King's name, summoning them to York on April 1st, to meet him and take part in an expedition against the Scots, and asking for their liberal aid. Wentworth headed the list in reply with 2,000*l.*, but the response was generally of a lukewarm character, Lords Saye and Sele and Brooke, being however the only peers who refused all aid unless under the authority of Parliament, though ready to attend His Majesty "when any part of the kingdom of England is invaded."

By this means and others equally illegal a force of near 50,000 horse and foot under the command of Lords Arundel and Essex was mustered, while an expedition by sea under the Marquis of Hamilton was to sail from the Thames to the Forth. And so the first "Bishops' war," the prelude to that of the Long Parliament, began.

The King, looking round for competent leaders, lights amongst others on Sir Simon, who though still in the service of the Netherlands accepts command of a regiment which was to serve under Hamilton. His journal tells how the expedition reached the Forth, negotiated fruitlessly, landed on the islands of Inchcolm and Inchkeith, and on the mainland; and breaks off suddenly on the 23rd of May, and by the 31st he and his regiment were with the King at Berwick. A few extracts may be taken as an authentic contribution to the history of the first "Bishops' war":—

"On y^e 18 of April, 1639, I embarked my regiment haveinge my compleate number of 1700 men reckoninge sarriants, drumes, corporalls, and on y^e one and twentieth I embarked my selfe in y^e Henrietta Maria commanded by Sir H^r Manneringe

Vice Admirall. On Tuesday y^e 22nd April we sett saile from Yaarmouth for the northern parts, haveinge a fleet of 98 saile under y^e command of my Lord Marquise Hamilton." Then follows details as to the troops, 5000 strong, and of the voyage northwards. "On the first of May wee came to ancor in the mouth of the frith by Douglas Castle; and on the 3rd we came before the towne of Leith, where we anchored; on y^e 4 the Bayelies wth some other officer of Leith came with an answeere unto my Lord Marquise, but what we knewe not, but such as we perceived well, pleased him not." . . . Next day my Lord Marquise sends one on shore "to signify unto y^e Mayors of Lieyth and Eddenbourroug y^e Kings grace and mersies to them and all persons, from the hieghest to the lowest y^t shall submitt, and become againe his true and loyall subjects, by his free pardoning of them w^{ch} he would confirme and establish by Act of Parlement as was alleaged. Y^t night his messenger returned, but without answeere, other than that they w^d communicate and impart it unto the cheefe Lords of the Covenant." The Marquis potters about up and down the coast, the Scotch "firing all their beackens upon hills, and all along the shore as we approached they marched with troopes following our fleete; and when anchored they stayed, and soe keeping their gard all along the shore. . . . On the 13 there came aborde the admirall 2 commissioners from the Covenanters, men well affected, and y^t laboured to bring matters to a right understandinge on both sides," but "about 4 of y^e clocke one Eliaser, one of y^e most zelous and obstinate men of ye Covenanters brought letters unto my Lord the contents of which we very well perceived pleased not my Lord Marquise." Sir Simon is ordered to occupy the Island of "Inchcom" with his regiment, which he does with all diligence, occupying it for some days and then leaving it "as naked as we found it." He is next sent to the "Isle of Maye," and at last on May

9th the whole force lands, and the army, divided into five parts, marches, and invests "ye towne," name not given. Regular approaches are made, and on the 18th "our ordinance beganne to playe from a Battery of 6 pieces halfe cannon, on y^e Chappell Hill by y^e Prince's quarter." The operations drift on till the 23rd, when the journal abruptly closes thus "y^e L^d of Banerwood commandinge there was little donne, our Ingenneer Van Neble beeinge shoott with 3 sariants who were overseers of y^e woorkemen slaine." A more striking comment than the journal on the resolution and preparedness of the Scotch to resist "the kingly way" of dealing, and the incapacity and irresolution of the Royal plans and counsels would be hard to find.

At the camp at Berwick Sir Simon falls into much trouble of mind as to his position in the Netherlands, his private affairs at home, and his future prospects. The efforts to retrieve his fortunes by a soldier's life have not proved successful, but he takes a hopeful view on the whole and writes from camp to his wife.

"MY DEAR HART,—I have now received 6 letters from thee the last of the 18 May, the contents whereof concerninge my bussines of Stanton Harcourt; I have accordinge to the opinion of councell procured the Kinge's lettre for the puttinge of the hearinge untill Michaellmas terme, before which time I doubt not but our bussines will be at an end heare; for my Lord Hume's, one of the cheefest of the covenanters is thought will submitt and come into the Kinge wthin this 2 or 3 dayes, & he is able to bringe a great party with him as it is thought, so that I trust in God that matters may & will be ended wthout bloodshedd. I have now been some 3 dayes wth my regiment in the Kinge's army, and I hope shall continue heare. His Majestie is very gracious to me, & I am confident I shall not have cause to repent me of the time I spende in his service, although I were cashered in the lowe countries; but feare that not my hart, for there is, and I am confident will be none soe hard dealeinge with me. I approve very well of your answer unto my sister Chettwins letter for I am resolved not to part with any of that household stuffe. I have hope shortly wee shall bee housekeepers ourselves. * * You Bro: Harry cannott procure leave to come over w^{ch} is much to his griffe & mine * * I have payde a £100 heare

unto my bro: Wroughton, w^{ch} he hath assured me he will take such order as that it shall be payde unto thee, or any one you shall apoint to receave it for thee at London. Had I been able I w^d have sent thee more. I hope I shall ere long. In the meantime dispose of this as you please & of me my dear Hart. &c.

*"From the army by Berwick
"Last day of May 1639."*

The contrast of the two camps, now almost within sight of one another, must have been a saddening one to an old soldier, nephew and pupil of Horace Vere. The Scotch in perfect order on the side of Dunse Hill, 20,000 strong; their "captains for the most part barons or gentlemen of good note, our lieutenants almost all sojourns who had served over the sea in good charges" (many of them old comrades of Simon Harcourt), the soldiers all hutted comfortably, well fed, "their hearts raised by the sight of the nobles and their beloved pastors," and with a cause typified by the "brave new colour stamped with the Scottish arms and this ditton—'For Christ's Crown and Covenant' in golden letters," waving before the tent of every captain of a company. The little crooked old soldier whom all the proud lords obeyed "with ane incredible submission," himself going the rounds every night and seeing to the setting of the watches. On the other side the English camp disorganised, and so wretchedly supplied that the King is saluted with shouts for bread, both officers and soldiers disinclined to the work, all England in a blaze of disaffection behind him, and his most trusty nobles counselling him that the task is hopeless. In the midst of such surrounding Sir Simon struggles on manfully, like a good soldier, and writes to his wife to supply one at least of his many needs:

"MY DEARE HART,—I am yett unprovided of a preacher, if it possibly may be in thine or any of your friends power to help me to one I should esteeme it a greate happines: I pray sende once more to Dr Goffe about one, & lett him knowe how much I have binn disappointed by the expectation of him recomended by my Lord Goreinge: Dr Goffe lives with my Lady Newport as I take it."

It must have been a glad day for Sir Simon when on the 24th of June the army was disbanded after the "pacification of Dirks" had been signed, and he was free to go home to Stanton Harcourt for a short time to his "deare Hart," though it is to be feared times were bad with him, what with law-suits and the fallen state of the revenues of his ancient lordship.

The following extract from his accounts indicate at once the small receipts from the estate, and the many claims on the hard working and much enduring man now the head of the family:—

Received from Stanton Harcourt y^e 28
of May 128 . 01 . 08

Wherof disbursed

to my brother Vere . . .	019 . 00 . 00
to Sir Thon Marwood . . .	025 . 00 . 00
to my cosen Hamond for my lady's silk . . .	001 . 00 . 00
lent to my cosen Hamond	020 . 00 . 00

The episode of his command in the Bishops' war did not involve the consequences in the Netherlands which he anticipated. He was not cashiered by the Prince of Orange, who probably knew when he had a good servant, and Sir Simon had to return to Holland to resume his command. But only for a short time. The difficulty of serving two masters presses on him more and more, and since Berwick he is evidently determined on resigning his foreign commission if necessary. Meanwhile he has still some hope of riding both horses by means of frequent leaves of absence, which will be convenient in the fallen state of the Stanton Harcourt revenues.

"MY HART,—As yet I cannott obtaine my leave which doth s^ee much discontent me y^t were it not for thy sake I would not endure it; but as y^e case standes wth me I must have patience for a time w^{ch} I hope will bringe it to a better issue: I expect letters out of England, w^{ch} I doubt not will effeact my destiny; if not I shall desire y^e counsell & advice of my friends how to behave myselfe; for in my absence I may suffer more in my own occasions then ever my fortunes here will be able to recompense, besides y^e losse of employment in y^e Kinges service, w^{ch} in a short time may prove more bennifitiall to me than my lifetime (although longe) here, if I have a good end

of my law bussiness I will with what speede I can quitt here, yett not rashly, for I am much troubled to continue in the service of so ungratefull a people, who will not doe y^e least courtesie to keepe an antient & faithfull servant as I have ever binn to them from utter ruinne; as in all appeerance theire deniall of my leave at this time may prove. Present my humble dutie unto your mother wth due respects to all, & my dearest Hart prayeing thy health and little Phils thy most dearely loveinge husband

"S. HARCOURT.

"*The Hauge,*
"*March 25, 1640 new stile.*"

Sir Simon never finally left the service of the States, but seems to have enjoyed some rest at Stanton Harcourt with his "deare Hart," and "little Phil" before he was again under arms. And now it was in the service not of the King but of Parliament. For Charles was away in Scotland when on the 23rd of October, 1641, "being St. Ignatius Loyola's Day," the Irish Insurrection broke out. So well had the secret been kept that the Lords Justices had only one day's notice of it, just sufficient to enable them to save Dublin. Over the rest of the unhappy country the rising swept with resistless force. At the lowest estimate 30,000 Protestants were murdered within the first two months, with nameless horrors in too many cases. An army of native Irish held the whole country outside Dublin, the garrison numbering only 2,000 foot and 1,000 horse.

The Long Parliament was in session and responded to the thrill of horror which ran through England, but it was not until the 31st of December that the first relief landed at Kingstown. This was a regiment 1,200 strong, under the command of Sir Simon Harcourt. The delay was no fault of his. He had been appointed Governor of Dublin and commissioned by Parliament to raise a regiment in the Midlands on his way to Ireland. The service was not popular, and he writes from Coventry on November 26th, 1641.

"MY DEARE HART,—I can only lett thee know by this post y^t I have passed y^e ill weather and waies as farr as Coventrey (I

praise God) in health and safety, and can gather by that w^h I finde here that it will be impossible ever to gett upp my regiment without a presse, for although y^e Drummes have beaten here and at Daintry these 3 dayes yet wee have not entertained above 20 men, w^{ch} I have given my Lord notice of soe y^t I expect speedy order to presse; this day I am goinge to Lichfield where I shall stayer some 4 or 5 dayes and then directly to Chester, and there attend farther directions; when I hope you will make me happy by y^e receipt of a letter from you; for I desire to heare how you have done since my departure. I understand my cause is put off, but in what terms I knowe not; my affaires here call me away, & will permitt me to say noe more at present than that I am my dearest

“thy faithfull affectionate husband

“S. HARCOURT.”

“*Cov-n-try* y^e 26 of Nov^r 1641.”

By the middle of December Sir Simon is at Chester, having by “presse” or otherwise raised his regiment to its full strength, an effort which seems to have been by no means acceptable to the King, still absent in Scotland. At this news Sir Simon, while still intent on the work in hand, is troubled, and writes:—

“*For my deare wife* y^e LADY HARCOURT.

“MY DEAR HART,—Thine of 6 Dec^r from Sarjant Glanvieelds chambers,” (where she is looking after his suit) “came to my hands by my cosen Harcourt y^e 16 of the same,” and then after referring to the law proceedings, “but one clause in your letter I am troubled at, y^e Kings displeasure; what have I donne to meritt it I know not, my hart hath ever binn upright and loyall towards him, soe have my actions for aught I knowe; for I am not conscious to myselfe of y^e least willfull miscarriage in his Maj^{ty} service; That I have undertaken this employment beinge thereunto called by both Houses of Parl^t, I did it confidently believinge y^t what they did was by his Maj^{ty} direction and aprobaton, and this beinge rightly understoode may I hope restore me again into his Maj^{ty} favourable and gracious opinion, if at all fallen from it, which I am very unwillinge to beeleeve. I praye you enquire more neerly after it for it concerns me in a very hiegh degree, if it prove true; for beinge in his disfavoure I am like to have but an uncomfortable imployment; for y^e worst construction thereby will be made of all my actions, which I can noe way soe well prevent as by cuttinge y^e employment, & y^e way of doing it must advisedly be thought on both by my friends there who aproved of my undertaking, and myselfe heare, w^{ch} I shall praye for Gods direction and assistance; as in this soe in all other matters w^{ch} concerne our good

and future comfort I am confident you will joine in prayers wth my dearest thy affect^d faithfull husband

“S. HARCOURT.

“*Chester* 16 Dec 1641.”

Sir Simon landed at Dublin on the last day of 1641, and was at once installed as governor of the city. By the 10th of January he had dislodged the enemy from the neighbouring villages, and during the next three months was constantly engaged in operations against them, in the last of which he lost his life.

On the 26th of March, starting with 200 men for Wicklow, he found the rebels possessed of the castle of Carrick Main, only four miles from Dublin, from the walls of which they “used reproachful signs to express their contempt and scorn of him.” Sir Simon at once invested the place, and sent back to Dublin for two pieces of cannon to breach the walls; and, “all things being put in order, lay down under the side of a little thatched house (which they took as a shelter to keep off the enemies’ bullets) from whence he suddenly rose up to call the soldiers to stand carefully to their arms; which one of the rebels (from within) perceiving, discharged his piece at him, and shot him into his right breast under the neck-bone; and being so wounded, he was carried off, expressing his submission to the hand of God, and much joyed to pour out his last blood in the cause.”

The cannon came presently, and in a few hours made a breach through which “the souldiers stormed with great fury, being mightily enraged with the loss of their most beloved colonel,” and the whole garrison were put to the sword. Robert Hammond, his ensign and kinsman, who led the storming party, afterwards served with distinction in the Parliamentary army, and was Governor of Carisbrook Castle during the King’s confinement there.

Sir Simon died of his wound the next day. The following extracts from letters to his wife illustrate well the last three months of his stormy

life, and complete a pleasant, if somewhat sad picture, of the hard-working veteran.

“*Jan* 3. 1642.—I am, I prayse God, safely arrived wth my regiment at Dublin, where I shall make noe long staye, if I am not righted in y^e wrongs I now suffer, for I find another established by the Lord justices as Governor here. They say that necessity forced them into it, haveinge noe man here in whom they durst confide, and that they can receve noe other wth out expresse order from my Lord Lieutenant; when they doe I shall have my demand. I have written unto my Lord Lieutenant about it, likewise to my Lord of Holland; I pray make a journey to London, and entreate your Bro. my Lord Pagett; presse for a speedy answer, y^t I may knowe on what leggs I stand; and if he finde any difficulty in procuringe my satisfaction here, then entreate him to procure a warrantable call for me from hence w^{ch} must be from those who employed me, y^e Parlement and Lord of Lessester, who assured me y^t I sh^d here receve my commission for y^e command of y^e garrison, and y^t he had to y^t purpose written unto y^e Lords here; but I find noe such matter. . . . Yours of 4 Dec^r came to my hands since my cominge to Dublin. I aprove very well of your resolution to buye coach horses and to follow y^e cause. I sent you 40 pound before my cominge from Chester, and will send you more by an expresse or other wayes ere long. I have not been here longe enough to gather newes; somethinge will be done speedely for the releasse of Treda; God grant good suckses in it. . . . My deare, lett me here often from thee, for thy lovinge lines must & ever shall be y^e most wellcome & acceptabest present can be sent unto thy most faithfull & affec^{to} husband

“S. HARCOURT.”

“*Feb* 12. — Since my last to thee y^e weather here hath binn so stormey y^t noe shipp durst put out of y^e haven, w^{ch} is y^e sole cause y^t you have not heard from me; for I know your feares for me are greate, concidderinge y^e times heare, w^{ch} I beleeve are made more dangerous by report then in truth they are, for were our supplyes of horses and foote come out of England I am of opinion y^t y^e great danger of this rebellion were past. I as yet know not on what termes I stand here, beinge a stranger unto y^e resolution taken in England; if it be not such as may stande wth my honor to accept, I hope my friends there will use some meanes to call me from hence. I have again writt unto y^e Prince of Orringe to favour me in reservinge of my place untill such time as I see whether this be a warr like to continue. . . . The releasse of Drogheda is y^e only bussiness now thought on, as y^t w^{ch} concernes mainley y^e good & safety of this kingdom: letters wee received this day from y^e Governor and many officers there all

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complaineing of y^e miserable want of victuall, haveinge nothinge left them but herringes & malt & rye, & of these not for above 8 dayes: there souldiers weake and sickly not long able to doe dutie; there horsses, in w^{ch} was theire greatest strength, perrish for want of provision, soe y^t they are constrained to turne many of them out of towne. In this lamentable condition they are. . . . I presume you are now very bussee in y^e solissitation of my law bussines, God prosper your endeavours therein, & bringe it to a speedy end, such a one as may give me a retiringe place, where I may at last finnish my dayes in peace & quiett, & in y^e comfortable enjoyment of thy deare selfe: and both in our true feare and service of our good God. . . For my owne health I prayse God I never enjoyed it more perfectly, wantinge nothinge but thy most desired & sweete company & conversation. I have provided some houshold stuffe (w^{ch} y^e rebells have furnished me wthall) against your cominge, as a very good basin and eawer, 2 flaggons, a salt, sugar box & two wine cupps of silver, some two dossen of pewter dishes & goode stoore of ordinary houshold Linnen—All this I found in a castle w^{ch} wee lately tooke some 7 miles from Dublin, called y^e Castle of Legons, belonginge unto M^r Banesly Britton, a Barkeshire man, whom wee had as a prissoner intendinge to have carried him with us to Dublin, but in y^e night he made an escape from us, and since I beleeve, he is gonn intoe open rebellion who before stode neuter. Wee had likewise y^e pilliageinge of another townn called y^e Nesse some 12 miles from Dublin, burnt some 5 to 6 other villages and Castles in y^e journey, and returned wthout any countre. . . . I have sent you a bill of exchange for £50 & will within a weeke or a fortnight send Nann a bill of £50 more into y^e Lowe Countries for y^e payement of y^e hanginges; & as fast as I can spare any you shall be sure to have it, for I am never soe well pleased as when I can send thee Tokens of my love. Your brother Tom hath written unto my Lord to have £50 of his money payde you w^{ch} I am to pay him here. . . .

“I heare nothinge as yet of y^e preacher was recommended unto me by Dr Temple, I praye make it your care to send him or some other good man to me, for here are but few good though many in number. A small supply of linnen wolde be very wellcome, as half a dozen bands, cuffes, & soe many paire of hooses, & some prittee small laces, but not prized ones; for I will spare your pursse as much as may be. I shall by y^e next lett you know of some other wants I have, y^e cheefe of w^{ch} cannott be supplied wthout your pressence w^{ch} in all my lifetime I never more desired.

“I hope y^e affaires will be shortly soe settled here y^t I may enjoye it wth content & free from those feares w^{ch} keepes most women from hence. I praye lett me by your next knowe how you have donne in y^e breedeinge case I left you: I hope soe well, as you will wth God's

blessing bringe me another lousty boye : This is somethinge a large postscript, but I shall never be weary of talkeinge to thee, it beinge y^e most pleasinge time I have.—I praye lett me heare what Vere is likely to doe in his love bussines, I feare it will not prove agreeable to his expectations, & for my own part I knowe not whether I sh^d wish it or not ; if it be for his good I praye God it may be—My deare hart, here once more farewell.”

His last letter, written a week before his death, is one of the most characteristic :—

“*Dublin, March 21.*

“MY DEARE HART,—Yours of y^e 14 of Feb. came to my hands y^e 1 of March, whereby I finde y^t my letters to thee have had slowe passage or els have miscarried, for I assure you I have not omitted any oportunity since my cominge unlesse at such times as I have binn out of towne, neither, God willinge, shall I, for I am very senscible of y^e feares & trouble thy not hearinge from me puts thee too : therefore I hope you will not harbour y^e conseaite y^t it's any willing omission, for there's nothinge in this world I aime at or study more than thy content & to be a comfort to thee, w^{ch} to y^e utmost of endeavours I shall expresse in all y^e wayes y^t is possible, or may be in y^e power of a loveinge husband, & when I have donne all thinke it farr too little in respect of what thy love to me may or doth justly claime ; and this I desire you to beeleeve is spoken from y^e hart as well as from y^e pen of thy deare husband, & now I will give you a briffe account of a peece of service w^{ch} hath binn lately acted on ye rebels.

“At a place called Killshalreenen some 8 miles distant from Dublin where they were some 1500 or 2000 stronge as any as I have yett seene in Ireland ; beeinge mooreash & boggie grounde on y^e one side, on y^e other thick woods wth hiegh quicksett hedges and deepe ditches, w^{ch} made it inaccessible ; but wee forced our way by pionners, under y^e favour of our musketteers ; in y^e middle of w^{ch} woods and dickes stode y^e castle, haveinge but one avenew unto it on y^e side wee aproched it, on w^{ch} they had caste upp a travers, or barricade w^{ch} wee beate them from ; y^t done I sent Cap Congreve wth 100 musketteers to beate them out of y^e church (intendinge myselfe to second him with 500 of my owne regiment) yeard, w^{ch} they had intrenched, and w^{ch} was alsoe favoured by y^e castle standinge oppositt to y^e gates ; but however God soe blessed him y^t he beate them from it himselfe needinge noe healpe ; after which they made noe more resistance, but fledd in great disorder & confusion unto y^e boggs where our horsse c^d not follow y^e chace farr : my Lord Burlaeyes troope I commanded to follow soe farr as they c^d, who cutt some 60 or 70 of them, and about as many more were slaine by y^e foote ; y^e Castle

was maintained against us, most of their best men haveinge taken sanctuary in it ; & wee, haveinge noe peeces of battery werre forced to leave it that time & content ourselves wth beatinge of them out of y^e woods, and y^e burninge y^e villages in y^e w^{ch} they were quartered. In this expedition was my Lord Ormond himselfe (unto whom I am very much bounde for many favours) my Lord Lambart, Sir Cha^s Cook & myselfe ; our strength was 2500 foote & 300 horsse. Wee lost in y^r service one Cap Rochford who commanded y^e forlorne hope and some 8 souldiers, y^e most of them of my regiment, and some 7 or 8 hurt ; this is all y^e newes at present heare. . . .

“Thy faithfull & affectionate husband

“S. HARCOURT.”

That Sir Simon's services in Ireland were highly appreciated by the Long Parliament appears from an ordinance of the 3rd of August, 1648, whereby, in consideration of them, the Lords and Commons, granted to his widow for her life, “the town and lands of Corballis in the county of Dublin, late in possession of Luke Nettervil, Esq. (who was in actual rebellion in Ireland, and died in the s^d rebellion), and so much of his adjacent estates as together therewith shall amount to 400*l*. English a year,” with remainder as to one moiety to her son Philip, and as to the other to her son Frederick in fee, “with a naturalization of the s^d Fred^k as if he had been born of his English parents within the realm of England.”

Frederick had been born in Holland during his father's service there. He died young, and his brother Philip sold the Dublin property in 1666 to the Duke of Ormond.

Sir Simon was buried at Dublin. His “epitaphium,” by an unknown hand, runs :

“Reader burst forth in tears, for heere doth lye
The mappe of honour & all chivalry ;
Holland first proved his valour, Scotland
stood
His trembling foe, & Ireland drank his
blood.
In feates of armes his unexampl'd name
The English cherish & the world his fame.”

THOS. HUGHES.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY AT THEBES.

THE public interest in ancient Egypt has been greatly stimulated by the famous discovery of royal mummies made at Thebes last summer. The addition to the Boolak Museum of nearly forty coffins, together with fragments of coffins and innumerable other objects, would in any case have been a remarkable event. But when it is added that not fewer than ten of these coffins contain the bodies of kings, and that among these kings are comprised some of the greatest monarchs who ever filled the throne of Pharaoh, we can understand that people who care little to thread the intricacies of Egyptian chronology may for once be excited by that curiosity which royalty always arouses—even royalty dead and buried for thirty centuries.

The building in which the finest Egyptian collection extant is housed cannot be considered worthy of its contents. Though considerably improved from what it was before Sir Rivers Wilson's tenure of office, it is still far from safe, and during the last inundation was in the utmost danger, owing to the failure of an embankment higher up the river. This danger may recur again and again, and no one who believes that the Museum must eventually be swept away can be said to take an unduly gloomy view of its position and prospects. When to this wretched little building was brought an addition fully equal to half its previous contents, it will be understood that the authorities were reduced to the verge of despair to find even storing room, and that now, before a small *annexe* has been completed, the royal mummies are crowded together in a way which makes anything like an adequate description impossible. Behind a kind of extemporised fence formed of benches and

boxes are disposed—it would be wrong to say arranged—some thirty of the principal coffins, while the old contents of the Museum, arranged with such care and discrimination by Mariette during the late years of his life, are removed and heaped up anywhere—age, and size, and character being completely ignored. Thus it ensues that to any one who visits Boolak for the first time a clear impression of its inestimable collections is impossible, but that those who are able to distinguish the new from the old are simply astonished at the amount and average quality of the recent accessions. Moreover, there is something not merely archæological in the sentiments awakened by the sight of what were once the greatest monarchs on earth lying literally in a heap where any one may come and gaze at them—something almost pathetic in the fact that the identification of the great Sesostri himself turned upon the form of a single letter of his name. The care these old kings bestowed upon what they called their “everlasting habitations” has availed only to preserve their bodies as a show for the stranger of three thousand years later. Little will the modern investigator reverence the dead. To him each coffin with its contents is merely an archæological monument, worthless except as possibly throwing light on some historical question. When all the wrappings are removed, Thothmes will be as Rameses—a brown, bituminous mummy, indistinguishable from any of the countless similar mummies abounding in European museums, or strewn with fragments the hillsides of Sak-kara. Perhaps M. Maspero and his coadjutors, or the present ruler of Egypt, may think it but due to departed greatness to make a sepulchre

where at least the corpses may be decently deposited. The great interest and importance of this discovery are, I confess, overshadowed in my mind by a feeling of regret that remains which thirty centuries and more have respected, will now be probably looked upon as rubbish, to be got rid of at the next high Nile.

To any one with a knowledge, however slight, of the history of Egypt, the mere names of the kings whose mummies have been brought into the garish light of this nineteenth century are full of associations of the highest interest. The series commences with a gigantic coffin, painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the breast. It contains the body of the patriarch of the Egyptian royalty of what Mariette distinguished as the "New Empire." Many of us remember the name of Tiaaken Raskenen, about whom such a tantalising little fragment has been published in the *Records of the Past*.¹ He preceded Aahmes, the first king of the famous eighteenth dynasty, and the fragment which is in the British Museum tells us of the beginning of his contest with a northern king, Apapi, who dwelt in the city of Haver, and is generally recognised as one of the Hyksos or Shepherds, about whom so much has been written, but about whom so little is known. Raskenen was the father, it is now all but certain, of the Queen Aah-hotep,² whose jewels were exhibited at Paris in 1868. Her husband appears to have been Kames Uaz-Khaper-Ra, a successful general, sometimes spoken of as himself, perhaps in her right, a king, and she was the mother of Aahmes, the founder, as I have said, of the eighteenth dynasty. The inscription on the coffin of Raskenen contains no historical record, except his name and a prayer to the gods of the dead on his behalf. Beside him lies his grandson Aahmes—the coffin

of whose mother, Aah-hotep, was already in the Museum;—the lid removed, and the royal mummy swathed in wreaths of what three thousand years ago were fresh lotus-flowers. They are faded and dry now, and so fragile that a touch destroys them. Next to King Aahmes is his wife in a crimson coffin, her body wrapped in grave-clothes of pink cambric, with bands of white, so fresh, so delicate in colour, that no effort of mine suffices to realise the fact that Nefer-tary must have died long before Moses was born. Close to her and her royal husband is their son Amen-hotep I., his face covered with a brilliantly painted mask, and his body, like that of his father, wreathed with flowers and leaves. On his breast his name is written with a singular variation, referring apparently to his love for his country, "Amenhotep united with Egypt." It recalls Napoleon's reference in his will to "the people whom he had loved so well," but had, we must hope, some better foundation in fact. Attracted perhaps by the flowers a wasp entered the royal coffin at the last moment before it was closed, and was found among the wreaths. By the side of the great Amenhotep rests the body of his young brother Se-Amen, and near him a coffin inscribed with the name of his sister, the princess Set-Amen, which, when it was opened, was found to contain nothing but a bundle of reeds packed so as to resemble the outline of the human form, surmounted by an infant's skull. This is not the only example of such deception among the number of the supposed mummies; but we must pass by a crowd of the less important features of this marvellous collection, and notice only the more remarkable.

A little behind the rest is an empty coffin. It bears the name of Thothmes I., but contained the body of Pe-netzen, the king in whose reign, six or seven hundred years after the extinction of the eighteenth dynasty, their remains were here collected. Nothing can

¹ Vol. viii. 1.

² *Notice des Principaux Monuments du Musée à Boulogne*, par Aug. Mariette, p. 242.

show more plainly than this appropriation the comparatively inferior position of the late king. The mummy of Thothmes II. is safe, but that of his famous sister, Hatasoo, does not appear. Another queen, who bore the same throne name, Maka-Ra, was at first mistaken for her. Thothmes III. is here, however, and, strange to say, owing to the fault of the embalmers, or to some other cause, it became necessary to unroll his mummy soon after it reached the museum, as mildew had begun to appear. No ornaments were found on the royal corpse, but it was wrapped in a shroud of cambric so fine as to compare favourably with the finest now made in Ulster. The coffin was once gorgeously painted and gilt, but most of the decorations had been hacked off by the Arabs before Herr Brugsch's entry into the royal sepulchre.

There are a few other relics of the eighteenth dynasty, but with the coffin of the great Rameses before us we cannot pause. First are some fragments bearing the name of Rameses "Ra-neb-pehti" the founder of the nineteenth dynasty, and then the coffin of his son Sety I. whose alabaster sarcophagus is now in the Soane Museum. The passages of his tomb must have been built up after the mummy was taken away to this secret sepulchre, and perhaps the hieroglyphics on the wall, destroyed by Belzoni with his palm-tree battering ram, described the cause and process of the removal. The coffin of Sety is white and plain, but crystal eyes are on the mummy face, which wears a strange look of life. The foot of the case is broken, and one of the king's toes is seen to protrude from its wrappings.

The interest of every visitor to Boolak reaches its highest point as the coffin of Rameses II. is reached. Yet here, I confess, I was disappointed. It was evident at the first glance that the outer coffin, at least, was not made at the same date with all those well known statues of the great king which abound in Egypt. The face is pro-

minent, indeed, upon the coffin. The hands are in high relief, grasping the Osirian scourge and crook; but the face is not from the studio of the artists who carved the walls of Abydos, and designed the sitting figures of Aboo-Simbel. On the breast is a legend which includes two royal cartouches or ovals, with an inscription in that hieratic or cursive hieroglyphic writing which is so difficult to read. The names in the ovals are easily read however — "Ra-messes-mer-Amen," in one; "Ra-user-Ma Setep-en-Ra" in the other; but they present, nevertheless, several features which make them more like the writing of the time of Rameses XII. than of Rameses II. The word "Ma," for instance, is represented, not by the complete sitting figure of the goddess of Truth, but by the ostrich feather, only, from her head dress. So, again, in the second oval the syllable "en," which, in the time of Rameses II. was always written with the zigzag letter from which our ordinary written "n" seems to be derived, is here represented by the crown of Lower Egypt, which approaches more nearly to the form of our capital N. It is well known that this form was late in coming into use, and consequently for a time the identification of this, the most interesting and valuable of all the mummies, was in doubt. Rameses XII., an obscure and unimportant king, one of the last degenerate descendants of the old race, was known to have imitated in his cartouches the style and titles of the greatest of his ancestors. After all, this might, it was argued, be his body; and to judge (as I have endeavoured to point out) by the form of the letters, could hardly have belonged to any earlier king. While questions like these were still unanswered the hieratic writing on the mummy's breast was being slowly deciphered, and this is what it said:— "The year xvi, the fourth month, Pirt, the seventh day was the king User Ma-Ra Setep-en-Ra, the great divinity, taken from the tomb of the

king Men-Ma-Ra Sety Meren-Ptah, and placed in this, the sepulchre of the Lady An, where already reposed (the body of) the king Amenhotep I. in peace." Similar inscriptions were found on some of the other mummies, all pointing to a period when the authorities of the day—a day long subsequent to that which had shone upon the Amenhoteps and the Rameses—gathered their bodies out of their tombs and removed them into a more secret excavation, perhaps with the idea of hallowing it, perhaps in order to enhance the sacredness of their own resting-place; but perhaps also on account of some threatening of invasion, or some impending revolution of a domestic kind.

Such a revolution did actually take place when Her-Hor, or Peh-Hor, the priest of Amen - Ra, ascended the throne, and founded the twenty-first dynasty; and we find accordingly the name of this same high priest among the names inscribed on the mummies. Nor is this all, for among the other interments in the grotto of the Lady An, almost all are those of the family of the usurper.

But we have still to account for that suspicious N on the breast of Rameses, and for the style of his coffin; and the inscriptions on the other mummies are amply sufficient for the purpose. On several are found records of periodical "restorations,"—restorations, that is, exactly in the sense of the modern architectural use of that deceptive word, and consisting, like contemporary works of the kind, in endeavours, more or less successful, according to the cleverness of the imitator, to imitate or improve upon the original. There may be, and probably is, some such record among the grave-clothes of Rameses, but his mummy has not yet been unrolled.

We now cross the room and find behind another barricade a very different class of coffins. These contain the remains of the descendants of Her-Hor, and among them those in particular of Netzem-Maut, his wife, and of Pe-

Netzem, his successor. Evidently this was the family burial-place. Here is the heathen funeral pall, embroidered with the bearings of Pe-Netzem. Here are hundreds of the little blue images which abound in every Egyptian grave. Here are great wigs of ceremony, jars for hearts, baskets of dried fruits, alabaster boxes of very precious ointment, and, in short, all the appointments of a first-class funeral as it was celebrated in the declining years of the Theban monarchy. There are a few objects, too, of a more personal and pathetic interest. The young princess, Isemkheb, at once the niece and the wife of king Ra-men-Kheper, is accompanied in the tomb by the mummy of her pet gazelle. Near her is the body of Queen Ra-ma-Ka, her mother-in-law, who died in giving birth to the princess, Maut-em-hat. A long string of titles reads like a solemn mockery on the little mummy, scarce fifteen inches long, nestling in the flower-lined coffin beside her mother. One other royal or semi-royal personage must be noticed. Zet-ptah-ef-aneh is a scion of the old family, a brother, possibly, or cousin of Queen Ra-ma-Ka, who is known to have brought a strain of the blue blood of Rameses into the veins of the priestly dynasty. The prince enjoyed, apparently, the favour of the usurpers, who put him into one of the priests' offices, and assigned him a burial-place among themselves.

So our long catalogue comes to an end, though without exhausting the objects or the names of interest which occur in this wonderful collection. M. Maspero and Herr Brugsch are about to publish a complete account of everything in French, accompanied with a series of photographs. In it will be found, among other curious notes, the height—or rather length—of every mummy. Raskenen, it seems, was among Egyptian kings like Saul in Israel. He measured six feet one inch, and very few of his descendants took after him in this particular. Aahmes, for instance, his grandson, measured

only five feet six inches, and the great Thothmes III. five feet seven inches. Thothmes II. approached the stature of his ancestor, but Sety I. was no more than five feet nine inches. It is satisfactory to learn that Rameses II. was taller than his father, and not like Thothmes III., our own William III., or a still greater warrior than either, Napoleon Bonaparte, a little man, by any means, for his mummy wants but one inch of six feet.

The historical results of this discovery are hardly equal to the archæological. We have learned much, no doubt, as to the styles of art of different periods. We have also learned something as to the hieroglyphics and the language. We are able to make a connected pedigree of the "priest-kings" who succeeded Her-Hor. But as to the revolution which placed that monarch on the throne, as to the truth or falsehood of the assertion that he came from the Delta, as to whether or not the Assyrian invasion which Dr. Brugsch places about the time of Pe-Netzem, ever occurred at all—the discovery teaches us nothing. We find some potentates mentioned as kings who have been hitherto considered as priests, princes, or ministers; and some whom we have deemed usurpers turn out to have had a hereditary right to the double crown. But mere names and titles and the domestic annals of royal families are hardly to be looked upon as history, and this discovery gives us little else. On the other hand we have, by inference, confirmation of some points of real historical importance. The greatest of these is the proof, already more than half proved by Mariette, that the eighteenth dynasty sprang directly from that of which Raskenen was the representative. It may be reckoned as the thirteenth or as the seventeenth, according to the taste and fancy of the historian; but, without doubt, we have now a tangible proof that whether the fragment re-

lating to Apapi and Raskenen be a romance or a chapter of history, such a king as Raskenen actually did exist. He or his generals drove out the foreign kings—the Hyksos, perhaps—from Lower Egypt, and made themselves masters of the whole country. The opinion of Mariette that queen Aah-hotep was the daughter of Raskenen, and carried on the succession to her descendants, the Thothmes and Amen-hoteps of the eighteenth dynasty, is strongly supported. Yet we learn nothing as to why the two immediate predecessors of Rameses II. were held to have commenced a new dynasty distinct from the eighteenth, and little fresh light is thrown on the usages or laws regulating the royal succession.

It is very clear that the usurping family of priest-kings revered and preserved the remains of their predecessors—even of kings as remote from their own time as the emperor Charlemagne is from the emperor William. There must have been an object in this. It is probable that Her-Hor and Pe-Netzem would wish to identify themselves and their families with the glories of Thothmes and Rameses; it is possible that when the usurper king married Ra-ma-Ka, a daughter of the ancient house, he felt himself entitled to claim affinity with her ancestors, and to offer filial reverence to their remains. Only the greater kings were selected for honour. Hor, Aay, Set-nacht, and the whole tribe of the later Rameses, are unnoticed. But we have evidence that even in the degenerate days of the twenty-first dynasty, with the Assyrians and the Ethiopians already hovering on the northern and southern frontiers, the Egyptians recalled the name of the king who overran Syria and Palestine as far at least as Aleppo, and preserved the memory of the conqueror who avenged the wrongs of Egypt upon Asia.

W. J. LOFTIE.

CAIRO, Dec. 21, 1881.

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE POLICE.

SOME five or six years ago, being on a visit to Paris, I went to see a friend, a French gentleman I had known for many years, who, with his wife and only daughter lived *au second* in a small house in the Faubourg St. Germain. I found the family one and all in the greatest possible excitement. During the night their domicile had been broken into, and property to the value of about 30,000 francs (1,200*l.*) consisting of plate, jewels, money, and bonds had been stolen. My friend was by no means a rich man, and the loss was to him a very serious one. The strange part of the affair was that no one seemed to have the slightest idea by whom, or how, the lost things had been taken. They were kept in a large iron-clamped chest, which was never moved out of the *salle à manger*, and which was found in its usual place next morning, but with the lock forced open. The servants of the family were only two in number, and consisted of an elderly man and his wife, who had been in the same service for more than ten years. They did not sleep on the same floor as their master and mistress; but, as is usual in Paris, occupied a room some stories higher in the *mansarde* or attic. They had a key by which to let themselves in from the back stairs to the kitchen in the morning; but at the time of the robbery neither one nor other had been in the dining-room where the chest was kept, until after my friend's daughter had found out what had happened. The lady of the family had locked the chest, it was her usual habit, before she had retired to rest the previous night. The key was found hanging on a nail at the head of her bed, its usual place. The theft must have been committed between 11 p.m., when the chest was locked, and 8 a.m. when her daughter

discovered the loss. The concierge declared that no one save those who lived in the house, had passed his lodge during those hours. The door of the apartment opening on to the main staircase was found locked, and the key on the inside. Altogether it was a most mysterious business of which no one could make anything save that the property had vanished, therefore it must have been taken by some one.

My friend resolved to go at once to the Rue de Jérusalem—the Scotland Yard of Paris—and ask the authorities to inquire into the matter. I suggested an *agent de police* or policeman from the nearest station might be called, but was told that that was not the way they did things in Paris. The policemen that keep order in the streets, and those whose business it is to discover what has become of stolen property, are two departments perfectly distinct from each other. Being anxious to see how our neighbours managed affairs of this kind, and whether they were better up to their work than our London detectives, I accompanied my friend to the *Préfecture de Police*, where he sent in his card, and we were at once ushered into the presence of a quiet-looking elderly gentleman, one of the *sous-chefs* of the department, who looked more like a bank manager, or head clerk in a large mercantile house, than a man whose occupation was to indicate where the thieves and others who were “wanted” could be laid hands on.

A Frenchman is nothing if he is not polite. The individual into whose sanctum we were shown welcomed us with a civility which nothing could exceed. He heard my friend's story from first to last, made a few notes with a pen in a kind of diary which he had on his desk, and now and then asked a question or two respect-

ing the house and apartment which had been robbed, the servants, visitors, and other matters. But he did not detain us long. The interview was over in twenty minutes. The *sous-chef* then told my friend that he would send one of his subordinates to see the chest the next day. In the meantime would my friend prepare a list, and as minute a description as possible of the property that had been stolen? As a rule Frenchmen, no matter to what rank of life they belong, have the greatest possible respect for all who are in any way connected with the police, and never dream of disputing what they say; but my friend was somewhat annoyed at what he deemed useless delay, and asked whether the police agent could not be sent at once. The *sous-chef*, however, overruled his objection, and said it was best for many reasons the agent should not go to the house till next day. "In the first place," he said, "I do not wish any one but yourselves to know that the gentleman who will call on you to-morrow is in any way connected with the police. He will send up a card, and you will be kind enough to receive him as a friend—talk to him of the robbery in the presence of your servants as you would to any casual acquaintance." He then turned to me, and said, laughingly, "We do not manage these affairs as you do in London. We don't *affiche* our police; we don't send constables (he pronounced the word "conestabel") to make a fuss and put every one on their guard; we like to do things quietly, the result is better." He then bowed us out, and we took our departure, not over assured as to what the upshot of the affair would be.

"Un monsieur qui désire vous voir," said my friend's man-servant next day, putting a card into his master's hand, just as we were finishing our mid-day meal, and a gentleman-like, middle-aged man was shown in,

He was close shaved as to the chin and upper lip, but wore small whiskers,

more like an English man of business of ten years ago than a native of *la belle France*. He was well but not fashionably dressed, and carried a small cane, with which he kept gently tapping his boot when not speaking. While the servant was in the room he confined his conversation to generalities, and gave his opinions freely on the political subjects of the day. When my friend spoke of the robbery and pointed to the chest out of which the property had been taken, he merely glanced at it, looked at the lock for a moment, and turned the conversation.

He asked Madame to call her maid and talk to her on some indifferent subject. This was done, and I watched his face during the time the woman was present; but he merely looked at her once, and continued talking to me.

The only point on which he seemed really anxious, was to obtain a fuller description of the articles lost than that he had been already furnished with.

My friend offered to give him details then and there, but he declined to wait for it, on the plea that by prolonging his visit he might arouse suspicion amongst the servants. We suggested meeting him near the Rue de Jérusalem; but he laughed at the idea, saying that if he were once seen near the police-office his occupation would be gone, as he would be no longer of any real use as an agent of the police. So an appointment was made to meet at the Café du Helder on the Boulevards, where a more detailed description of the lost property should be given to him. He then took his leave, but asked me to accompany him down stairs, so as to impress the concierge with the idea that he was an acquaintance of some standing. Before arriving at the bottom, I found my friend had managed to dirty his coat in a manner which necessitated his turning into the concierge's lodge to borrow a clothes-brush, thereby gaining an

opportunity of casting an eye round the small room and on its occupier. To me, being initiated, the object was palpable, though quite unsuspected by the individual in question. When the brushing was over we walked out together, and in the course of conversation we touched upon the way in which some persons can so disguise themselves as to hide their individuality from their most intimate friends.

I expressed myself as being doubtful whether this could be really done, provided the parties to be deceived were on the look out for such deception. My companion differed from me, and offered to disguise himself so effectually that he would, in the course of the next twenty-four hours, speak to me for at least ten minutes without arousing my suspicions. I accepted the challenge, and staked the price of a *déjeuner* at any *café* he would like to name. He agreed, and the very same day won the bet in the following manner.

Shortly after leaving the detective, I met an old friend, who asked me to dine with him at Versailles that evening. I agreed to do so, but could not leave Paris as early as my friend intended to do, and therefore told him I should go down by the 5.30 train from the Gare St. Lazare. I did so; and as I got into a first-class carriage, I remarked a short, gentlemanly-looking man, with white hair, who followed me into the same compartment. Frenchman-like, he began to talk about things in general, and we chatted, more or less, nearly all the way to Versailles. When within ten minutes or so of our destination, my new friend quietly took off his hat, pulled off a wig, got rid of a moustache, and to my utter amazement sat revealed before me as my friend the detective! How he had managed to find out that I was going to Versailles—which I had no idea of myself when I left him—or how he had so effectually concealed his appearance, that I sitting within three feet of him, had no idea he was the man I

had left some four hours previously, are problems which I cannot solve. The detective himself only laughed when I asked him how he had contrived it. He was evidently greatly flattered at the amazement I displayed; but beyond showing me with some pride his wig and moustache, he was very reticent, and would enter into no details. That he had fairly won the breakfast there could be no doubt, but he said he would rather put off the event until he could see his way as to whether or not he should be able to recover a part or the whole of the property which my friend had lost. We then parted, he taking the train back to Paris, I going on to the house where I was engaged to dine.

This was on the Thursday evening. On the Monday, about 11 A.M., the waiter of the hotel where I was staying told me that a gentleman wished to speak to me. He was shown up, and this time the detective was not disguised. He told me that for reasons which I would learn later, he thought it better to come to me than to go to my friend's house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He said he had good news; for that he believed the greater part of the stolen property had been recovered, and asked me to go to the Prefecture de Police on the following day, about 2 P.M., and to take my friend with me. We did so, and found that what the detective had told me was true. Amongst other valuables that had been stolen was a canvas bag containing between two and three hundred napoleons. These had disappeared; but the jewelry, the plate, and, what was still more surprising, the bonds, payable, as all such documents are in France, *au porteur* (to the bearer), had been found, and were ready for my friend to identify. This was easily done, but nothing was allowed to be touched for the present, as it would have to be sworn to at the trial which would shortly take place. When my friend returned home, he found that while he was at the Préfecture the concierge had been arrested

for conniving at the theft, and in the lodge were found, in a hidden cupboard, the bag containing the money. In a word, without fuss, publicity, or loss of time, the whole of the property which had been stolen a week before was in the hands of the police. In ten days more the trial was over. The concierge and two of his relations were each condemned to five years of *travaux forcés* (penal servitude), my friend got back the whole of his property, and, what to me as an Englishman seemed much more extraordinary, the total expense of the proceedings came to something like 100 francs (4*l.*). Even this payment was nearly all voluntary, for my friend insisted upon making a small present to the detective, who had done his work so well.

To give any details as to how the valuables were found, or how the robbery was traced to the concierge, is not in my power. The French police are invariably very reticent, particularly in cases like the one I have attempted to describe. They have a theory that publicity on such occasions is a very great mistake and hinders justice. I called with my friend upon the *sous-chef* to thank him for the trouble he had taken. He was a very intelligent person, and evidently a man of education. He had been in England on business connected with his office, and spoke very freely about our police, and their way of doing business. He considered that such of the force as were employed in maintaining public order as among the very best in Europe. But of our detective system he had a very low opinion. As he said very truly, no sooner is a robbery committed in England than the utmost publicity is given to the whole affair, and the thieves are as well aware of what steps are being taken to unravel the matter as the police themselves. It is true that a certain number of our police wear plain clothes instead of uniform, but it is certain that these are as well known to the criminal classes of Lon-

don as their brethren who wear blue tunics and helmets.

In Paris the detective who is engaged in tracing crime is, so to speak, hidden from public view. He rarely goes even to the Préfecture de Police, he has his order given him either by a confidential agent or by a letter written in cipher. He mixes in society and meets all sorts and conditions of men, but his occupation is known to very few persons indeed. So much is this the case that the French detectives very seldom know each other, that is to say, Monsieur A. may be very well acquainted with Monsieur B., but neither of them know that the other is employed by the police. I was told by one of the authorities in the Rue de Jérusalem that in London the undiscovered robberies are to those that are discovered in the proportion of three to one. If the French police are right in their statements the larger the robbery that takes place in Paris the greater chance there is of its being found out, whereas in London we know the exact contrary to be the case.

The contrast between the detective systems of Scotland Yard and the Rue de Jérusalem struck me very forcibly a few months after the events narrated above. I happened to be on a visit to a country house not very far from London, when the hostess and one of her guests were plundered of their respective jewel cases. The robbery took place in the afternoon when nearly every one belonging to the house was away at a fancy bazaar held in the neighbouring town. The discovery was made about 7 P.M., when the ladies went up stairs to dress for dinner. The master of the house at once telegraphed to Scotland Yard, and early next morning two detectives came down. The servants were examined one by one, and an old laundress, who had been some years in the family, and who bore an excellent character, was arrested, as she had been seen during the afternoon in one of the bedrooms that had been robbed, only, however,

to be released next morning, when it was proved that she knew nothing of the affair. Then followed a good deal of what may be called quiet bluster on the part of the police officers, but nothing seemed to come of it, and to this day the robbery has been one of those problems of rascality which seem never likely to be solved.

The French detectives have certainly not a very high opinion of their English *confrères*. They say that nothing can exceed the politeness with which they are received whenever business calls them to London; but they argue that our whole system is based on wrong principles, and that the authorities are too much occupied with attempting to find out petty offenders to be able to cope with crimes of any magnitude. The detective who was employed by my friend in Paris, related me an anecdote that caused him much amusement, but which I fear is only a picture of what often takes place in this metropolis. He said that on one occasion when he was over in London on business, on going from the Strand to Bow Street Police Office, he saw three or four men, who looked like grooms or coachmen out of livery, standing under the portico of the Lyceum Theatre, looking over, and comparing their respective notebooks. They were perfectly well-behaved and quiet, but a couple of policemen suddenly appeared and took them into custody. Much astonished, the Frenchman made up his mind that they were guilty of some political offence. He followed them to Bow Street, and there found out that they had been guilty of betting! They were taken before the sitting magistrate, and fined. One of them not being able to pay his fine was sent to prison for a month. A few hours later, the detective, being in the same locality, saw the identical policemen who had taken the men into custody, very busy keeping order amongst a great number of cabs and broughams that were waiting outside a large handsomely-built mansion, at the door

of which several well-dressed men were standing, talking very eagerly. Many of them had small books in their hands, and were making notes. Thinking that some important public meeting was taking place, the Frenchman asked one of the policemen who these persons were, and what was the building out of which so many gentlemen were coming and going. He was told that the house was the Victoria, the great betting club, and that the gentlemen were book-makers, who lived by the profession of betting. After what he had seen some hours before, this explanation astonished him not a little.

There is in fact one thing connected with the London police which Frenchmen who follow the same occupation are unable to understand; and that is the amount of diligence and care that the former work upon, what may be called the detection of certain so-called crimes, which, when all is said and done, are only breaking through conventional regulations. As my detective friend in Paris said to me, if our *employés* of Scotland Yard took half as much pains to find the outs and ins of the classes who live by thieving, as they do to convict publicans in whose houses a glass of ale has been drunk after hours, the general public of London would benefit greatly by their knowledge. But, so the officials of the Rue de Jérusalem say, as it is there is far more zeal shown to bring the keeper of a public-house before the magistrates because he may have kept his house open a few minutes after midnight, or because he sold a little gin between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. on Sunday, than there is in attempting to discover what has become of the plunder taken on a scale, and with an audacity, which amuses every one. The French detectives pride themselves upon knowing the whereabouts of all those who prey upon their fellow-men; and as a proof of this they seldom fail in putting their hand upon both the thieves and what the latter have stolen. With us a detective is

merely a policeman who has changed his blue uniform for a not very well made suit of plain clothes. The French detectives told me that they are never employed to arrest any one, and never, or as rarely as possible, appear before the criminal classes in their true character. They are merely the dogs who hunt out and point where the game is to be found; but they never handle the guns by which the birds are shot. So much so is this the case, that even when thieves or other criminals are brought up for trial, they very rarely appear as witnesses against them. They indicate where testimony to convict the offenders will be found; and there their functions cease. I was told at the Rue de Jérusalem that different detectives are employed to find out the perpetrators of different kinds of crimes. Thus one man may be a good hand at working out the why, the where, the when, and the by whom of a case of murder; but be quite out of his element in trying to detect the particulars concerning a robbery. Again, if the plunder taken consists chiefly of jewels or plate, there are detectives who are better up as to where the things have gone to, and by whom they have been taken, than others, whose *spécialité*, so to speak, lies more with deeds, bonds, or other documents of the kind. A really good detective is looked upon by his superiors as a most valuable official; and if successful with the work put into his hands, is invariably paid a very handsome salary. But if one of them gets known by the criminal classes of Paris to be what he is, his usefulness is considered to be at an end. The training of these men before they are considered as perfectly efficient, is by no means a matter of play or amusement. Some of them are—at their own request of course—sent for a short time to penal servitude, and go through a certain period

of the greatest hardship which any living being can endure, for the sole purpose of becoming well acquainted with the most rascally of the criminal classes. Others are sent to live as thieves, with thieves, in what Parisians call "*les quartiers excentriques de Paris*." Many of them speak other languages than their own, and do so with fluency; whilst of the latter not a few have picked up an excellent knowledge of English by "loafing"—under orders of course from their chiefs—for some time in the neighbourhood of Leicester and Soho squares.

As a contrast to this, I may be allowed to mention an incident regarding our own police who are employed, or who are supposed to be employed, as detectives. Not many months past I was having my shoes cleaned outside the Charing Cross Station, when I noticed two well-built, well-set-up, active-looking men standing near me. They were in plain clothes, and yet their dress was so much alike that they might almost be said to be in uniform. I remarked to a friend who was with me that they looked like soldiers of the guards in *mufti*. Upon this the youngster—a mere boy, certainly not more than twelve or thirteen years of age—who was brushing away at my feet, looked up at me, winked, and said—"No, sir, them beant soldiers; they's detectives, they is." "How do you know?" said I. "Oh, sir," was the answer, "*we* knows all them plain-clothes officers. They try to look like other folks; but it's no good. We can tell them as well as if they wore helmets and blue coats." I said nothing; but I thought, as I think, that there could be little use in a detective force of which the members were so perfectly well known to the *habitués* of the streets.

M. LAING MEASON.

AN OLD MINIATURE.

"You showed me, Rob, the other day
 A miniature so full of grace
 That it hath stol'n my heart away—
 I long again to see that face.

"Find it for me before I go.
 The eyes had caught the heav'nly hue,
 The proud lips gave you Cupid's bow,
 The brow was steadfast, strong, and true.

"A regal robe she seemed to wear,
 In newest fashion of our day;
 And on her neck, so nobly fair,
 Splendid old-fashioned laces lay."

"I'll look, my boy. Was it this one?
 (Her eye is blue as China ware);
 Or this? (Her face is like the sun).
 Stay! Here's the likeness I dare swear."

"No; none of those, Rob; none of those.
 That's Lizzie Courtenay, this is Jane;
 I know her well—and little Rose:
 Good creatures, though they're rather vain.

"'Twas none of these did steal my heart;
 For *them* I never breathed a sigh;
 Or, sleeping, wakened with a start
 From thrilling dreams that *they* were nigh.

“Oh, seek once more the portrait rare :
In yonder cabinet it lay ;
Then breathe my lady's name, and where
Her knight may follow her to-day.”

“Your fond impatience urges me
To seek the fair enchantress' face—
Yet here lies all my gallery ;
Not one is absent from its place ;

“Or only one an artist friend
Begged as a loan from me last night :
It lies apart, half packed to send—
Glance at it ere we lose the light.

“What! That is she? Oh strange weird fate!
My boy, your stricken heart lies low
Before the lovely Countess Kate,
Who died a hundred years ago!”

K. G.

“ THE STAGE AS IT IS.”

UNDER this title Mr. Irving delivered, towards the close of last year, an address to the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh. He had been invited to open the annual session of the Society—a high compliment both to the individual and his profession—and his remarks on so felicitous a subject were naturally anticipated with considerable interest, and heard, we may be sure, with no less. The circumstances of place, subject, and speaker, could not but have given an importance and piquancy to words even less animated than those in which Mr. Irving addressed an audience from whom he had already received so many and such substantial proofs of regard. It would have been hard indeed if, under such very happy and assuring conditions, Mr. Irving had not felt to their full all those stimulating influences with which a cordial and sympathetic audience can inspire even the least practised speaker. And that he did feel them is clearly shown by the freedom and fertility of his speech, its buoyancy and unreservedness, even by the little touches, here and there, of what one may be permitted without offence to call self-sufficiency, in the circumstances so very natural. But, in those same circumstances, it was also perhaps impossible that he should not sometimes forget, or seem to forget, that he was necessarily regarding a very large and important subject from one point of view only. He, an actor, was expatiating to his audience on the great worth and influence of the theatre as an elevating factor in the sum of human civilization. He held the field alone and unopposed, and he held it in very masterly style. But there is, of course, another point of view from which the subject must also be regarded, if there is to be any

seriousness, any fixed purpose in our regard—the point necessarily taken by the public, by that intelligent and impartial section of the public, without whose humanising and co-operating influence, as no one than Mr. Irving has better reason to know, the theatre can never be all that he claims for it, all that he, and others like him, are doing so much, no doubt, to make it. And it may perhaps be found neither uninteresting nor unfruitful to consider a little what proportion these two views bear to each other, wherein they differ (if any difference there may be), and how those differences may be reconciled. An actor is so often condemned to bear in silence from others unformed or intemperate criticism, that of all men he is entitled to a full and careful hearing when he comes forward in his turn to play the critic.

It had been as well, let us say at the outset, for many reasons, if Mr. Irving had not indulged in quite so copious an *apologia pro arte sua*. For, true as it may be, the assertion with which he starts—“no apology for the stage; none is needed; it has but to be named to be honoured”—cannot but seem to some minds a little discounted by the elaborate insistence with which he straightway proceeds to press this fact. And really it is all so much beside the question. No doubt the state of unrivalled happiness and splendour in which, as we are told, our actors now habitually move, is very gratifying to them; and, if it can be shown to have a salutary influence on their art, very gratifying to us, the public, who are not concerned with them, but with their art. As Mr. Irving has with admirable good sense observed, theatrical enterprise *must be carried on as a business, or it*

will fail as an art; and the essential conditions of its success as an art are, that its followers should know their business as artists. It is primarily a simple question of demand and supply. The public require, and are willing to pay liberally for good acting, or for such acting, at least, as may at the time satisfy that many-sided and somewhat curious quality known as the public taste. If our actors can supply this it is no more a public concern on whose visiting-lists their names may appear, than it is what church they may frequent, or what may be their opinion on the historical value of the books of Moses. There will always, of course, be certain foolish persons who, to gratify their own vanity, will attach themselves to the train of a popular actor, as of any other individual who may happen for his hour to take the public eye. But if the clear and serious current of interest, which has now begun to set once more towards the theatre, is to endure, it must be understood and accepted that what the theatre needs is not fine ladies and gentlemen, but good actors and actresses. Let us have them first, and let the others follow, hereafter as may be. There seems rather a disposition in certain quarters to ignore this very obvious and vital truth; and this must be our apology for inflicting on our readers so many words upon a matter in itself of so little grace, and even less worth. Welcome, to borrow Mr. Irving's words, welcome, indeed, be the return of good sense and good taste! but the return to our stage will never be quite accomplished till all such ignoble springs of triumph are closed for ever.

But let us return to the other and less personal part of Mr. Irving's address. For here it is, of course, that the real interest centres; here it is, when he leaves the individual, and turns to the stage itself—to the stage, not as a vantage-ground for private ambition or display, but as a source of intellectual and refreshing pleasure to the world—it is here that his words

are really worth considering, even when least in harmony with the judgment and experience of others.

He starts with the reasons for his choice of subject, the stage *as it is*,

"Because it is very cheap and empty honour that is paid to the drama in the abstract, and withheld from the theatre as a working institution in our midst. Fortunately there is less of this than there used to be. It arose partly from intellectual superciliousness, partly from timidity as to moral contamination. To boast of being able to appreciate Shakespeare more in reading him than in seeing him acted used to be a common method of affecting special intellectuality. I hope this delusion—a gross and pitiful one as to most of us—has almost absolutely died out. It certainly conferred a very cheap badge of superiority on those who entertained it. It seemed to each of them an inexpensive opportunity of worshipping himself on a pedestal. But what did it amount to? It was little more than a conceited and featherheaded assumption that an unprepared reader, whose mind is usually full of far other things, will see on the instant all that has been developed in hundreds of years by the members of a studious and enthusiastic profession."

This is perhaps a little too much in what our great master of literary manners has termed the *eruptive* style; but, as we have said, it is not every day the actor gets the chance of playing the critic, and, moreover, it is of course, very natural that he should be pleased to find reasons why people should come to the theatre instead of sitting at home. Let all allowances then be made; but even with all allowances, does not Mr. Irving beg his question here a little too boldly? If one could be always sure of seeing Shakespeare's plays well acted—well acted in every part and every scene; if one could always be sure of seeing them, and not other people's versions of them—that were, indeed, a different matter. But this is not so; no one can be more conscious than Mr. Irving himself that it is not so. He must know, his experience both as actor and manager must have taught him only too surely that Shakespeare's plays are not always acted very well. It can be no very gross nor pitiful delusion to think it possible sometimes to appre-

ciate Shakespeare better by reading his work as he wrote it, than by hearing it, other than as he wrote it, mouthed and mangled by a bad actor. No doubt an unprepared reader, with his mind usually full of far other things, will not see on the instant the full truth and power and delicate beauty of Shakespeare; no one, we may fairly suppose, would profess to grasp in a moment of time all that a studious and enthusiastic profession has evolved out of centuries of thought. But the reader who really loves and studies his Shakespeare in all probability has had—one is inclined to say, indeed, must have had—a certain preparation; his mind is probably to a certain extent familiar with things bearing some affinity to those of which Shakespeare treats. And so, when we are told to recognise the vast advantages which "a practised actor, impregnated, by the associations of his life and by study, with all the practical and critical skill of his profession," must necessarily have over the simple reader, we naturally ask what are those associations? we naturally wish to be assured of that critical skill, before allowing at haphazard that they must necessarily be such as to fit the actor to understand and interpret Shakespeare better than all other sorts and conditions of men. It is difficult to believe that all the associations with which an actor's mind must necessarily in these days be so largely impregnated can have the ennobling and fertilising effect that is here claimed for them. It is difficult not to imagine that his mind, if any mind, must sometimes be full of far other things than thoughts of Shakespeare. The humours of modern comedy, for example, can surely not stand as an entirely good schooling for the humours of Falstaff or Beatrice, nor modern sentiment as an entirely good schooling for the pathos of Lear or Desdemona. Again, all that the actor's study has developed in these hundreds of years—which is to say, not quite three—does not certainly commend itself to readers, studious

also according to their lights, and enthusiastic, after a different fashion. When one finds for example that these centuries of development have ordained that Othello should tear to indistinguishable tatters the incomparable speech over the body of his murdered wife; when one finds that the soft and dainty Viola should receive the token of Olivia's misplaced love with the coarse appreciation of a Tearsheet; one has but to turn to the book to see how false, how fatally false and ignoble must be the use that can breed such habits; and surely, then, the reader may be pardoned for suspecting that, in such instances at least, he can get from his own study a truer Shakespeare than any the actor who follows custom so slavishly can show him.

It is a common saying that because Shakespeare wrote for the stage, it is foolish to pretend that he *reads* better than he *acts*, to use a theatrical form of speech. That actors should have from time immemorial been strenuous supporters of this *dictum* is most natural; but others than actors have also ranged themselves on the same side. Among the most recent, if we do not mistake his meaning, is Mr. Alfred Austin, in the eloquent eulogy on the dramatic, as the highest and most comprehensive form of poetry, which he has pronounced in the preface to his tragedy of *Savonarola*. But we cannot think this is so, entirely and without any reservation.

For we should remember what that stage was for which Shakespeare wrote, and what the time. The stage of Elizabeth represented all that the circulating libraries, the magazines, the newspapers of Victoria represent. It was the *literature* of the time and the people. Yet Shakespeare, as Goethe so shrewdly said, as Lamb said—surely no unjust nor niggard critics of the theatre—was not truly a *theatre-poet*. He wrote for the theatre, because it was the quickest and the surest way of reaching comfort and independence, the quickest and the surest way of getting at the ear of

the public. But one has only to *read* his plays to see how at times the theatre passes altogether from his thoughts; the stage is too narrow, then—then, as Goethe said, the whole visible world is too narrow for his great mind. And, by applying the same test, one can no less clearly see how at other times the theatre, despite its freedom from the rules and conventionalities of to-day, did, if not exactly (as Mr. Austin says it did not) cramp his genius and curtail his fancy, certainly a little pervert and degrade both. One can hardly doubt that, had he been writing otherwise than for the stage, he would have given us rather less of that style of writing which has been justly styled *detestable, though Shakespeare had signed it a thousand times*. It can hardly be necessary to quote again the well-known lines in which he has given utterance to his own feelings on this subject.¹

Yet his plays, such as he wrote them, were acted then without let or hindrance. They cannot be so acted now. It is not the refinement of speech and manners that stands only in their way. There are so many other obstacles. There is this, for example, to borrow Mr. Irving's words, that the minds people mostly carry with them now to the theatre are so unprepared, so full of far other things; they have so much to do, so little time to do it in. The hours they can spare for the theatre are so few, and of these hours so much time is wasted in elaborate preparations of scenery, in elaborate changes of costume. Without Quin's high plume and Oldfield's petticoat, Oldfield has still less grace now, and Quin less dignity than in the days of Pope. Take, for example, the play of *Antony and Cleopatra*; there is not much that Shakespeare wrote finer than this, yet in what fashion would this play now be placed upon the stage? In one act alone the scene would have to shift from Syria to Rome, from Rome to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Athens, from Athens

back again to Rome, from Rome back again to Egypt, and so on;—what could a manager do here, governed, as of necessity he must be, by the existing passion for profusion and correctness of scenic display? Or, take again, in the same play, the inimitable scene on board Pompey's galley between the tipsy Lepidus and the mocking Antony; take the scene where the clown brings into Cleopatra the "pretty worm of Nilus;" one cannot but ask oneself what some of our actors "impregnated with the associations" of modern comedy might not make of such occasions for their humour. To act *Antony and Cleopatra*, as Shakespeare wrote it, would be impossible now; yet who that reads it ever wishes it the shorter by so much as a single word? So, in *Macbeth*, in that ghastly banqueting scene, may not the reader's imagination possibly figure a more tremendous vision, than the stage, painting with visible flesh and blood, can show him? *The Ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place*—may not these simple words call up before the eye of the mind a more vivid counterfeit of that horrible shadow, its gory locks, its soulless orbs, than the visual eye can receive from the palpable reality of the stage? What "unreal mockery" can there be in the ghost which bears "in compliment extern," all the gross and tangible properties of humanity, which must be as obvious to all the banqueters, as, unless the horror of the scene be brought to utter naught, we must understand it was but to the guilty vision of the murderer? And of the play of *Hamlet*, in which Mr. Irving has found his most popular part, if not, perhaps, quite his best. It is surely no very gross delusion to think that in the quiet of his study some reader, not unprepared nor pre-occupied, may, through Shakespeare's own words, more closely track, more clearly comprehend the shifts and currents of a mind here face to face with Nature, than by casual glimpses through the haze of the footlights, cramped and

¹ *Sonnets* cx., cxi.

vulgarised by the inevitable conditions of the theatre.

These are the very common-places of the question, inevitable to the theatre in every age and every circumstance. Let us take another point, more directly applicable to our own day. Whatever else of the actor's art may come by nature, elocution and declamation most certainly do not. They must be *taught* and *learnt*. Now it is on this place, on the lack of these indispensable arts, the very rudiments of their profession, that one lays one's finger as on the fatal defect of our modern actors, with all their many and sterling qualities. Yet without them, without the knowledge of these arts, who shall deliver the verse of Shakespeare? "Shakespeare"—and the praise, let it be remembered, is the praise of a foreigner, a Frenchman, M. Henry Cochin, so that an Englishman may quote it with no unbecoming pride, "Shakespeare is not only the king of the realm of thought, he is also the king of poetic rhythm and style. Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." Yes, indeed he has; we may read it as he wrote it all of us, the humblest individual in his study along with the most brilliant *interpreter* that ever trod the boards. But, alas, where is the actor who can catch the note of this divine music, who will fill our ears with the mingled strength, fluidity, and sweetness of what the same authority has so finely called "the majestic English iambic." the stately march of such verse as—

"In the dark backward and abysm of time,"
or—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

The pathos, strong as death and deeper than the grave, that throbs through dying Hamlet's words—

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while, &

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain,
To tell my story."

The splendid assurance of glory that rings like a trumpet through that noble prelude to the thunder of Agincourt—

"And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

The delicate loveliness and grace, the incomparable charm of that *natural magic* which is Shakespeare's divinest gift, breathing like their own violets through the melody of that matchless flower-piece—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Nay, and his prose too; for the prose of Shakespeare is in its kind as various and as perfect to its purpose; the prose of Shylock and Hamlet and Duke Vincentio and Iago; of Benedick and Rosalind and Falstaff. As matters now stand, we must indeed be pardoned for thinking that it is possible to get the real essence of such things, to savour them more finely and completely through the commonplace and colourless medium of a printed text, than in the "wild and whirling words" that pour, without form, void, from the mouth of the actor, who, whatever the sum of his natural talents may be, has never mastered the first principles of his art—has never learnt *to speak his own language*. And if indeed such knowledge cannot be taught in schools, but must come by practice and experience, in heaven's name let it come quickly, for we have waited for it long.

"Son of the world, oh, speed those years,
But, while we wait, allow our tears!"

We are not, to borrow the words of Charles Lamb, who has indeed treated this matter with such truth and thoroughness as to need no second

hand—we are not arguing that Shakespeare's plays should not be acted, but how far *they are made another thing by being acted*. It must in some degree have been so always; it must have been so even in the first youth and freshness of the new England of Elizabeth; in that simpler state of society when men were but as children with a larger variety of ideas; when they sat in their rude theatres, admiring, wondering, trembling, laughing much, but reasoning little, comparing little, applying no rule of thumb, asking not could this have been, or would not that have happened otherwise. How much more must it be so now?—now, with our minds impregnated with all the philosophy, the science, the critical training, the practical application of three centuries of ever-widening civilization! In the finest workings of the poet there must ever be a grace beyond the reach of the stage. The imagination only can follow him,

"Sailing with supreme dominion,"

far above the petty confines of that earth to which our bodies, the bodies even of the best actors, must keep. Reduced to the material compass of the theatre, the most ethereal visions, the most delicate graces of his fancy, cannot but lose something of their radiancy, cannot but acquire a certain touch of grossness, of human substance and human infirmity. Yet the creations of Shakespeare in the hands of a capable actor—an actor who can not only understand the poet, but give his understanding, as we have before said, proper voice and expression—must always, even in their theatrical form, give the highest and purest pleasure it is in the power of the stage to impart. So far all will go along with Mr. Irving, whose worthiest praise indeed it is that he has done what in him lies to bring back to us this truth after so long a period of intellectual sleep. It is only when we find him indulging in such rhapsodies as these:—"It is acting chiefly that can open to others,

with any spark of Shakespeare's mind, the means of illuminating the world. *Only the theatre can realise to us in a lifelike way what Shakespeare was to his own time. . . . Shakespeare belongs to the stage for ever, and his glories must always inalienably belong to it*"—it is then that we cannot but ask ourselves whether the speaker does not perhaps protest a little too much; that we cannot but smile to think, remembering his own feelings, what Shakespeare would himself have said to such a form of panegyric; and smiling, perhaps we murmur to ourselves the words of his own Celia—"O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!" No: let the actor have his pedestal, by all means; of all who labour for the public pleasure none deserves it more; let him take his place among the Cibbers, the Centlivres, and the Cowleys, the Sheridan Knowles, the Colmans, and the Reynolds, among the spirits who wrote with their eyes fixed ever upon him, and who, without him, have no abiding-place among us. But he must not think to stand beside Shakespeare. The glories of Shakespeare belong not to the stage, but to the world.

Still, as Mr. Irving justly observes, there is only one Shakespeare; and though there are comparatively few dramatists "sufficiently classic to be read with close attention, there is a great deal of average dramatic work excellently suited for representation." And again: "If, because Shakespeare was good reading, people were to give the cold shoulder to the theatre, the world would lose all the vast advantage that comes to it through the dramatic faculty in forms not rising to essentially literary excellence." Now, here we get into the regions of common-sense. No one, indeed, as we think, gives, or wishes to give, "the cold shoulder" to the theatre because Shakespeare "is good reading." There is, and always probably will be, a sort

of mind that regards the theatre with aversion; but this is not, we suspect, the sort that turns to Shakespeare's pages either for its instruction or refreshment. But there certainly is an abundance of work excellently fitted for dramatic representation which no one perhaps would greatly care to read—*Lewis the Eleventh*, for example, and the *Corsican Brothers*; there are two plays that Mr. Irving has himself shown us are capable of giving great pleasure in their dramatic form to very many people who would possibly be but little interested in them for their literary qualities, were they ten times greater than they are. In plays of this class, and other plays that live by reason of their dramatic, their *theatrical* faculty, the actor may justly take to himself all the credit of their success. Here he may, with perfect propriety, strive "to place the author in new lights," to give the "personage being played an individuality, partly independent of, and yet consistent with, and rendering more powerfully visible the dramatist's conception." And it is to his handling of such work, we suspect, that the French critics who first employed the phrase, which Mr. Irving, of course, defends so vigorously, of an actor's "creating a part," would prefer to confine it. The poet *creates*; the actor *conceives*. One can perfectly understand the phrase as employed on a Marguerite or a Gilberte, or even a Robert Macaire or a Ruy Blas; but we doubt whether any one endowed with that nice taste and quick perception which is supposed to be the proper heritage of the French critic would have cared to apply the phrase to a Hamlet or a Lear, a Portia or a Lady Macbeth. The actor who attempts to give to such characters an individuality of his own, to place their author in a new light, may "create a part" indeed, but it will not perhaps be quite the part that the poet has himself created.¹

¹ Mr. Matthew Arnold, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1879, "On the French Play in London," has a passage

Mr. Irving has himself drawn for us the picture of an actor:—

"To efficiency in the art of acting there should come a congregation of fine qualities. There should be considerable, though not necessarily, systematic culture. There should be delicate instincts of taste cultivated, consciously or unconsciously, to a degree of extreme and subtle nicety. There should be a power at once refined and strong, of both perceiving and expressing to others the significance of language, so that neither shades nor masses of meaning, so to speak, may be either lost or exaggerated. Above all, there should be a sincere and abounding sympathy with all that is good, and great, and inspiring. That sympathy, most certainly, must be under the control and manipulation of art, but it must be none the less real and generous, and the artist who is a mere artist will stop short of the highest moral effects of his craft."

With some slight reservations, of no great weight, this is admirably true and well-expressed. But where may we find such actors? Where are we to find them while the man who can speak so wisely at one moment is at another found indulging in such a strain as this:—

"There are some who acknowledge the value of improved *status* to themselves and their art, but who lament that there are now no schools for actors. This is a very idle lamentation. Every actor in full employment gets plenty of schooling, for the best schooling is practice, and there is no school so good as a well-conducted playhouse."

Alas! it is such talking as this, and this, which comes but a little before it, "the acting of plays has never yet even for a day been divorced from literary taste and skill," that makes the condition of our stage, with all

which very happily explains the real sense and limitation of this phrase. "Great artists like Talma and Rachel, whose power as actors was far superior to the power as poets of the dramatists whose work they were rendering, filled out with their own life and warmth the parts into which they threw themselves, gave body to what was meagre, fire to what was cold, and themselves supported the poetry of the French classic drama rather than were supported by it." And again:—"French acting is so good that there are few pieces, excepting always those of Molière, in the repertory of a company such as that which we have just seen, where the actors do not show themselves to be superior to the pieces they render, and to be worthy of better."

its prosperity, with all its activity and enterprise, seem to many minds so hopeless of improvement. If our actors are to rest in happy satisfaction on such sayings as these, what chance can they have of ever drawing near even to Mr. Irving's splendid ideal? Who can know better than he that every actor is not always in full employment? Who can know better than he that every untrained actor cannot leap at a bound into a well-conducted playhouse?¹ And who now has to pay for such schooling as Mr. Irving advocates, as too many of our young actors only get? What of us, the poor public, the *vile corpus*, on whom these painful experiments in schooling are made? It may be that the time has gone by for the establishment in England of such schools of acting as France can boast, even as the time has gone by for us to think to see in our midst such an institution as the French Academy. On this we can venture no opinion; this much only can we say, that we have no such schools, and

¹ When these words were written, the lamentable exhibition of folly and bad taste which has recently attended the appearance of an amateur on the public stage, had not taken place.

we have a piteously large proportion of ungraced and rudimentary actors. Yet something surely might be done to spare our stage the painful scenes of incapacity and self-sufficiency it is now forced so frequently to exhibit. Or, at least, if nothing can be done, it were surely better to suffer us to regret in silence, than to proclaim in triumph from the house-tops that nothing need be done, that nothing shall be.

Mr. Irving has done much, no doubt, much to gratify an intelligent taste if not yet wholly to satisfy it, much to revive and advance the worthier interests of the stage. But yet, how much remains to do! Even for him, with all his splendid successes, with all his untiring energy, with all his brilliant vogue, how much remains! Let him remember this, and to help him to remember it, let us, humble and uninspired readers as we are, offer him a line from that Shakespeare he knows so well, the depths of whose vast mind he has sounded with a thoroughness to which we can never hope to aspire—

"Security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy."

EMIGRATION FOR WOMEN.

THOUSANDS of people annually leave the shores of Great Britain, going from places where they are not doing very well to places where they have a vague hope of doing better. Too many, alas, find, as explorers have found in olden days, that nature keeps her secrets; that she is cold, grim, and stern, giving her children stones when they ask for bread, and often and often the emigrant wishes himself back on his native shore. Yet, if the Israelite who sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt became a man and ceased to be a slave through the hard discipline of desert wanderings, we are sure that the finest qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race are developed in the energetic, patient, and ultimately prosperous settler in our English colonies.

But emigration, or rather colonisation, is a science which requires much patient investigation and a careful summing up of the results of past experience. The requirements of climate, the natural resources of a country, and, above all, the fitness of the intending emigrant in physical and mental capacity for the spot which he intends to make his future home, should be carefully ascertained. Many grievous failures and disappointments have arisen in the past, simply from the fact that the wrong people were sent to the wrong places—bricklayers to the sheep-runs, and agricultural labourers to do stone-mason's work. The rapidity with which information is disseminated will do much to prevent a repetition of these mistakes; but, after all, the chief defect in the history of past emigration has been this—it has been looked at from the wrong point of view, as the last resource of the unlucky and the ne'er-do-weel, not as the legitimate outlet

for the energy and strength of our teeming multitudes. There is a sentence of Dr. Livingstone's which deserves to be sown broadcast over the land:—

“Colonisation,” says Dr. Livingstone, in his *Life and Letters*, “from a country such as ours ought to be one of hope and not of despair. It ought not to be looked upon as the last and worst shift that a family can come to, but the performance of an imperative duty to our blood, our country, our religion, and to humankind. As soon as children begin to be felt an incumbrance, parents ought to provide for removal to parts of this wide world, where every accession is an addition of strength, and every member of the household feels in his inmost heart ‘the more the merrier.’ “It is a monstrous evil that all our healthy, handy, blooming daughters of England have not a fair chance at least to become the centres of domestic affections. The state of society, which precludes so many of them from occupying the position which Englishwomen are so well calculated to adorn, gives rise to enormous evils in the opposite sex—evils and wrongs which we dare not even name, and national colonisation is almost the only remedy. Englishwomen are, in general, the most beautiful in the world, and yet our national emigration has often, by selecting the female emigrants from workhouses, sent forth the ugliest hussies in creation to be the mothers—the model mothers—of new empires. Here, as in other cases, State necessities have led to the ill-formed and ill-informed being preferred to the well-formed and well-inclined honest poor.”

These are the words of one who, though a man of singular endurance

and self-denial, yet found much positive enjoyment in the life he had chosen. He writes from the fertile lands of Central Africa, full of abundant vegetation and rich in animal life, from large tracts of country intersected by magnificent rivers, which he longed to redeem, not only from the curse of slavery which savage man inflicts on his brother, but from those feverish exhalations, from those dreary solitudes, and from that reckless waste of animal and vegetable life which are to be found wherever the hand of the husbandman has not appeared to turn them into "the garden of the Lord."

It is certainly one of the most satisfactory signs of our day that people are so ready to communicate the results of their own experience. Some writers are ready to tell us how to manage hospitals, how to take city-bound children into the country, how to educate and reform every man, woman, and child we meet. Others are fond of treating us to gratuitous groans over their own individual failures and hardships, though there is no surer way of throwing cold water on any enterprise than by generalising from particular experiences — experiences which may have been the direct result of untoward circumstances or of idiosyncracies of character. And perhaps no subject has suffered more from such statements than migration to the colonies. We welcome, therefore, every indication which shows that the subject of emigration is being carefully studied. Popular lectures are advertised, with large charts and illustrations from which working men may learn where they are wanted, and what are the requirements of colonial life. We hear continually of some scheme for family colonisation under skilful leadership to districts partially prepared. Tom Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, goes out to Tennessee and describes the small farmsteads which are rising there in the hands of "young Rugby," and

replacing the vast tracts of land tilled by slaves before the great war of liberation. In Virginia and in Iowa similar settlements are rising up, where the younger sons of our gentry go and apprentice themselves to the earlier holders of land, until they, in their turn, acquire land and become the gentlemen farmers of the future. In Canada, in New Zealand, in Queensland, in the Western States, and elsewhere, schemes are being started of organised emigration; schemes superintended by those who have a personal knowledge of the countries where population is needed.

Nor is the Church of England behindhand in the movement. It has been observed that that august body is slow to move, but that when it does move it moves with becoming dignity and efficiency; and the plan started this year by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by which the parochial organisation of the Establishment in England is to be utilised for the benefit of the emigrant, may be welcomed as a valuable accession to the cause of wise emigration. The emigrant leaves the care of his own parish clergyman with a letter of introduction to some clergyman in the colony to which he is bound, and the tie between himself, the race to which he belongs, the institutions of his country, and those sacred associations which cluster round the early home of the Englishman, has thus at least a chance of remaining unbroken.

But there is another organisation to which we wish especially to direct the attention of our readers, the "Women's Emigration Society," founded in 1880.¹ Its object is well summarised in Miss Hubbard's *Year Book of Englishwoman's Work*, for 1881: "It facilitates by giving information and granting loans for the emigration of educated women to the colonies."

Perhaps the word "educated" may

¹ Women's Emigration Society, Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave Road, London, S. W.

be a misleading one, and the word "capable" might more nearly express its purpose. For torrents of speech have been poured forth, as they will for a long time be poured forth, at the mere suggestion that "ladies" are to be sent out to those countries where *skill of hand* competes so successfully with *energy of brain*. But a radical change has passed over society in our own day; a change so great that it can perhaps only be realized by those who live in large cities. Good and virtuous Englishwomen have learnt that they must *work*, and they do their lesson bravely and heartily. They have faced the fact that in a kingdom in which there are a million more women than men, a woman, though she may be well born and well bred, and have an ancestry which dates from the Conquest, cannot hope to be supported by her male relatives. And the emergency has been good for her. Here and there the sharp lessons of self-dependence may have made the "advanced" woman err from the bright ideal the poet always entertains of her; but on the whole she has made her voice heard in this generation as it has never been heard before, claiming her due as the half of the highest creation of God. She has won for herself higher education; she has won professional training; she has qualified herself in many and various ways for "the sweetness of self-sacrifice, and the power of ministering to others."

But what are her prospects for the future? What are the openings for the energies of these brave young spirits who have become thus courageous in their self-dependence? In ten years' time will they not have to take a sterner view of the age in which they were born, and perhaps turn round and say, "Why were no efforts made in this mighty England to save her daughters from loneliness, from poverty, and from despair?" It is well to talk of telegraph-clerks and letter-sorters, of art-needlework women, and

lady nurses, and pupil-teachers and school-mistresses—but the fact stares us in the face that for every such opening there are at least fifty applicants. Mr. Fawcett, in his speech to his constituents at Hackney, November 2nd, observes, in connection with clerkships in the Post Office: "There is a strong desire among educated women to obtain this kind of employment. I may mention that a few weeks since no less than 920 candidates competed for 40 appointments."

"It makes me shudder," said a well-known artist, who was asked to take some interest in an Art-home for ladies, "to think what will be the fate of these female producers of second-rate art. In ten years they will be starving by the hundred in desolate lodgings." "Come," says another friend, "to the sale of needlework by poor ladies; numbers clamour for admission, and have to be weekly refused." "There are nine hundred thousand more women than men in Great Britain," writes Mrs. Crawshay. "I shall be glad to reply to inquiries from any one wishing to give gentlewomen a chance as upper servants." "I have lived," said a distinguished mistress of a high school, "to see hundreds of these fine creatures pass through my hands. What are they doing with their culture and their energy?"

Alas! "in this poor world below, noblest things find vilest using," the best, the purest, the most generous and unselfish are too often passed over. It is not for them that the beneficent institutions are maintained, or that the fair places of the world are reserved.

With regard to emigration to those lands of abundance and future wealth, perhaps women have been themselves to blame. "In these days," says a writer on geography,¹ "it appears to me quite a mistake and an injury to let children look on Canada, India, Australia, Zealand, and South

¹ "Geography," by an Untrained Governess; the *Monthly Packet*, June, 1881.

Africa as other than part of ourselves; the arrangement of the geography lesson may actually increase that dread of emigration which is doing such terrible mischief to Englishwomen at present."

The Women's Emigration Society purposes to conquer this difficulty. Unlike its older sister—the British Ladies' Female Emigration Society—it distinctly encourages emigration. That society confines itself to facing emigration as a fact, and endeavours to throw its sheltering arm during the long voyage round women and children by keeping a trained staff of matrons for their help and superintendence. Grateful as is the Women's Emigration Society for the friendly help of this organisation, yet its object is different. It purposes distinctly to promote emigration, not merely to accept it as a fact, the disadvantages of which are to be mitigated, but as a fact to be cheerfully recognized as a providential indication that women as well as men are to move on to "fresh fields and pastures new."

During the past year only fifty-nine women have been sent out, for the scheme needs time and much patient care for its development. Already, however, though it has only been in existence rather more than a year, branches have been established in Queensland,¹ Canada, South Africa, and Iowa, and several of the Colonial Bishops and clergy have placed themselves in direct communication with the Society at home. Co-operation has been set on foot with the Servants' Homes, and the offices of the Young Women's Christian Associations, in Canada and Queensland and elsewhere. Nor is a welcome forgotten for those for whom it is more difficult to secure suitable quarters. "I have just," writes a lady from Brisbane, "held a drawing-room meeting, at which fifteen ladies have pledged

themselves to co-operate in finding situations and providing temporary homes for any women sent out under the auspices of your Society." The Society is managed by a committee of volunteer workers, and in no way can the aims of that committee be better furthered than by the private correspondence of all who have friends settled in the colonies, or who hear of openings there. Let our readers write to their friends and tell them of the Free Registry where only those are accepted candidates whose characters and capability bear the strictest investigation. At present all who have arrived at their destination have found work—some remarkably good situations.

It is, however, almost impossible to overstate the care and caution necessary to carry out these plans, and the advantage of private introductions in preference to public advertisements. "During our stay in New Zealand," writes one of the firm supporters of this Society, "I saw much misery, often ending in degradation, amongst young women, who, having failed in finding openings at home, or wishing to live in a more genial climate, have started for the antipodes without knowing exactly what they meant to do when they got there, or where to go until they obtained work, and were unprovided with the little money necessary for their support in the interval." "Be careful," says another correspondent, long resident in Australia, "how you send young servants to Sydney; there are fewer restraints and greater temptations there than in the old country."

The work is a difficult one, requiring much care and caution; but was not Mrs. Fry's work difficult when she began to reform prisons? was not Miss Nightingale's when she reformed hospital nursing? was not Mrs. William Grey's when she raised her voice for the equal education of girls and boys? A sense that a great and good and necessary work is before us

¹ The Queensland Government offers 200 free passages a month to single women under thirty years of age.

helps to clear away cart-loads of difficulties. In the largely-attended and interesting meeting held last June at Grosvenor House, under the patronage of the Duchess of Teck, there was ample recognition of the need of such a work as that of the Women's Emigration Society, and great encouragement given to its method of working. Especially commendable is the system of loans. Security is given for their return within two years by friends in England. At present the repayments are being successfully gathered in; and it is obvious that as the emigrant either goes out with a free passage, granted by Government to all single women under thirty, or pays her own fare with the help of loans granted by this Society, the old complaint of those who sent to England for a governess or an upper servant will be taken out of their mouths—"It is of no use for us to incur the expense, they all marry within a few months." At the present moment the operations of the Society are sadly crippled, not by the lack of eligible applicants or of corresponding openings on the other side of the globe, but by the smallness of the loan fund placed at its command. When its work, however, becomes known and trusted, it is confidently hoped that funds will be placed at its command.

But the present applicants are a mere earnest of the numbers who will doubtless ere long leave their native shores. As the system develops more largely, women will learn to look upon colonial life in the same way in which their brothers do—not only as an inevitable necessity to be encountered bravely and cheerfully—but as an opening for ability and perseverance, an escape from a constant ill-rewarded struggle to the space, the plenty, the generous abundance, of a new country. They will then train themselves to emigrate wisely by uniting skill in all domestic economies with the "everything under the sun," theoretically taught in board schools

and high schools. Already a scheme has been mooted by Viscountess Strangford in her admirable speech at Grosvenor House, of a central home to which women who propose to emigrate may be invited, and in which, and from which, they may acquire those arts in which they may be deficient, such as dressmaking, cooking, and nursing.

And here we cannot but quote from the printed report of the public meeting, the words of another well-known speaker:—

"Miss Anna Swanwick considered that the Women's Emigration Society addressed itself to meeting one of the most pressing needs of our country and time—providing for some of those women who, owing to the emigration of Englishmen, were left behind without the means of making a maintenance for themselves in their native land. She considered that not only those who had to struggle for dear life, but also many who were not absolutely penniless, but who desired employment as an escape from the weariness described by Goethe's Iphigenia in the lines—

'A useless life is but an early death;
The woman's lot is eminently mine;'

might find in emigration a double blessing—sustenance for mental as well as physical powers, an added interest to life, as well as actual maintenance. The urgent need that exists in many of the colonies for woman's presence renders still more deplorable the thought of the precious lives wasted here, and Miss Swanwick pleaded eloquently with her countrywomen to prepare themselves, by the more practical forms of education, for the wider fields of activity awaiting them throughout the world. [She strengthened her argument for endeavouring to maintain a truer proportion between the sexes everywhere by comparing human society to a bird, for whose progress through the air two wings were necessary, and asked what real progress could be expected in localities where there was a great disproportion either between the number or the social and educational status of the sexes. She added that this could only be remedied in many places by the immigration of cultivated women, and trusted that those present would assist the Society, not only by large contributions to its funds, but by popularising the idea of emigration among women generally."

Among other work undertaken by this Society has been that of person-

ally investigating the accommodation provided for female passengers both on long and short voyages. This was found to vary considerably; but the inquiries and suggestions which it has ventured to make have been met in a kind and liberal spirit by the managers of the different lines of steamers.

Much remains to be done; "there is something in this world amiss," and it is a hard matter to unravel it. Much yet remains to be done to "till the earth and subdue it," but much remains to be done in a yet higher sense. A higher command has been given than the primitive one—a command to proclaim to every living man, woman, and child that they have a Father in Heaven. Is there no work for women on missionary stations? no need of their help to supplement with Christian habits and

sweet Christian culture, the sterner teachings of bishops, priests and deacons? There are the fields ready for the harvest—the women of India, the native women of Africa, the myriads of China and Japan. Let bands of Christian women go forth to teach and to train, as they only can. But whether it be to lands not yet Christianised, or to the colonies where temptations to a material view of life assail the emigrant on every side, let us send, not our incapables, but those who, though they may be struggling with difficulties at home, are yet our best, our brightest, our purest, our most highly educated—to be, wherever they may go, the true working sisters of the Church.

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NOTES ON MR. D. G. ROSSETTI'S NEW POEMS.¹

It is almost a truism to say that a poet cannot be judged quite justly by his own generation. If he is original, that is to say if he is at all a poet, he begins by startling people out of their preconceived opinions about language, feeling, modes of artistic presentation. In the next place, whether he wills it or not, he forms a school. Driven by the necessity of bearing up against irrational opposition, his disciples break into no less unreasonable enthusiasm. Factions in the little world of literature are formed, and the voice of impartial criticism can scarcely make itself heard above the din of controversy. A special difficulty is thus created for those temperate lovers of beautiful things, who open their hearts to all new influences, but who are not willing to abandon principles based upon the study of the whole current to us-wards of the world's literature. The conditions upon which the very existence of their taste depends force them "to live resolutely in the true, the beautiful, the whole." When they are invited to consider the work of a contemporary poet, they test him by standards before which the mighty of many previous generations fall into subordinate ranks. To the enthusiast the appreciation with which such students welcome a candidate for fame, will seem frigid and niggardly. To the antagonist their abstinence from pungent blame has the appearance of faint-heartedness. Moreover, every man who undertakes to speak of verse produced in his own age, cannot but feel the impossibility of standing far enough apart to judge it without bias. It follows that the best attempt to render just account of a contemporary poet must, in one way

or another, savour of personal utterance.

In speaking of Mr. Rossetti, it is especially difficult to free the mind from prejudice, whether adverse or favourable. He is well known as the leader of that artistic movement which produced our so-called pre-Raphaelite painters and such poets as Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris. The inspiration which in him and in his eminent associates was original and sincerely felt, has since been simulated at second and third hand by imitators, who have attracted the curiosity of the fashionable world, furnishing material for good-natured satire to our comic journals, and figuring in their most salient humours on the comic stage. To divest the mind of these preoccupations, and to approach the work of Mr. Rossetti in the disengaged spirit with which a critic might regard it at the distance of a century, should be the aim of a serious student. The true way of recognising this poet's claim to rank among the representative singers of our age, is to treat him, so far as this is possible, as already placed beyond the circumstances of the present moment.

Mr. Rossetti's new book of poems is entitled *Ballads and Sonnets*. With the exception of some lyrics, which do not give distinctive character to the volume, it consists of three considerable ballads and of two sets of sonnets. The method of dealing with it is thus suggested by its component parts.

Two species of poetry are included by Mr. Rossetti under the common name of Ballad. *Rose Mary*, which is the longest and most important composition in the whole collection, is not a ballad in the accepted sense of the term, but a tale in verse similar in

¹ *Ballads and Sonnets*. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London: Ellis and White, 1881.

tone and structure to Coleridge's *Christabel*. *The White Ship* and *The King's Tragedy*, on the other hand, are attempts to reproduce the style and handling of the ballad proper. The former relates the sinking of the ship which carried the son and heir of Henry I. from Normandy to England. The other tells again the tragedy of James I. of Scotland, murdered by Sir Robert Græme. Each of these histories is put into the mouth of a contemporary. Berold, the only survivor of the shipwreck, is supposed to describe the former. Catherine Douglas, —called Kate Barlass for her heroic act, when, the bars of the king's chamber having been withdrawn, she slipped her own arm through the iron rings and had it broken by the murderous band of Græme — tells the second story to a group of girls in her old age. By making an actor in each tragedy its narrator, Mr. Rossetti gains opportunities for dramatic vividness of presentation and for minute pictorial touches, of which he avails himself with remarkable power. The whole series of events is brought before us with great vigour. Yet it cannot be maintained that he has succeeded in writing a true ballad of the antique stamp. That he attempted this seems evident from his use of such ballad stanzas as the following from *The White Ship* :—

“ By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no king but God alone.*) ”

And this from *The King's Tragedy* :—

“ Ay, lassies, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.”

Judged by undoubted monuments of the antique style, by *Glasgerion* or *Clerk Saunders* or *Chevy Chase*, the ballad must be direct and straightforward; elliptical in its presentation of events; fit for recitation or singing; the language flowing, animated,

simple; highly charged with clear objective images; never reflective, never ornamental. Mr. Rossetti, in spite of his dramatic vividness, does not fulfil these conditions. Such lapses into a modern artificial manner as the following, are frequent :—

“ As white as a lily glimmered she ”
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.”
“ As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss.”
“ Years waned,—the loving and toiling years : ”
“ That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen ;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high ;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.”
“ But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain ;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath,
That never should fly again.”

These passages are beautifully written. But they show that Mr. Rossetti has not cared, or not been able to sustain the ballad style of his adoption. Set them, for comparison, side by side with passages from our elder ballads. Here is a stanza from *The Demon Lover* :—

“ ‘ O hand your tongue of weeping,’ says he,
‘ Let a’ your mourning be ;
I’ll show ye how the lilies grow
On the banks o’ Italie.”

Here is another from *Clerk Saunders* :—

“ Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi’ gillyflowers ;
I wot sweet company for to see.”

It is clear that the touch upon material and language is quite different. Though he chooses the antique form, Mr. Rossetti cannot cease to be a modern painter-poet, seeing the picture before him in its minutest details, and rendering it with a strained attention to the most emphatic mode of presentation. His ship's ghost must needs be *fair*; the sea-poppy, which a boy's hair resembles, is bred for *the surf to kiss*;

the years *wane*, and are *loving and toiling*; the evening is *clenched for a boding storm*. By the way, how unlike is that last picture of a brooding tempest to the true storm boded for Sir Patrick Spens:—

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.”

I am not asserting that the touch of the modern poet is inferior to that of the ballad-singer. I am only calling attention to the difference between them. This difference, in *The King's Tragedy* at least, would have been less apparent, had not Mr. Rossetti thought proper to cut down some stanzas of *The King's Quhair*, in order to suit his ballad metre, into lengths like these:—

“ Unworthy, but only of her grace,
Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
In guerdon of all my love's space
She took me her humble creature.”

This *crimen læsæ majestatis* might have been pardoned, if the ballad style had been maintained in tone with the beautiful old poem thus mutilated. As it is, these fragments of a genuinely antique composition make the pseudo-archaism of the ballad, as Mr. Rossetti uses it, more glaring.

It would seem that Mr. Rossetti is too self-conscious an artist, his individuality is too paramount, for him to be able to handle the ballad. The result of his attempt in *The White Ship* and *The King's Tragedy* is a painful confusion between failure to sustain the key-note, and success in a more congenial kind of work. The figure of the weird woman, gifted with second sight, as she twice forces herself with no effect on the doomed king, is exceedingly impressive. And as an instance of the poet's pictorial mastery, I should be disposed to indicate the stanzas which describe the king's chamber just after he has taken refuge in the vault below.

Already in *The White Ship* and *The King's Tragedy* we have to deal with a new species of poetry, which though

professedly modelled on the antique ballad and continually reminding us of that inimitable form, is neither in its qualities nor its shortcomings the ballad. *Rose Mary*, as I have said already, can only be compared to *Christabel*; and in this poem this new species is developed to perfection. Enough of the old ballad style, in rhythm, in elliptical presentation, in the mystic import of the motive, survives to carry the imagination of the reader far away into the poet's vision-world. But having thus conveyed him to a magic land, the poet exerts his own peculiar individuality untrammelled, and produces a work of art, which, for richness of imagery, for sweetness and suavity of melody, combined with dramatic interest, pathos, and the mystery of fable, can hardly be matched in English literature.

Rose Mary, who gives her name to the poem, is the destined wife of the Knight James of Heronhaye. He is bound on a journey which will take him through the land of foemen, the hills of Holycleugh; and Mary's mother has presentiment of perils he must run. In order to avert these, by gaining insight into the precise spot where his enemies will attack him, she makes her daughter gaze into a magic beryl-stone, where the future can be read by a pure maid. This stone had been won by the girl's father in the Holy Land; and, though its magic powers are derived from the evil one himself, the mother trusts that its original curse has been removed.

“ The lady upheld the wondrous thing:—
' Ill fare ' (she said) ' with a fiend's fairing:
But Moslem blood poured forth like wine
Can hallow Hell, 'neath the Sacred Sign;
And my lord brought this from Palestine.”

“ ‘ Spirits who fear the Blessed Rood
Drove forth the accursed multitude
That heathen worship housed herein,—
Never again such home to win,
Save only by a Christian's sin.”

“ ‘ All last night at an altar fair
I burnt strange fires and strove with prayer;
Till the flame paled to the red sunrise,
All rites I then did solemnize;
And the spell lacks nothing but your eyes.’ ”

Rose Mary, who has read the beryl-stone before in childhood, only doubts now of her power to see. She, apparently, is aware of some obstacle to the vision which her mother does not know. But after bending over it a while, its charm begins to work.

“ Even as she spoke, they two were 'ware
Of music-notes that fell through the air ;
A chiming shower of strange device,
Drop echoing drop, once twice and thrice,
As rain may fall in Paradise.”

What both mother and daughter most desire to know, is now revealed. Her knight's path lies before Rose Mary's eyes ; and as she travels it with eager gaze, she tells its details to her mother. This picture in the magic glass enables Mr. Rossetti to exert his whole descriptive power ; and our sympathy with the two women rivets attention on every incident. At last she comes to a weir bordered with willows, and in this brake couch spearmen, and a knight, whom by his armour she knows to be the Warden of Holycleugh. Here, then, is the presumed spot of peril, the ambush to be shunned. But the knight's journey does not end, until he climbs the highlands above the river, and reaches the Abbey of Holy Cross. One point in this passage puzzles Rose Mary :—

“ Where the road looks to the castle steep,
There are seven hill-clefts wide and deep :
Six mine eyes can search as they list,
But the seventh hollow is brimmed with mist ;
If aught were there, it might not be wist.”

Yet nothing in the further journey appears formidable ; and the magic gem is supposed to have rendered up its secret. The mother goes forth to warn James of Heronhaye ; Rose Mary is left half stunned by her long strain.

Thus ends the first part of the ballad. But before the second opens, the spirits of the beryl sing a lyric, in which Mr. Rossetti seems to have caught the inspiration of Goethe's spirit-songs in *Faust*. It is a circling, thrilling, woven music, in which, with phantom sweetness linked and long

drawn out, they dimly intimate the sin which made it sin to deal with them :—

“ We, whose home is the Beryl,
Fire-spirits of dread desire,
Who entered in
By a secret sin,
'Gainst whom all powers that strive with
us are sterile.”

Rose Mary, though her mother held her for pure when she interrogated the beryl sphere, was no longer a maid. James of Heronhaye had been with her alone in darkness :—

“ Whose steed did neigh,
Riderless, bridle-less,
At her gate before it was day ?”

The spirits of evil, by her sin, had entered the globe, and, being there, deceived her by the vision granted. Not at the weir, but in the mist-clad hollow of the hill, lay the real ambush ; and James of Heronhaye has been already murdered.

The second part opens with a dialogue between her mother and Rose Mary. The daughter's fault lies open. But her mother's heart is not shut against her ; and the girl expects James of Heronhaye back for his bridal. The mother, however, knows that this will never be. The evil spirits, by her daughter's sin, had gained their sway, and ruined all with lies :—

“ ‘ O child, my child, why held you apart
From my great love your hidden heart ?
Said I not that all sin must chase
From the spell's sphere the spirits of grace,
And yield their rule to the evil race ?
“ ‘ Ah ! would to God I had clearly told
How strong those powers, accurst of old :
Their heart is the ruined house of lies ;
O girl, they can seal the sinful eyes,
Or show the truth by contraries ! ’ ”

Then she tells Rose Mary that James of Heronhaye is of a certainty dead ; and when the girl falls in a deep swoon upon the ground, descends to seek the priest who is watching by the knight's corpse :

“ The fight for life found record yet
In the clenched lips and the teeth hard-set ;
The wrath from the bent brow was 'not
gone,
And stark in the eyes the hate still shone
Of that they last had looked upon.

"The blazoned coat was rent on his breast
Where the golden field was goodliest;
But the shivered sword, close-gripped, could
tell
That the blood shed round him where he
fell
Was not all his in the distant dell."

The priest leaves his vigil by the dead man, and goes in search of Rose Mary, to shrive and comfort her. Then the lady stoops and finds a packet close upon the knight's heart, glued together with his blood. She thinks it must be some love-token of her daughter's. But when she opens it, there is a tress of golden hair inside, very different from Rose Mary's dark curls, and a letter proving that James of Heronhaye was on his road to wed another woman at Holy Cross. It was the warden's sister of Holycleugh that had written it.

At the close of the second part we leave the priest and the mother both seeking Rose Mary, who has disappeared; and listen to the beryl-song again, in a changed note of triumph and condemnation, but in the same mystical whirl-rhythm. Rose Mary, meanwhile, has arisen from her swoon, and found her way by a secret staircase to a strange enchanted chapel, with a veil, a fountain, a lamp, and many weird devices. On an altar, carved like a serpent, between the wings of an unknown sculptured beast, the beryl-stone was lying. The whole description of this mysterious place is fascinating. But the existence of such a pagan shrine in the house of so good a lady as Rose Mary's mother demands explanation; and in the texture of the ballad this perhaps is the weakest point. However, it might be paralleled by passages in old romance, and the reader is too dazzled by the description to be critical. The sword and armour of Rose Mary's father, the crusader, were hung up in this chapel; and the girl now resolves to try her single might against the magic of the stone. It is a pathetic touch in the story that she knows nothing of her lover's infidelity. Her heart is full of her own sin and

folly in having interrogated the beryl to his ruin, and of rage against the lying spirits shrined therein. She seizes the sword, swings it, and brings it with a crashing blow upon the sphere. Doing this, she feels she too will perish. Yet she dares; and when the stone is cleft, the whole enchantment of the chapel falls to nothing with an awful sound, and Rose Mary is left lifeless on its floor. An angel's voice is then heard speaking. The woman's sin had chased him from the talisman, and had opened it to his foes, the evil spirits. But he now welcomes her spirit for the glory of its strength and steadfastness of love, and leads her to the planet Venus, where, as Dante hath it, the souls of lovers abide in bliss. Thus ends the third part; and the third beryl-song follows, still with its weird whirl-music, as of woven mists in air. But now it is a song of mourning and woe:—

"Woe! woe! what shelter have we,
Whose pangs begin
With God's grace to sin,
For whose spent powers the immortal hours
are sterile,
Gyre-circling spirits of fire,
We, cast forth from the Beryl?"

The sonnets published by Mr. Rossetti in this volume fall into two separate groups. The first is a reproduction of the *House of Life* enriched with forty-seven new pieces. The second is a miscellaneous collection; the majority of these sonnets being either memorial poems, or written to illustrate pictures. The *House of Life* is no more a complete and coherent whole than it was when it first appeared imperfect in 1870. Those who hoped that the accomplished "Sonnet-Sequence" would display architectural qualities of design corresponding to its title of a House, will be disappointed. It is still a series of little poems on love, loss, art, and moral themes suggested by experience. More than this ought neither to be required nor desired; for the sonnet, being essentially an occasional form of lyric,

is hardly adapted to the expression of a complicated philosophical subject. The unity of the *House of Life*,—and that unity seems to me amply sufficient—is the poet's life through several years.

Mr. Rossetti has prefixed a sonnet on the sonnet to this sequence. It is so interesting and important to know what the greatest living sonnet-writer in our language thinks about the form he handles with unrivalled mastery, that I extract it in full:—

“A Sonnet is a moment's monument—
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that
it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let
'Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
“A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul—its converse, to what Power
'tis due:—
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous
breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.”

Many of the phrases in these lines help us to understand Mr. Rossetti's intention, and supply us with a basis for our criticism of his style. *Arduous fulness*, to begin with, describes what must be apparent to all students as the distinguishing note of this poet's manner. Compression, concentrated colour, straining effort after condensation of meaning, a determination that no word shall be introduced without some defined pregnancy, some emphatic value for the presentation of an image or the enforcement of a thought; these are the ruling qualities of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets. *Arduous fulness* is both the secret of his strength and of his failure. It saves him from ever seeming feeble. But it makes him fatiguing, and renders some of his best colouring hot and heavy, some of his rarest ornamentation overloaded. We long, because of this arduous fulness, for less definition of outline, for less

emphase, for half tints, for quiet places, for something left to our own fancy. The same quality betrays him into real, if not apparent, weakness. Thus, when he opens a very fine sonnet, with these lines:—

“What smouldering senses in death's sick
delay,
Or seizure of malign vicissitude:”

the surcharged language, each word challenging interpretation and delaying intelligence, makes us imagine for a moment that something more is meant than “gradual dying or sudden accident.” The thought conveyed is not adequate to the plethoric verbiage. When we have pondered over an opening line in one of Shakspeare's sonnets:—

“The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,”
and have well weighed the meaning it embodies, we see where arduous fulness is in its right place.

Mr. Rossetti proceeds to declare that the sonnet, as he conceives it, should be carved in *ivory* or *ebony*, that its crest should be impearled, and further compares it to a *coin*. These images, drawn from artistic work in opaque substances—in ivory, ebony, pearls, and metal—are significant. There is nothing said about any transparent or fluid material, crystal or running water, for example. Much of his best work, as we perceive without these metaphors to guide us, is chryselephantine, overwrought with jewellery. Thought and feeling do not play with him like imps imprisoned in translucent gems. He works for them a gorgeous shrine of precious wood and oriental ivory, inlays it with bossy gold, and sets it round with jewels. The limpidity which distinguishes the best Italian sonnets, the fluidity of music evolved as though by some spontaneous effort, the harmony of language produced by simple sequences of fresh uncoloured words, are not his qualities, any more than is the wayward grace of the true ballad. Elaboration is everywhere apparent. Rigidity, rather than elasticity, opaque

splendour rather than translucency, determine the excellence of even his noblest achievements.

Taken in combination, the arduous fulness and the glyptic method of this poet produce at times a curious modern euphuism. He can find it in his heart to speak of noon as:—

“Last

Incarnate flower of culminating day.”

The clouds and waves are thus described:

“Like labour-laden moon-clouds faint to flee
From winds that sweep the winter-bitten
wold,—

Like multiform circumfluence manifold
Of night's flood-tide,—like terrors that
agree

Of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea,”

—until our stunned intelligence is fain to cry Hold! From such accumulated images and strident double epithets we seek relief in the sedater, simpler, and therewithal more moving, more majestic, music of some far less strenuous singer.

Yet, if the qualities which I have attempted to describe as characteristic of Mr. Rossetti, lead him occasionally to fatigue us, and snare him in the pitfall of Johnsonian pomposity, these same qualities are the sources of his strength. It is by right of them that he never turns out a sonnet which is not according to his own conception perfected, and which we may not with confidence accept as stamped with his approval. It is by right of them that each of his many sonnets, taken as a whole, is strong and conscious of its strength; that their form is invariably handled with felicity; and that they abound in quatrains, triplets, single lines of absolute perfection. It is, again, by right of them that all the images he presents, all his transcripts from nature, are firmly outlined and powerfully coloured. In dealing with his work, we soon discover that, so far as its art is concerned, we are in the realm of the *too much*, not of the *too little*. There is too much definition of form, too much laying on of colour, too much straining after effect, too

much resonance of music, too much affectation of pregnancy. Of thought and of passion, apart from fancy and artistic utterance, I do not say there is too much; for of these Mr. Rossetti hardly shows more, in his sonnets, than falls to the share of ordinary men of feeling and intelligence. But, regarded as a craftsman in words, images, and rhythmical effects, it would have been well if his genius had taken a hint from two Greek proverbs: “Nothing over much,” “The half is more than the whole.” He would then, it seems to me, have touched perfection in his own peculiar style, that style which stands for ever inimitable in *Willow-wood*, more frequently than he has done.

It is usual to call the sonnet “that most difficult form of composition.” The phrase is stereotyped, and it is true. Yet perhaps the real difficulties of the sonnet are not always understood by those who use a phrase of so indubitably sterling stamp. To find the required number of rhymes for quatrains and terzets, and to arrange them in one or other of the prescribed orders, is no difficulty for a practised versifier, who has taken measure of his task. But to animate the whole microcosm of fourteen bars with a single thought; sufficient for its hemispheres, neither too vague in meaning nor too slight in substance; and so to organize this planet that the quatrains, with the sun upon them, shall present it from one point of view; the terzets, with the moon upon them, from another; that is the real difficulty of the sonnet-writer's art. His art, it is true, has been compared to the carving of cherry-stones. But a cherry-stone is an imperfect sphere, even as the orange, to which our world has often been compared, is also an imperfect sphere. And on a cherry-stone may be carved infinities of thought and passion.

In a perfect sonnet the presentation of systole and diastole inherent in its motive must be achieved without suggestion of effort. The pauses—far

more awkward to manage, far more deeply indicative of their poet's capacity, than the rhymes—must be demonstrated, as not merely natural, but furthermore necessitated by the evolution of the motive. Penetrating into details of the craft, it can be affirmed that the master of the sonnet shows his power less in the quatrains than in the terzets. Defect of the true sense of art has induced many English poets to wind up with a couplet, whereby the ear at least is satisfied with something formally conclusive. But the true masters are sparing in their use of this epigrammatic expedient. They reserve it for occasional effects; preferring, meanwhile, to employ two or else three rhymes, freely varied according to the rhythm of their theme. In their hands this rhythmic variation of the order in the sestet rhymes becomes an instrument of power and beauty. It is a several-chorded lute on which they play. But in the hands of weaker artists, this liberty, subordinate to laws of inspiration, is only productive of debility. Mistaking its true value, they catch at the advantages for easy writing offered by the license of the rhyming structure, and employ it to economize labour, instead of to enforce by form the meaning or the passion of their subject. It would be well for neophytes to adhere to one or other of the strictest figures—to the two alternating rhymes of Petrarch, or to the three rhymes repeated in their sequence of Michelangelo.

Of Mr. Rossetti it may be said once and for all that, as he shows himself obedient to the rigid laws of the quatrains, so is he also a passed master in the art of varying his terzets. Nor does he fail to conclude his sonnets with lines, which, dispensing with the couplet's detonation, clinch and complete the long-drawn harmony of his most artful structures. Wordsworth has written noble single lines in blank verse and in sonnet. And these lines of Rossetti's are Wordsworthian in strength; and all

are placed so as to wring the echo of the sonnet's music from the most reluctant ear. I choose a few almost at random:—

- "The wind of Death's imperishable wing,"
- "Seals with thy mouth his immortality."
- "As the cloud-foaming firmamental blue
Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea."
- "Sun-coloured to the imperishable core
With sweet well-being of love and full
heart's ease."
- "And shall my sense pierce love—that last
relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity?"
- "A thicket hung with masks of mockery
And watered with the wasteful warmth of
tears."
- "O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer."
- "Ah! who shall dare to search through
what sad maze
Thenceforth their incommunicable ways
Follow the desultory feet of Death?"
- "And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?"
- "Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes."

It is enough to have indicated some of Mr. Rossetti's voluntaries on the flute-stops of the sonnet. I must leave to lovers of the poetic art to trace backward to their founts the sources of the swelling rivulets of sound which find so musical a rest upon the stanza's close.

There has never in English literature been anything resembling these sonnets. Mr. Rossetti uses our language in a new way, his own, and quite inimitable. The mastery displayed in his handling of words for calculated effects, especially in the employment of oppressive polysyllables, is unique. And yet the one thing needful to the highest poetry, is wanting here. His sonnets are unrefreshing. We rise from them without exhilaration, without that sense of liberated oxygen, which is communicated by Keats, by Wordsworth, at their best. We almost invariably miss in them the feeling of reality, the freshness of the outer air, a quick and vital correlation to

actual humanity. They are the cabinet productions of an artist's intellect engrossed in self. So pungent is the aroma, so hot the colour, so loaded the design, so marked the melodies, that we long even for the wilding charm of weaker singers. And this desire is felt most fully when, having abandoned ourselves to the perfume, the polychrome, the embossed embroideries, the penetrative music of his art, we seek the thought which underlies this rich display. Too often, that thought is found inadequate to its expression. We leave a sonnet, which attracted us by its mysterious beauty—as of a sculptured sphinx—with disappointment. What a poet would Rossetti have been, we say, if he could have felt like Drayton in “Since there's no help;” or have thought like Wordsworth in “Two voices are there.” This disproportion between the thing expressed and the mode of expressing it leaves an impression of the poet's insincerity, with which it would be unfair to credit Mr. Rossetti as a man. Having discovered that his love-sonnets convey in peculiar and emphatic form the very common passion of a young husband for his beautiful young wife, we not unnaturally, but perhaps unfairly, think ourselves defrauded. The feeling seems so simple as to have demanded simpler expression.

The fact is that Mr. Rossetti has the originality of art, the originality of literature, the originality of fancy, in far higher degree than the originality of either thought or sentiment. The man in him is less important than the artist. It is in his power of presenting pictures to the mental eye, in his command over deliberate effects of words and rhythms, that he shows himself really great. If we pass beyond, and analyse the spiritual substance of these sonnets, obeying the invitation of their highly elaborated form, we find it, with some notable exceptions, commonplace. The adored bride receives the heart's homage of her poet-husband. He spends his

leisure in contemplating her charms, in transferring them to verse and canvas, in recording the rapture of hours passed with her, the blisses of an innocent and human passion. But of her character, of herself, we learn next to nothing, except that she was sweet and womanly, and to her husband, as was fitting, passing fair. Nor do we gain any quick insight into the lover's own nature. How different the case is with Shakspeare's or with Mrs. Browning's sonnets, where the spiritual atmosphere of life and intellect and character predominates, need scarcely be said. And, what is still more singular, there is nothing in the *House of Life* corresponding to Petrarch's *Rime in Morte di Madonna Laura*, or to Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The beautiful woman presented to us in the earlier sonnets as an object of passionate love, of artistic outgoings toward the ideal, fades away together with that “fair veil of flesh” she left on earth. Of the transformation wrought in the poet's self by death's contact we hear indeed something. But of his Laura in the world beyond the grave, nothing.

It must not be concluded from these remarks that the present writer has any sympathy with that false criticism which strove to find debasing sensuality in Mr. Rossetti's sonnets. If proofs to the contrary of that perverse opinion were required, they would be furnished in abundance by such lines as the following:—

“What sweeter than these things, except
the thing
In lacking which all these would lose
their sweet:—
The confident heart's still fervour:
—*Love-Sweetness*.

or these:—

“Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.”
—*Heart's Hope*.

The sonnets, entitled *Love's Bubbles*, *Heart's Hope*, and *Love-Sweetness*, not to mention others, in which the perfect rightness of a youthful passion is

made manifest, warn false accusers off this ground of legitimate emotion. Moreover, were it needful to substantiate defence with arguments, the ethical rectitude of the sonnets entitled *Her Gifts, Equal Troth, Life-in-Love, The Choice, Vain Virtues, Lost Days, Retro Me Sathana, and A Super-scription*, might be adduced to prove the poet's altitude above motives that are in action or emotion vile. To this list a finely-written sonnet, *The Sun's Shame*, could have been added, had it not been marred by the gross fallacy of attributing to sense of shame the radiance of sunrise and sunset. It is a blot upon these sonnets, both in sentiment and in artistic language, that Mr. Rossetti should have printed:—

“Beholding these things, I behold no less
The blushing morn and blushing eve confess
The shame that loads the intolerable day.”

Those who still include Mr. Rossetti in what was called “the fleshly school,” can only do so by appealing to isolated phrases in his sonnets. In these, as it seems to me, some imperfect apprehension of the right relation of æsthetic language to very natural things, some want of taste in fine, led the poet to extend the habitual *emphasis* of his style to details which should have been slurred over. His defined incisive way of writing fixes the mind repulsively on physical images and “poems of privacy.” The effect is vulgar and ill-bred. We shrink from it as from something nasty, from a discord to which education and good manners had rendered us uncomfortably sensitive. I allude to such phrases as these:—

“Feel my kiss
Creep, as the Spring now thrills through
every spray,
Up your warm throat to your warm lips:”
—*Youth's Spring-Tribute.*

“Her mouth's called sweetness, by thy
kisses shed
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so
led
Back to her mouth, which answers there for
all.”

—*Love-Sweetness.*

“Yet still their mouths, burnt red,
Fawned on each other where they lay apart.”
—*Nuptial Sleep.*

“Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss.”
—*The Portrait.*

It should here be noted that Mr. Rossetti has wholly omitted the sonnet, *Nuptial Sleep*, from his new edition of the *House of Life*, and that he has altered two words in the lines above quoted from *The Portrait*, and has given us *enthroned* in the place of *long lithe*. It should also be observed that the allusions to the Sacrament have been removed from the sonnet which is now called *Love's Testament*, instead of *Love's Redemption*.

To have raised these questions would not have been needful but for the light they throw on some peculiarities of Mr. Rossetti's poetry—its arduous fulness, its comparative poverty of intellectual content, and its occasional want of tact. We explain these, and cognate defects in his art, by his qualities—by his eagerness to win new value for tone and rhythm in language, by his painter's habit of presenting every motive as translated into form denotable by lines and colours, and by his literary feeling for the force to be derived from calculated and sophisticated use of isolated words.

The miscellaneous sonnets, which close this volume, offer many points of interest. There are memorial poems upon Chatterton, Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, Blake, which appeal to every lover of our literature, not only by their generous admiration, but also by right of the criticism they condense in verse. Another, on the Czar Alexander II., is remarkable for its straightforward Miltonic use of the sonnet, unusual with Mr. Rossetti, no less than for its perception of the murdered autocrat's true worth. Another, called *Untimely Lost*, is touching for its tribute to the memory of a private friend, of whom the world knows little owing to his early death.

Two sonnets, for the Uffizzi *Holy Family* of Michelangelo and Botti-

celli's *Spring*, enshrine Mr. Rossetti's reading of those famous pictures, and are therefore noteworthy. Seven are written for unpublished designs, presumably by the poet's hand. Two of these, *Proserpina* and *La Bella Mano*, are peculiarly interesting, because Mr. Rossetti has given us parallel readings in Italian and English. It is clear from such lines as these in the *Proserpina*—

“Cerco e ricerco, e resto ascoltatrice :”

“Continuamente insieme sospirando :”

that he seeks in Italian to gain effects of language similar to those which he has won from English.

At the close of these notes, it remains to ask ourselves what is Mr. Rossetti's position as an English poet? In dealing with his present volume, we have had to consider qualities which are not essentially different from those of his first book (1870). Two kinds of comparatively archaistic work demand attention: the imitation of the northern ballad, and the imitation of the mediæval Italian sonnet. But upon each of these forms Mr. Rossetti has so thoroughly stamped the impress of his personality, that we are bound to regard them from a critical point of view inapplicable to his presumed models. It can fairly be maintained, as I have attempted to show, that he is no master of the antique ballad. Whether any poet of a cultivated age can write a ballad, pure and simple, admits of doubt. The secret of that form has probably been lost together with the minstrels of the people, and the people which produced it. But in the hybrid ballad, of which *Rose Mary* is an example, the case is otherwise. Here Mr. Rossetti's knowledge of mediæval things, his sympathy with mediæval faith and passion, and his artistic grasp of mediæval conditions, enable him to compose a poem of obviously reflective literature, in which dramatic and idyllic elements are blent in a rich harmony,

and which is so far removed from ordinary grooves of thought and feeling as to suggest antiquity without a competition inconvenient to the work of art produced.

With regard to his *House of Life*, it may in like manner be questioned whether fourteenth century allegories here are quite in place. Yet, in the sonnets entitled *Willow-wood*, the fusion of that mediæval mysticism with the living passion of the poet, and the adaptation of feeling and imagery alike to chosen harmonies of speech and rhythm, are so perfect that we know ourselves to be within the sphere of a completely true poetic inspiration. *Willow-wood*, and certain other sonnets of like quality in the *House of Life*, will remain in our literature solitary examples of a manner which before them was undreamed of, and which no after-comer may attempt:—

“*Rossetti* il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.”

In spite of this high eminence, Mr. Rossetti never seems to me to touch the utmost point of the poetic art—that unstrained felicity of language, rhythm, feeling, thought, combined in simple but inevitable harmony, perfect in form as rock-crystal, but flowing as a rock-born stream, elastic, not to be decomposed into its elements by critical analysis. This is a height, however, which only poets of the greatness of Catullus and of Virgil, of Sappho and occasionally Wordsworth, touch. To repine because it is not given to him to reach it, would be thankless. The artist must be judged by the adequacy of his style on its own merits, not by the merits of some different style. What Mr. Rossetti does, both in the ballad and the sonnet, is so far separate from the work of other men, so entirely his own, and in its own kind sufficient, that no true critic will complain that he gives us this, which is just this, not something else, not something possibly superior.

J. A. SYMONDS.

THE INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES IN RELATION TO THE TARIFF.

THE "fair traders" always point to the United States as the great illustration of the prosperity which is assumed to be the consequence of a protective system. That prosperity exists at the present time is unquestionable, though it is equally true that it has followed a period of heavy depression caused by the Union War and the disordered state of the currency which resulted from it. On my usual autumnal visit to the United States in September last, I gave special attention to certain manufacturing industries in relation to the high tariff, and my observations may have some interest at the present time.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the peculiar advantages enjoyed by the United States as a manufacturing nation. They have a boundless expanse of land for the production of food. In the Western regions the land may be procured at a price for the freehold less than the ordinary rent of our average farms. Even in the Eastern States, such as Massachusetts, farms, with their buildings, can be bought at 50 dollars (10*l*.) an acre, and in Vermont and New York I have seen good farms offered for 37 dollars per acre. With such prices food can be produced at a low cost, and food is the source of power and of production for all human labour.

Beyond that great advantage, the general conditions for productive industry, I would even say for productive supremacy, prevail in the United States. To cheap food is added a wonderful abundance of the raw materials of all the staple industries. Cheap land, cheap food, abundance of native material for the textile manufactures, untold wealth in iron, copper, lead, and the precious metals, measureless

seams of coal, an educated people with remarkably inventive brains and mechanical aptitude, are industrial conditions which would render our American brethren the most formidable competitors in foreign markets, were it not that they have established a system of taxation which makes it impossible for them to do much more than to supply the wants of their rapidly growing population. In years of prosperity, when purchasing power is high, and when more than half a million of emigrants go annually to their shores and add to the natural growth of the native population, manufactures thrive and there is little surplus for external markets. The United States claim political supremacy over all the American continent as against Europe, but industrial supremacy they never attain. The South and Central American republics trade much more largely with England than with the United States. When they do trade with the latter, the tariff prevents reciprocity of imports and exports, so that the balance of trade has often to be met by an export of gold. Thus the United States import coffee and other produce from Brazil, but they have to send the latter forty millions of dollars in gold to balance the transaction. In fact the whole export of manufactures from the United States is insignificant. The annual indebtedness of manufactured goods in the United States is stated to be upwards of six thousand millions of dollars; but the value of the exports is only about two hundred millions. Of the nine thousand million dollars of agricultural produce less than ten per cent is exported. It is clear therefore that the conditions of prosperity in the United States are internal and not external, and this fact must be borne in mind when we

contrast their manufacturing industries with our own.

The protective system must be undoubtedly credited with the rapid growth of certain industries. The infant industries have been nourished at the expense of the state, and, notwithstanding their rapid growth, they are still very unwilling to depend upon themselves, but claim their continuance as infants. It may be of interest to take a few of the staple industries, in their relation to production, under the high tariff which prevails.

The cotton manufactures deserve the first place, for they are growing rapidly, though scarcely more so than corresponds to the increase and wealth of the population. The United States produce nearly four-fifths of all the cotton used in the world, or 2,770,000,000 lbs. out of 3,506,000,000 lbs. supposed to be grown. Notwithstanding this enormous advantage in the possession of the raw material the United States export but little of the finished product. In 1880 there were 10,921,147 spindles in the United States, of which the products of upwards of 10,000,000 were retained for home consumption and the products of 700,000 were exported. The growth of manufactures in cotton closely corresponds to the increase of population. Mr. Atkinson states that in the United States the product of 250,000 spindles is required for each million of the people. The normal increase of population in the next three years will be $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, with an addition of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million emigrants. To supply this increase $1\frac{1}{2}$ million new spindles will be required, involving 30,000,000 of dollars as capital, and capable of working up each year 250,000 bales of cotton. The rate of increase of the factories a little exceeds this demand, leaving only a small amount for exportation in good years. In the United States labour is dear, while cotton is cheap, so the products are made coarse so as to introduce much material and little labour. For each yard of cotton

fabric the United States use on an average $\frac{1}{33}$ lb. cotton, while in Great Britain $\frac{1}{22.5}$ lb. is used. The range of products in the American looms is not large. Thus the yarn of which the excellent American sheetings are made, No. 13, weighs $\frac{3}{4}$ grain to the yard, while the yarn of summer lawn weighs $\frac{1}{4}$ grain to the yard. These practically form the limits in the United States.

Though the high tariff excludes foreign competition in low kinds of cotton, still internal competition has a constant tendency to search for cheap labour. In most of the factories which I visited, native-born Americans were little employed, while French Canadians and Irish now take their place. In one mill, spinning No. 13 yarn, I found among the workmen 68 per cent of French Canadians, 13 per cent of Irish, and 19 per cent of Americans. I could not ascertain that the wages of spinners are much, if at all, higher than our own, but certainly the foremen and higher operatives are much better paid. The goods, so far as they go, are honest and excellent. They are, however, produced at higher prices, not only on account of the cost of labour, but also from the higher price of machinery caused by the high price of iron and other commodities. Then the product is both bulky and heavy, and attempts to export it are largely defeated by the fact that protection has destroyed American shipping. If cotton goods have to be quickly sent to South America, it is actually cheaper and quicker to send them *via* Liverpool, and if they are to go to Cuba, with expedition, it is best to send them *via* Spain. The general result is, that as long as the United States pursue their present protective policy, the cotton manufacture, notwithstanding the proximity of the raw material, is little likely to meet us to any great extent in the markets of the world. Great Britain is at present much in advance of the United States in her exports to South America, Central

America, the West Indies, and even to Mexico. The United States send us 704,291 $\frac{1}{2}$ worth of cotton goods, but, in spite of the protective duties, we return 3,643,237 $\frac{1}{2}$.

I now take the woollen industries, because they form the triumph of the protectionists. Under the new tariff they have grown exceedingly. In 1864, a few years before the present tariff was established, the value of woollen manufactures was only 12,000,000 of dollars; now it is 283,000,000. At present there are about 800 mills in the Eastern, and 668 smaller mills in the Western States. The import duties on foreign wools are excessive, ranging from 41 per cent on raw wools, to 65 per cent on washed wools; while on some superior kinds they are above 100 per cent. The effect of this is largely to limit the variety of goods which can be manufactured, and to force the mills to depend upon a few kinds of home growth. Hence even the home market often becomes glutted and prices become low. At present the mills are paying well, but Mr. Wells states that, with the exception of the carpet manufactures, he doubts whether the capital invested in woollen mills has made three per cent all round. Of course the policy of protection shuts out the United States from an export trade, because the duties on raw wool prevent the free selection required to meet the varying fashions of the world. In spite of the duties, in 1880, the United States imported wools and their products to the value of 57,500,000 dollars, but exported only 288,000 dollars. A working man, buying an Ulster coat for the winter at Boston, must pay double the price that an English workman does; that is, in Boston it costs eight pounds, and in England less than four. A working man's woollen trousers in Boston cost seven shillings; a like pair in Manchester can be got for four.

The woollen duties are put on specially to protect the heavier grades of cloth worn by the mass of the

people. Before the tariff of 1861, about one-seventh of all the hats, woollen and fur, made in the United States, was exported, and nearly controlled the South American and Canadian markets. But this foreign trade has been practically destroyed by the tariff, for the English, French, and Germans, can manufacture fifty per cent cheaper. The carpet mills have been more profitable than the woollen mills, and certainly some visited by me were producing excellent products both in material and design. But the consumption is internal, for during the year 1880 the value of less than 2,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ was exported from the United States, while Great Britain exported 1,133,000 $\frac{1}{2}$. When fair traders point to our distressed woollen manufactures at home, they should bear in mind the relative importance of our internal and external trade. The United States altogether exported only 41,609 $\frac{1}{2}$ of woollen manufactures (other than carpets), while the United Kingdom exported 19,476,373 $\frac{1}{2}$. There is nothing in the experience of woollen manufactures in the United States, during the existence of the present fiscal policy, to excite our apprehensions for the future.

We may take the chief metals, iron and copper, as illustrations of the protective system. The process of smelting iron from its ore was used in the old colonial days, and everything favoured the manufacture in the United States. The ores are abundant, rich, and near the surface. In most cases coal and limestone abound in close proximity to the ore. The metal enjoys a natural protection in its weight and bulk, for competitors from England must pay freight and insurance for 3,000 miles. Though iron in the United States thus enjoys a natural protection, it has been the subject of excessive import duties. Under this protection the industry has undoubtedly developed with rapidity. The production of pig iron in 1860 was only 1,000,000 tons, but in 1880 it was 3,781,000 tons of

2,000 lbs. each, while the amount imported amounted to 2,100,000 tons. The consumption per head of the population is 255 lbs., a rate nearly the same as in Great Britain. If we add bar iron and steel the product is 7,265,000 tons. Now as coal is the chief source of power, so is iron the main material for strength, and any legislation which raises its price strikes through it at every industry. The cost of producing steel rails in the United States is probably not lower, on an average, than forty dollars per ton. The protective duty is twenty-eight dollars, and the selling price is from sixty to sixty-five dollars. But English rails, with one pound added for freight, could now be imported free of duty for thirty-nine dollars—that is, for less than the cost of production in the United States. Taking the weight of eighty tons per mile of steel rails, the tariff has the effect of putting on an increased cost of between 2,000 and 3,000 dollars per mile for every single line of rails constructed, and probably double that sum for renewals and repairs. Since 1865, about 60,000 miles of rails have been laid down, and in the year ending December 31, 1882, no less than 15,866 miles of new lines are under contract. In locomotives the high price of iron is also severely felt. All the traffic is thus loaded with additional expenditure, not only for home consumption, but also upon produce going to foreign markets. If it were not for this burden, American wheat could be delivered in England at much lower rates than now, and then the competition of the Western States with English agricultural produce would be still more severe. Still it must be borne in mind that the great development of railways cheapens food to the people to an extent that is scarcely credible. One day's wages of a working man in Massachusetts will pay for moving his year's supply of corn and meat a thousand miles, from Chicago to Boston.

This tax on iron acts in an-

other way, for it has been the main cause of the destruction of American shipping. "Go to the ocean," thundered Webster in 1814, and his countrymen followed his advice with wooden ships of excellent construction and great speed. But when ships had to be built of iron, rendered costly by a high tariff, American navigation dwindled rapidly. There are nearly 600 steamships passing between America and Europe, of which about eighty per cent carry the British flag; while I doubt whether half-a-dozen carry the Stars and Stripes. Even sailing ships, though requiring less iron in their construction, cannot be built with economy, for we see that the little kingdom of Sweden has twenty-two per cent of such ships, while the great nation of the United States, with an area as large as Europe, has only nineteen per cent. The port of New York is crowded with Italian, Swedish and Norwegian ships, yet Italy is only credited with two per cent of the American commerce, and the Scandinavian States with only about a quarter of one per cent. The same evils, though in a less degree, follow costly iron into the inner regions of every manufacturing industry. The farmer when he sends grain to Europe has to pay two freights, a freight for the corn sent, and very often an empty freight back in ballast, for the tariff prevents a sufficiency of backward freights. The capital invested in manufactures is practically the machines and tools used in it, and every one of these, for every industry, is largely raised in price by the tax upon iron. The carpenter's hammer, the nail he drives with it, the chisel, the gimlet, the axe, the spade, the plough, all cost about half more than they need cost.

Copper is also a metal of general use. It is used in manufactures and in domestic economy very largely, both pure and as the alloy brass. Like iron it is necessary in ship-building. Before the heavy duties,

copper ores were largely imported into the United States as an article of interchange in trade. Formerly a brisk trade was carried on with Chili, which sent Chilian copper ore in exchange for commodities. The tariff excludes that ore, and it now comes to England, and is paid for by British manufactures, while the United States have lost their export trade. The duty on manufactures of copper is about fifty-four per cent, and this high duty has been placed upon it to protect the mines of Lake Superior. More than 50,000,000 lbs. come from the few mines in that region, the chief being the Calumet and Hecla. The Western States produce about 6,000,000 lbs.

There is in one of these western mines a curious instance of the interchanges of trade. The ore of a copper mine in Arizona is smelted with British coke, and the metal is carried away by a railway worked with Australian coal, brought in ships to San Francisco. I heard of a curious instance of the action of the duty on shipping in Boston. A Dutch ship, on a long voyage, came to that port and wished to strip off her copper sheathing and put on one of yellow metal which she had in the hold. The Customs put in a claim for duty on both, so the ship had to sail to Halifax to make her repairs, and come back to Boston for cargo. Notwithstanding the surpassing richness and extent of the Lake Superior mines, the United States get little benefit of this mineral wealth. The price of copper is regulated by the duty, and the enhanced price adds to the cost of production of an infinite number of industries.

I restrict myself to these illustrations, although the temptation is great to extend them. It must not, however, be supposed that all industries in the United States are protected by high tariffs; the majority of them are not. The boot and shoe trade, for instance, is one which has not sought for protection in the lobbies of Congress, and yet the shoe factories of Massachusetts employ more workmen and at higher wages than the cotton

factories themselves. The trade has grown in a natural and healthy way, and in that State is represented by an annual value of 146,000,000 dollars. There is a revenue duty on leather and its manufactures of about 29 per cent. Stimulated by competition, this industry more than any other has shown a wonderful inventiveness in adopting machinery to save hand labour. Yet the high price of that labour, produced by the enhanced cost of the ordinary necessities of life, handicaps this comparatively free trade, and its exports do not increase.

If we try to divide the population into working men who are supposed to benefit directly by protection, and those who have no direct interest in it (and who, free-traders would contend, must suffer by it from paying enhanced prices on all commodities), Mr. Wells states that the proportion working in protected industries is only one to twenty in unprotected industries.

This leads me to consider the general question of the position of the working man in the manufacturing States. The true American mechanic, by descent, education, and training, is excellently adapted to his work. His chief centre is in New England, though he is generally spreading everywhere. The original settlers in New England were men of strong will, and above the average of the old country in education and enterprise. Their early love for education is shown in the fact that soon after their settlement, they established Harvard College. These men landed on a rough inhospitable coast, covered with woods, and they had few tools to conquer nature. They were obliged to be men of many resources. In possession perhaps of a single tool, they turned it to many purposes; and if it did not suit they altered it. Thus reliance, inventiveness, and industrial application developed together. The soil of the New England States is the poorest for agricultural production, while the climate is not sufficiently changeable for a large variety of crops. This is true of the climate of most of

the States, for they possess all climate and no weather; while Great Britain has all weather and no climate. The rocky and poor soil upon which the early settlers landed forced the increasing population into manufactures and commerce, so that they acquired habits of industry and thrift. As they gradually extended westwards and southwards, better climate, land, and raw material opened up new sources of wealth, and the qualities acquired by the first colonists enabled their descendants to take advantage of improved conditions. The New Englanders never forgot that their superior education had been of powerful assistance to them as early settlers, and they kept up knowledge among their descendants. It is a rule among Americans that the school-house must precede the factory, and that capital applied to industry without knowledge is worthless. Even the Puritan sense of religion has had great effect on manufactures. A breach of one of the Ten Commandments was a State sin, and is so to the present day. In Massachusetts even now people are committed to the State prison for a breach of the Seventh Commandment.¹ The commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is, in its spirit, carried out in manufactures. When cotton goods are sold, the material is wholly cotton, and is not weighted with China clay or sulphate of barytes. The 600,000 muskets sent to Turkey during the war were made to shoot, and not to sell. American goods are dear, but they are true and good. The example of New England spread over the Union, and has produced an honest and efficient workman everywhere. The high price of labour gave a great stimulus to the invention of labour-saving machinery, while the patent laws wisely encouraged inventions. Thus the true American mechanic is generally superior to, though dearer than, the mechanics who enter by emigration. As I have

¹ In the last twenty years of State crime in Massachusetts, out of a total of 578,000 cases, 332,000 were crimes against chastity.

already stated, he is too dear for inferior work, and that is done at lower prices by Germans, Scandinavians, Irish, and French Canadians. But, even in the case of imported labour, American industry has a great advantage over other countries. The emigrant arrives in the full power of production, while the country which sent him forth had to pay for his childhood during the years in which he possessed no productive value.

The competition produced by the free trade which exists between all the States of the Union, and the desire to supply fifty millions of people, necessarily compel manufacturers to obtain lower priced labour than is to be had from the native American. The high price of labour in the United States, as compared with England, is more nominal than real, because the commodities are dearer. When protection not only raises the price of staple manufactures, but also every pound of salt and sugar, both for domestic and curing purposes, wages have a diminished purchasing power. Thus in England, where sugar is untaxed, the annual consumption of sugar per head of the population is sixty-three pounds. In the United States, where sugar is taxed 60 per cent to protect the cane-growers of Louisiana, the consumption is less than thirty pounds. In the consumption of meat, the men of Great Britain are almost on a par with those of the United States, the latter eating 120 pounds and the former 119 pounds. But in vegetable food the American workman is better supplied, both in quality, quantity, and price. There is unquestionably a very widespread fallacy among American workmen, that protection produces higher wages, and he rarely compares the purchasing power with that of other nations. He does not yet see that the enormous supply of labour by emigration, and the increase of the population by ordinary causes must, when the products of that labour are confined to domestic markets, reduce wages and limit employment.

I have stated that cheap food gives

one great advantage to the American workman. But even that he does not obtain so cheaply as he might. The system of agriculture in large parts of the United States is utterly wasteful of the resources of the land. In England land is dear and labour is cheap, so we do everything we can to preserve the land in permanent fertility. But in America land is cheap and labour is dear, so the farmer is reckless with the land, and puts the minimum of labour upon it. He may begin with a virgin soil, producing thirty to forty bushels of wheat without manure, but he soon works it out till it grows only twelve or eight bushels. As it is estimated that only one-seventh of the available land in the Union is yet under the plough, there is a great temptation to abandon old land and go further west for new land. This exhaustion of the soil resembles that diminution of our national resources which follows our exportation of coal. The same waste of natural wealth attends the exportation of cattle. Indian corn, in a condensed form, is represented by the pigs and pork exported, and often by the cattle. As is said in the west, it is cheaper to "incarnate" Indian corn than to send that bulky grain by railways. We receive the amazing quantity of nearly three million tons of food-products from the United States. Of that quantity more than six hundred thousand tons consist of incarnated maize in the form of pigs and products made from them, and upwards of four hundred thousand tons of cattle. In a volume called *Recess Studies* I have shown that for the purpose of building up the main tissues of the body three pigs of 168 pounds each will feed a man for the year, and two bullocks of 630 pounds each will feed three men. This being the case it is obvious that America furnishes to us in animal food as well as in cereals, a large amount of human power for our working population. But the land which supplies this food is impoverished, because the substantial weights of the cattle and the enforced shortness of their generations

take much out of the soil to which nothing is restored. In the older States better agriculture prevails, and for them manures and fertilizers are now being manufactured on a large scale, but more for cotton and tobacco than for ordinary farming produce. The old exhausted soils lost their productiveness chiefly by the withdrawal of potash, but this is now found in the minerals carnallit and kainit, in such inexhaustible quantity, on the borders of Prussia and Anhalt, that their fertility may be restored. The system of Ensilage, or of preserving Indian corn and other fodder in a green state for winter feeding, is rapidly spreading, and is likely to restore to the Eastern States the industry of producing cattle for the markets of Europe. Our English farmers should awaken to the benefits of the system. When we recollect that in last year the United States exported about 185 million bushels of wheat, and ninety-one million bushels of Indian corn, the drain of fertility from the soil, when unmanured, is a very sensible factor in regard to the future prosperity of the country. The relation of this loss to the tariff may not be at once apparent, but it is very real. When the Western farmer has to pay 150 dollars instead of 100 for the ordinary comforts of life, when costly rails raise his freight, and foreign ships transport his corn, he prefers to work out his land rather than to put upon it the labour rendered costly by the diminished purchasing power of wages.

If such foes to the industries of a country force themselves on the understanding of a friendly English observer, how is it that the intelligent and acute American is blind to them? But is he blind? The men of reflection, who have no direct interest in manufactures, see the evils as clearly as we do. I know only a single eminent professor of political economy in the numerous universities of the States who teaches protection: all the other professors teach free trade to the students; and thus young men of the upper classes

are being steadily trained to distrust protection. Professor Perry, of Williams College, makes the remarkable statement that, since 1861, the population of the United States has paid twelve thousand million dollars in the extra price of home products, no cent of which has gone into the public treasury. One is startled to think that this is more than twice the cost of the war for the Union. But whatever the philosophers think I clearly see that, politically, free traders are a small body, and that protection is apparently as strong as ever in its hold upon our brethren across the sea. Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that changes of opinion come very rapidly in the United States. I recollect the time when to be an abolitionist was to be an outcast from all respectable society; but slavery has ceased to exist. I recognise also an uneasiness among the protectionists. At the end of November they appointed 800 delegates to a convention in New York, but only about 300 came, and they did not distinguish themselves. At Chicago a like congress was somewhat more successful. There is also an appearance of an ugly, though logical, alliance between the ultra-protectionists and the greenbackers. The greenbackers advocate an internal, inconvertible, non-exportable currency. The ultra-protectionists advocate an internal, non-exportable production of commodities. The alliance is logical, but it is a sign of doubt and weakness. They are also much alarmed by the surplus of revenue and by the rapidity with which the public debt is being repaid. A surplus of twenty-five millions of pounds makes the taxpayer wonder why so much money should be taken out of his pocket. All admit that the tariff is full of crudities and ought to be revised. But the protectionists are afraid to touch a single brick in the edifice lest the whole should fall. Mr. Atkinson and the more moderate men argue for what they call a "horizontal" reduction of

ten per cent all round. But this would certainly increase, instead of diminishing the revenue, so the taxpayer might still grumble. Nevertheless, to that amount it would relieve industry. In all probability the first relief will come in the alteration of the navigation laws. Foreign ships are not allowed in the coasting trade. But American steamers are too costly at the present price of iron, and sailing ships are too slow, on an extended line of coast, to meet the modern demand for despatch in the carriage of commodities. Two courses are open: either to open the coasting trade to foreign ships, or to allow Americans to buy steamers abroad and then hoist the national flag. The first course is not consistent with the strong desire of Americans to re-establish their mercantile navy, so the second course may soon be adopted. I exclude another alternative of building steamers under a system of bounty, for only an ultra-protectionist would advocate such a foolish proceeding. No one expects a speedy recognition of the advantages of free trade, nor is it to be desired. When a man has been walking for twenty years on crutches they must not suddenly be pulled away from him. England perhaps does not suffer so much from the protective policy of the United States as she believes. The protective duties of America remove from us the most formidable competitor in the markets of the world by raising its prices of production. They protect England in all neutral markets, and enable us to send even into the United States 25,000,000% of manufactured goods, while they return to us less than three millions. It is impossible not to foresee that the United States will, in the end, be the great manufacturing country of the world; but they cannot assume this position under their present fiscal policy, and the final consummation will in any case be immensely retarded by the endless evils which spread like weeds over a country where a protective policy has long prevailed.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1882.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

OCTOBER 25TH, 1854.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!—
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he call'd "Left wheel into line!" and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bad his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
"Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!—
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left, and a wing to the right—
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
And he wheel'd his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
And the three that were nearest him follow'd with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, muttering, all dismay'd,
Lost are the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

IV.

But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes;
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russian surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

NOTE.—The 'three hundred' of the 'Heavy Brigade' who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2nd squadron of Inniskillings; the remainder of the 'Heavy Brigade' subsequently dashing up to their support.

The 'three' were Elliot, Scarlett's aide-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.

FORTUNE'S FOOL

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE OF THE BEST HOUSES IN LONDON;
AND OF A CONSULTATION THAT TOOK
PLACE THERE BETWEEN TWO AUNTS,
A MAJOR, AND A SOLICITOR.

BETWEEN Oxford Street and Piccadilly, and a little to the west of New Bond Street, in London, there is a large square, where dull brick houses look forth upon an oblong inclosure of dingy greenery. The trunks and branches of the trees are black, and their leaves, when they wear them, look as if they needed washing; but they never are washed, to the day of their death. The inclosure is surrounded by a tall iron railing; within are straight paths and mathematical grass-plots; and in the grass-plots are flower beds, chiefly inhabited by plants of a bushy nature—laurels and the like. The place is kept in rigid order; and on fine days a nurse or two may be seen promenading there with children. The latter are the offspring of the families who live in the square, and who thereby become entitled to the key of the iron gate by which access is obtained to this delectable rural retreat.

This square, forty years ago, was one of the centres of fashionable London society. It was not ordinarily a lively place, lying, as it did, aside from the main thoroughfares, and the passage of commercial traffic being tacitly discouraged. The breadth of its sidewalks was, in fact, inversely proportional to the number of the persons who walked upon them. Peace was preserved by an extremely vertical policeman, who spent his official existence in throwing out his chest, straightening his knees, and observing that nobody did nothing improper.

In the mornings, tradesmens' waggons rattled up to the various doors, their drivers precipitated themselves upon the area bells, bearing in their baskets the fuel of the aristocratic residents' dignified existence. About ten o'clock or even earlier, during the season, horses, saddled and bridled, are brought to some of the doors, and ladies and gentlemen in riding costume issue forth and mount them, and ride away to the Row. In the hours devoted to making calls, numbers of fine carriages, with thick wheels, lustrous horses, and powdered drivers and footmen, trundle up and empty their fashionable contents into the august portals. This is the bustling period of the day. In the evening other carriages appear, generally drawn by somewhat less immaculate steeds, and carry the people off to dinners, theatres, or evening receptions: or bring others to entertainments given in the square. In the latter case, the doorway of the entertaining mansion wears a deep hood of striped canvas, and a strip of carpeting is rolled down the steps and across the sidewalk, to receive the well-shod foot-prints of the upper ten thousand. Finally, at midnight, the rumble of returning vehicles begins to be heard, and lusty shouts of "Lady Mayfair's carriage stops the way!"

This, at all events, is the way it used to be forty years ago. Of late, the best people have taken up their march westward, in obedience to that mysterious impulse which appears to animate fashionable persons almost all over the world. This tendency, by the way, has never been satisfactorily explained. Can it be owing to the fact that the earth turns over towards the east, and that the higher ranks of

society, in order to remain at the top, keep climbing up in the opposite direction? Be that as it may, the square in question is hardly so exclusive now as it used to be; and here and there, perhaps, a well-scoured brass plate displays itself on a broad front door.

One afternoon, in the early part of September of the year of which I am writing, a hackney carriage drove up to the door of one of the largest of the square mansions, and a gentleman in black frock coat, and grey trousers strapped down under his boots, got out of it. "You can wait," he said to the driver. Then he ascended the steps and boldly pulled the bell-handle marked "Visitors." While waiting for the summons to be answered, he glanced gravely down at his respectable person, stamped his right boot slightly, pulled up his stock, and finally took a glance at his watch, which marked just one minute past three. He was a medium-sized, full-bodied man of some fifty years of age, with a keen, plump, smooth-shaven face, and a trick of suddenly thrusting out his under lip, and scratching underneath it with his forefinger; wrinkling his forehead at the same time in a sceptical manner. His smile was ready, and well under his control; and he wore a single eye glass which was of less use to him from an optical point of view, than as a weapon of offence and defence in his profession—which was that of a solicitor.

Presently the door swung open, and a footman in mourning livery showed himself.

"Is the Honourable Miss Vivian within?" inquired the solicitor, with a distinct and well poised utterance.

The footman made way for him to enter. "Kindly inform her," the latter added, "that Mr. Caliper has called, according to her appointment."

"They're ready waitin' in the back drawing-room, Mr. Caliper," said the footman. "If you'll come this way, sir, I'll show you."

And they went up stairs.

The back drawing-room was a large and lofty room with two windows (it was a corner house), one at the side, looking on the street, the other at the end, looking on the backs of some other houses—only that a small conservatory had been built out from it, so there were flowers to look at instead of bricks. This was before the day of artistic furnishing, and there was little to be found here in the way of decoration that would have been gratifying to a modern æsthetic taste. The walls were panelled and hard finished; the floor was carpeted to the foot-board; the ceiling was ornamented with heavy mouldings of whitewashed plaster; the chandelier was an elaborate engine of gilt, bronze, and glass. The furniture was of solid mahogany, the chairs and sofas having curved and arabesqued backs, legs, and arms. There were two or three large family portraits, of some value as regarded their authorship, but not otherwise attractive. In short, it was a room depressing to describe and to live in, which could have been endurable only to the hardy nerves of a generation less highly organised than our own. And yet Lord Castlemere had been accounted a man of exceptional refinement and taste.

The room, when Mr. Caliper was ushered into it, already had in it three personages—two ladies and a gentleman. The latter was standing with his hands behind his back, gazing into the conservatory window; he turned round when the lawyer was announced. He was a high-featured, fine-looking man, with white hair, moustache, and side-whiskers, dark grey eyebrows, and a very red complexion. His bearing was erect and brisk, and the cut of his well-fitting garments helped to indicate his profession; he was Major Clanroy, of the Guards. His wife, a stout, smiling, elderly lady, was seated with some work in her hands at one side of a table, on the other side of which sat an older lady, of leaner and more solemn constitution, with a

small King Charles spaniel in her lap. These were the late Lord Castlemere's two sisters.

The solicitor bowed low; the major acknowledged the salute by a nod, and took up his position before the fireplace; Mrs. Clanroy inclined the upper part of her stout person a little, and smiled; while the maiden lady removed the spectacles which she wore, screwed her eyes together, and said—

"How d'ye do, Mr. Caliper?"

"I trust I have not kept any one waiting?" said Mr. Caliper pleasantly.

"Not at all, if I may speak for myself," the major replied from the hearthrug. "I believe you know, Caliper, what we wanted to see you about?"

"I had the advantage of a letter of instructions from Miss Vivian," answered the solicitor, bending towards the lady with the spaniel. "I gather that there is some ambiguity as to the position of Miss Madeleine Vivian—her title to inherit——"

"It's all ambiguity from beginning to end, as far as I can see," the major interrupted. "The long and short of it is, Castlemere is asserted to have made two wills."

"So strange of poor dear Castlemere," observed Mrs. Clanroy, in a small cheerful voice. "I'm sure I can't understand——"

"Well, it isn't expected of you, Gertrude," said the major, drily. "One of these wills," he went on to Caliper, "was in favour of Madeleine—we know about that; but then, here's this other affair is said to have been in favour of—er—of some child of his in America, that nobody ever heard anything about."

"You will never persuade me," observed Miss Vivian, with an accent of settled conviction, "that Castlemere was capable of doing anything of the kind."

"Well, as to that, Maria, I take it most young fellows of under thirty (as Castlemere would have been then), are—er—capable of having a son," said the major, with a consciousness

of humour. The solicitor looked up at the cornice and stroked his chin.

"What I mean is," returned Maria, who was not humorous, "Castlemere would not have ventured to marry Lady Castlemere, if this had occurred, without letting her and me know about it. I knew Castlemere pretty well, I should hope, and you will never persuade me that he would keep a secret like that from me all his life."

"With regard to this alleged issue," said Mr. Caliper, in a strictly neutral tone, "do I understand that it would be the fruit of—ahem—a morganatic——"

Mrs. Clanroy sighed, as much as to say that the strangeness of poor dear Castlemere was such as to transcend statement. Miss Vivian said "Pish!" and stroked her spaniel irritably. The major replied—

"No, that's the point. The assertion is that he married the girl—what's her name? Annette—something French."

"Malgrè," supplemented Mrs. Clanroy, softly.

"Annette Malgrè," said the major, with the air of having just remembered it for himself. "Married her, you know, and took her to America, and then left her there. And then the girl died while he was over here, so he never went back; that's the long and short of it."

Mr. Caliper appeared to meditate.

"Is Lord Castlemere known to have been in America at the time this alleged occurrence is maintained to have taken place?"

"I believe he was," the major admitted, doubtfully.

"I recollect the letter telling him of the late baron's death was sent to America," observed Mrs. Clanroy, gently.

"Any one would think you wanted to prove him guilty, Gertrude!" exclaimed her unmarried sister, indignantly.

"Oh, guilt be hanged!" said the major; "this is a more serious

matter. He was there—that's the long and short of it; and we've got here a copy of their marriage certificate, and of the boy's birth." He pointed to some papers on the table.

"From whom were these obtained?" inquired the solicitor, after he had taken up the papers and examined them.

"Some old fellow who said he was the girl's father. He said he had seen the certificate of the birth made out himself, the other was handed to him by Castlemere himself, at their interview last June, along with the two wills. The dates seem to correspond well enough."

"Why don't you say that the originals of his certificates were not forthcoming? He pretended they were stolen on the same night Castlemere died—a likely story! And the will in the boy's favour stolen too—most opportunely! I tell you we have nothing but his word for the whole thing. I have the worst suspicions of his motives; and you shall never persuade me——"

"Wait a moment, Maria—let's have fair play all round," said the major. "What we're concerned about is the honour of the family, I take it; and we shall no more secure that by suppressing the story if it's true, than by believing it if it isn't. Now, what we do know is this: Castlemere was in Paris at the time he's said to have met this girl there; he was at Havre about the time he's said to have married her there; well, then he's in America—in this backwoods town, whatever it is——"

"Suncook was the name, I think," came from Mrs. Clanroy.

"Suncook, you know," went on the major, turning himself away from his wife and towards the solicitor; "he was there at the time he was said to have been living there with her. And then there's the most curious thing of all—that he should go back there, you know, after more than a dozen years, and fall in with this old French fellow. What? What should he do that for?"

"He was not, I presume, able definitely to recognise the boy as his son? I think I understood that the child was alleged to have been born during his absence?" said Mr. Caliper.

"He never saw him at all!" exclaimed Miss Vivian, emphasising her statement by shaking her spectacles at the solicitor. "No boy was to be found, I tell you; of course he was all of a piece with the certificates and the will. I am surprised that you, Mr. Caliper, as a man accustomed to deal with evidence, should countenance this story for one moment."

"The best method of disproving objectionable statements is to become acquainted with the grounds upon which they are advanced," replied the solicitor, with a happy mingling of deference and firmness. "The question that now suggests itself is, whether any of the inhabitants of this town—Suncook—were able to substantiate Monsieur Malgrè's assertions? Was there any knowledge betrayed, on the part of any disinterested party, of a gentleman, answering to Lord Castlemere's description, having visited Suncook at the time named, in company with a lady? And was there, subsequently, any knowledge of a child having been born? I trust I shall be pardoned if I express myself unguardedly; but I understand I was consulted for the purpose of sifting—er——"

"Quite right, Caliper—no need to apologise," the major declared. "As to that, Brookes says he spoke with two or three people who seemed to have some recollections on the subject. There was an old woman who owned the house they boarded at; and some other people——"

"And I think, major, Brookes said the old lady told him she had even been present at the time the child was born," Mrs. Clanroy interposed, smiling amiably upon her sister as she said it.

The latter lady sat erect in her chair and glared.

"I believe, Gertrude, you would think anything," she said. "I presume an old woman in an American backwoods town might be paid to say whatever one wanted. And not only that, Mr. Caliper, but this very old woman of theirs did not pretend to know who those boarders of hers really were. A 'Mr. Floyd' she talked about! It is really quite too barefaced a conspiracy. My brother never kept anything from me in his life, least of all a thing of that kind!"

"Most natural of him, I am sure," said the solicitor, meaning to be polite; but at that the great lady took a look at him, and chuckled in such a disconcerting way, that poor Mr. Caliper felt his face grow hot, and, for the first time during the colloquy, he ceased to be entirely impartial towards the matter under discussion. But he was not the man to allow that to appear.

"Brookes was, I apprehend, a person in whom his lordship reposed a good deal of confidence?" he said, recovering himself and addressing the major.

"Oh, Castlemere thought everything of Brookes," was the gallant gentleman's reply. "Brookes has been in the family for over twenty years. Castlemere would never have got over to America if he hadn't had Brookes and his wife to go with him. I'm only surprised that Brookes doesn't know more about this affair than he appears to do."

"Ah! I was thinking of that—whether anything could have transpired between them relative to Lord Castlemere's object in undertaking the journey."

"Nothing definite, so far as I am aware," the major said.

"Perhaps if Mr. Caliper were to put a few questions to Brookes—?" Mrs. Clanroy suggested, in her musical tones.

"Of course; I was about to propose that," said her husband, who, to do him justice, would have done so had the idea occurred to him in time. "We'll have him up at once," and he

rang the bell. "Tell Brookes to look in for a few moments," he said to the servant.

"I must say, Arthur," observed Miss Vivian, in the moderate tone which she seldom used except when she was really angry, "that it is scarcely considerate in you to ask an old and respectable servant of my brother's family to give evidence likely to damage his master's memory. If I thought there were any chance of such evidence being forthcoming I should protest very decidedly. Mr. Caliper, of course, only acts according to his instructions; and I am not so much surprised that Gertrude should forget what was becoming; but your position, as Lord Castlemere's chief executor, is so responsible and delicate——"

"Hang it, Maria, isn't that the very reason why I'm doing it!" cried the major, passing his hand across his brow and drawing his eyebrows together, so that he looked much more terrible than he really was. "I don't know what you're up to, unless you're angry because Castlemere may have done something he didn't tell you about." Here Maria secretly bit her lip, for her brother-in-law had blundered pretty near the truth. The major continued: "You can't suppose I want to see a raw boor from an uncivilised country come over here and take possession, can you? Of the two, I'd rather it should go to Madeleine—though I've got my opinion about that too! But what I want, and what I mean to do, is to get at the bottom of this story, so far as it's possible. We don't want any mysteries hanging over us, I take it."

"I'm sure I think Maria's irritation most excusable, my dear," said the ever genial and benevolent Gertrude. "Her position here is so difficult, you know—so anomalous! I'm sure I wish poor dear Castlemere could have arranged to let her have some considerable share—it would have been so much more comfortable and agreeable for all parties."

"Thank you, Gertrude," said Maria, grimly laconic.

The two ladies often had sparring matches of this kind, and Gertrude generally got the better of her saturnine and positive sister—at all events for the moment. But Maria never forgot, and was sometimes able to revenge herself long afterwards. Gertrude, however, enjoyed one telling advantage over Maria—she knew Maria's great pitiable secret. This secret was, that Maria, in her romantic days, and before she knew how ugly she was, had loved the major, then Lieutenant Clanroy. And Clanroy might have married her, only that Gertrude stepped in and carried him away without giving him time for reflection. Maria bled in silence; she would never have said a word about the matter to any human being; but Gertrude had as good as known it from the beginning, and one day, in the course of a particularly violent quarrel, she taunted her with it. A terrible scene followed; but ever afterwards, along with her hatred, a crippling dread weighed upon Maria lest Gertrude should betray her to the gentleman most concerned. Rather than that should happen Maria would die on the spot. Gertrude, on the other hand, knew her power, and by merely hinting at her possession of it could make her stronger and abler sister tremble and turn faint. Though her love for Arthur Clanroy had many years since become a withered and lifeless thing, never to be resuscitated, yet her fear of exposure and shame was, if anything, more keen than ever. It was an untoward affair, however you looked at it; for Gertrude's marriage had been anything but a domestic success; she and her husband cared for each other no more than do a couple of portraits hanging side by side on a wall; not only that, but the major was intolerably bored by his wife, and she, with the small acuteness that belonged to her, knew where his harassable points were and how to irritate them. After all, Maria would have suited him

better, for she had brains and character, and might have made, if she had had the chance, a tender and excellent wife. But enough of these things, which belong to the irrevocable past.

Meanwhile Mr. Caliper looked on, with a cynical smile inside him. He knew perfectly well that these great people would not have wrangled thus before him, had he been their social equal. No; he was no more to them than a chair or a table: what he thought or heard made no difference to anybody. Not one of them had even thought of asking the family solicitor to sit down!

CHAPTER XV.

SHOWING THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING AT THE EXACT TRUTH IN MATTERS WHICH ARE NOT REALLY COMPLICATED TO THOSE WHO ARE IN A POSITION THOROUGHLY TO UNDERSTAND THEM.

BROOKES came in, a composed, broad-faced, straightforward old man, with an admirable instinct of fine behaviour, such as may still occasionally be observed in the best class of English servants. His presence helped Mr. Caliper to feel more at ease than he had as yet been able to do; for there could be no doubt that Brookes ranked below him in the social scale. But then Brookes knew it, and did not allow it to trouble him, which slightly diminished Mr. Caliper's advantage.

In response to the lawyer's interrogatories, Brookes told his tale. He had accompanied his master and Madeleine to America; they took Jane, his wife, with them, to look after the young lady. Lord Castlemere had not told him why he wished to go to America, though he had seemed to have some anxiety or preoccupation weighing on his mind; and once he had said to Brookes, "I shall sleep sounder when this is over, Brookes, whichever way it turns out;" and again, he had more than once said to Madeleine, "You will always love

Uncle Floyd, won't you, no matter what he is forced to do?" Brookes had not understood these utterances, or attached any significance to them, until afterwards. They landed at Boston, and his lordship had gone at once to a certain hotel, and had asked for a certain room, and when told that it was at the moment occupied, he had seemed greatly put out, though the room that was provided him was a much better one. At Boston they hired a carriage and horses, and drove along a road near the sea to Salem, where they spent the night at an inn of which Lord Castlemere seemed to know the name, and in the parlour of which Brookes had seen his lordship standing at the window and tracing with his finger a name which had been written on the pane with a diamond; but what the name was Brookes had not observed. The next day they drove to Newburyport, and the day after that they arrived at Suncook, having started early, at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Lord Castlemere had gone out to walk with Madeleine, and she had afterwards mentioned their having been to a cemetery, and seeing a gravestone there with the name "Annette" upon it; and this Brookes had himself seen later on. His lordship and Madeleine dined at the hotel, and towards evening they went to an old farmhouse that stood near the sea-shore, and which was inhabited by an old gentleman whom the landlord of the hotel called Mossy Jakes. What occurred in that place Brookes could not tell of his own knowledge, since he had never seen his lordship alive again. He had waited up for him the greater part of the night, but had not gone after him, because his lordship had given special orders that he was on no account to be disturbed. The next morning very early, however, he had gone down the lane towards the farmhouse, carrying some things for Madeleine, which Jane had thought the child would need. About half way he came to a little rising ground, and there,

seated on a stone with his face towards the rising sun, he was astonished to behold the figure of Lord Castlemere. He spoke to his lordship, but received no answer; then he looked in his face and touched him, and knew that he was dead. He must have been dead several hours. The medical gentleman who was summoned from Boston said that death ensued from fatty degeneration of the heart. But Brookes did not stop to ask about that then.

"At once I thought of Miss Madeleine," Brookes said, continuing his story, "and on I went to the farmhouse, as quick as I could put one foot afore another; and the body I left meantime where it was. When I got there, I knocked at the door, without getting an answer; so, the door being off the latch, I made so bold as to go in. I found a room with a man in it, and at first I thought he was dead too; for down he was kneeling in front of a chair, that had some old worm-eaten clothes on it, and a portrait of a very nice-looking young lady resting against the back of the chair. The old man, he knelt there with his face down on the clothes; and I hardly liked to use my voice to him, for surely, thought I, he is dead too. But the next minute he opened his eyes and stared at me, and I said, 'Where is my young lady, sir?' But it was a long while before I could get him to take what I was saying; he was half-dazed, and his legs they were cramped in a manner to prevent his getting up till I helped him; and add to that, his knowledge of English was very faulty. However, at last he understood me; and said he, 'She went away with Floyd Vivian the past evening.' When I heard that I was in a tremble; for thinks I, 'She's strayed into the sea and got drowned, or she's lost in the woods.' So I began to tell him that Lord Castlemere was dead; but all the time he wasn't hearing me, so busy he was hunting over the table and among the books and papers for something, I couldn't tell what, only he seemed terrible anxious

to find it. Then all of a sudden he called out loud, as if he'd been hurt, and caught hold of me, and said that I had robbed him. So it turned out that he had lost some papers which had been left on the table the night before. But I had no time to hear about that then; it was my business to find Miss Madeleine. So back I ran to the village, and set them to ringing the bells and firing the gun, and squads of them set out, some one way and some another, to search. It happened I went towards the south, and Jane, she was with me. And we hadn't made over a quarter of a mile, shouting out every now and again, so that the child might know of us, if she were in hearing, when who should we see coming to meet us, quite quietly, but Miss Madeleine herself. We were very glad, indeed, as you may think. You could see by her face that she had been crying; but it wasn't from fear of being lost and not seeing us again, for she behaved quite cold and indifferent to us; 'twas something else, but what she wouldn't say."

"What account did Miss Madeleine give of herself?" the solicitor inquired at this point.

"None whatever, sir, not that I know of, from that day to this."

Mr. Caliper stuck out his under lip and rubbed his chin. "Well, proceed with your statement," he said at length. "What transpired in the matter of those papers which the Frenchmen accused you of stealing?"

"He didn't stay by that notion long, sir. At first he was quite bewildered, and, as it were, foolish; but in a while his thoughts and memory came back to him; but the story he told was a right strange one, take it how you would."

"Indeed, Brookes, I fully agree with you," remarked Miss Vivian, who, of course, had listened to all this before, and come to her own conclusions upon it.

"Now, Maria, no influencing the witness, you know!" said the major pleasantly.

The amount of it was," continued Brookes, "that Lord Castlemere had called on him that afternoon, and told him that this French girl that was buried in the cemetery had been his wife; and upon that the Frenchman had told him that he was her father—a thing which surprised everybody, for it seemed no one in the village had suspected as much before. Then his lordship had asked him whether there was a child living; and when he heard there was, he had shown two wills, one made in case there should be such a child, you see, and the other the one for Miss Madeleine. Then they arranged to meet the next morning, and have the boy there, to identify him and the like, and make him the heir, and tear up the will for Miss Madeleine. But that could never be, because of his lordship's dying as he did on the way home; and the boy, he was gone too; but whether dead or alive nobody could tell."

"Was there any collateral evidence of this boy's existence?"

"Oh, everybody in the village knew of him, sir; and few there were had a good word to say of him. They said he was a wild reckless lad, and would never go to school or church; and for some years past he had lived in a cave in the woods that had a bad name, and saw none but Indians and wild beasts; only once in a while he would come to the Frenchman's farmhouse, for he and the Frenchman were always on terms, more or less."

"Was anything known of the circumstances of the boy's birth?"

"There were some who said they remembered it, sir; but none of them had recognised Lord Castlemere. The gentleman who had been with the young French lady had given the name of Floyd."

"Now, about the disappearance of those papers?" said Mr. Caliper, sticking his eyeglass into his eye, and speaking sharply. "How did he account for that, eh?"

"I wasn't able clearly to understand much about it, sir," Brooks replied

steadily. "He spoke something of a stranger who had come to his house the same day as Lord Castlemere arrived; he had called himself a clergyman of the Church of England, and was in the midst of telling him something about Lord Castlemere, when my lord himself came in sight down the lane, with Miss Madeleine. Upon that the clergyman dodged into the house and shut himself into a room, and Mr. Mossy Jakes forgot all about him until the next day; and then, when he went to look for him, he was gone. So putting what they had talked about together, with the papers being gone, Mr. Jakes was all for believing the clergyman was the man who took them, he himself being at the time in a kind of dream or a vision, and not distinguishing rightly what was what."

"What was this clergyman's name?"

"He couldn't quite remember, sir; it was Purdy, or Maddox, or something between them he thought; but he'd not paid attention so as to be certain."

"Something between Purdy and Maddox!" repeated the solicitor, expelling his eyeglass from its position with a snap. "But could no one else in the village come nearer to it?"

"No one else in the village had seen the man at all, sir."

This answer surprised Mr. Caliper, who seemed to be getting farther and farther from the light with every new question he put. It really looked as if there were a conspiracy on foot to bewilder the seeker after truth. The worst of it was, that nothing appeared to happen according to any conceivably consistent theory of motive, one circumstance contradicted another. "Was any systematic search instituted to discover the boy; or was any explanation brought forward of his disappearance?" Mr. Caliper finally asked.

"We looked for him in the cave he used to live in," Brookes answered, "but he was gone out of it; and the big loggan-stone that had stood in

front of it was upset, and fallen into the gully. The boy might be anywhere in the woods, but there was a thousand miles of them, be it more or less; and we might have searched from this to ten years, and been no nearer to him."

"Well, Mr. Brookes, I have no further inquiries to make of you at present," Caliper said; and as the old servant withdrew, he turned to the major and added, "The case is certainly a curious one, but there seems to be as much of it one way as another, and it ought to give you no sort of uneasiness. I should undoubtedly agree with Miss Vivian in pronouncing it a conspiracy, but for the singular fact that the conspiring parties would seem to have given away their only chances of success. Had the missing will and the certificates of birth and marriage been preserved, the question would have resolved itself into simply proving the genuineness of those documents. M. Malgrè, in making his application on his grandson's behalf, would only have needed to put in his evidence, produce the claimant, and await the results, which could not have failed to be in his favour, had the claim turned out to be genuine. This would have been his course supposing him to have been a true man; and he alleges that he was prevented from taking it by the unexplained disappearance of the evidence on which he relied. No doubt such an excuse would usually be taken as an indication of imposture, but in this instance there was every reason why an impostor should not have made excuses. Lord Castlemere's death came most opportunely for his plans, if they included forgery and personation. In short, there seems to be an obscurity—a link wanting. Had I been acting in the claimant's interest, I should have examined more particularly——"

Here the flow of Mr. Caliper's eloquence, which was beginning to acquire something of the swing and resonance of a solicitor who had in

him the making of a barrister, was interrupted by the entrance of no less a person than Miss Madeleine Vivian. She had been out for a walk, and still wore her little hat and feather, her jacket trimmed with crape, and her short black petticoat. Her long black hair, hanging down on both sides of her cheeks, made the monotony of her costume more apparent. A mourning garb was not suited to her. She acknowledged the presence of the female element in the room only by a sweeping glance, such as a sovereign might bestow upon her waiting-women; she nodded her head at Major Clanroy, but she went up to the solicitor and said—

“What are you here for, Mr. Caliper?”

Mr. Caliper was a bachelor, and did not know how to deal with children. He made a semi-jocose bow, and said, “Your obedient servant, Miss Madeleine!”

“Come, Madey, you must run away now; we are talking business,” observed the major.

“I shall not run away, or walk away either. I might tell all you to go away, if it were not for politeness. I am the heiress of Castlemere. You are nothing but my dead uncle’s executor. If there’s any business, I must hear it,” said this young lady, majestically.

“Perhaps Madey can tell us something about the mysterious clergyman,” suggested Mrs. Clanroy.

“Such ideas ought not to be put into the child’s head,” said Miss Vivian. “How could she tell us anything about a clergyman who never existed?”

“Oh, I know what you are talking about,” said Madeleine, tossing back her hair. “It is about what happened in the American village.”

“And did you see or hear anything of a clergyman calling himself some name like Purdy or Maddox?” her married aunt persisted.

“It was not any name like that,” returned Madeleine, with the scorn of

superior knowledge and intellect. “The name he said was one I knew very well; and he said he was—but I didn’t believe what he said. He was too ugly a man to be that.”

“I am afraid you are making this up out of your head,” said the cunning aunt, playfully.

Madeleine regarded the rotund lady with withering contempt. “You wish to make me say things when I am angry that I had not meant to say. I like Aunt Maria better than you, because she is more honourable—Mr. Caliper, why are you standing up?”

To this quite unexpected question the ever-ready solicitor was for once unprepared to reply. He gave a short laugh, stood on the other leg, twirled his eye-glass, and said, “Oh, I—er—I’m——”

“No one has offered you a chair—I know!” interrupted Madeleine, who was now thoroughly embarked in her favourite character of mistress of a great household. “Mr. Caliper, please to sit down in that chair. Mr. Caliper, I shall offer you a glass of wine. Uncle Arthur, you may touch the bell, if you will be so kind. I will have the wine brought.”

“Gad, so it shall!” exclaimed the major, immensely delighted with this behaviour, though it reflected upon himself as much as anybody; but spirit and independence were to him irresistible qualities in a woman. “And I’ll drink your health, Caliper, when the wine comes,” he added. “Meanwhile, all I can say is, that if if you haven’t had a seat, neither have I!”

The aspect of affairs having been thus improved, Madeleine deposited herself in a large chair, and said, “Now you see I am not saying it because I am angry. I will tell some things, and I won’t tell some others. He said his name was Murdoch Vivian, and that he was my father.”

As might be supposed, this statement produced a sensation. The first feeling was one of complete astonishment, followed, probably, at a longer

or shorter interval, according to the nature of the hearer, by incredulity. How should Murdoch have got to America, and why should he go? That he could have known of Lord Castlemere's intention of visiting Suncook was not to be thought of, for his lordship had confided it to no one. It must be either a romance on Madeleine's part, or, as she had herself suggested, an imposition on the part of the man. And yet, why should anybody pretend to be Murdoch Vivian? Most people would have preferred to assume almost any other character.

"What sort of a looking fellow was he, Madey?" inquired the major at length. "Was he a short, thin man, with sandy hair and pale eyes?"

"No," replied Madeleine; and then she described the man's appearance with some minuteness, and the description suited the real Murdoch marvellously well.

"Is that what you remember of your father, Miss Madeleine?" asked Mr. Caliper.

"I don't remember him at all," the child said; "but I don't believe he could have been as ugly as this man was. He was uglier than Aunt Maria."

Hereupon the major betrayed some amusement, causing poor Maria a pang of miserable pain; and Mrs. Clanroy said, "You should not make remarks to hurt people's feelings;" for which benevolent intervention her sister could have strangled her on the spot.

"At what time and place did you first see this person?" asked Caliper, who was now really interested.

"He came along the lane in the evening, after Uncle Floyd had sat down on the stone; and he spoke to Uncle Floyd, and Uncle Floyd didn't answer him or look at him; and then he put his finger on Uncle Floyd's hand; and then he looked frightened, and told me to come away to get a doctor. I shall not tell anything more. I wish to have my tea."

"But I'm sure you will tell us

where you went to find a doctor?" said Mrs. Clanroy, insinuatingly.

Madeleine did not deign to make her any response whatever.

"I am going to have my tea," she said, getting up and marching to the door. "Good-bye, Mr. Caliper. I hope you enjoyed your chair." And with that she let herself out, and was seen no more.

"I'll be hanged if I see through it, after all!" the major exclaimed, when there had been a short silence. "What do you think, Caliper? By Jove, what a saucy little baggage she is! Castlemere was right; she will keep up the credit of the family better than any of us. But what do you think? Looks as if there might be something in it—what?"

"My opinion would be, Major Clanroy," said the lawyer slowly, "that in case this story of Mr. Vivian—of his being in Suncook—could be substantiated, it would not only be comprehensible in itself, but it would suggest an explanation of the disappearance of the documents, and even of the boy. It would be to the Reverend Mr. Murdoch Vivian's advantage that nothing should stand between his daughter and the Castlemere property. I need say no more than that. But in whatever way the affair may turn out, Major Clanroy and ladies," concluded Mr. Caliper, rising, "one thing is certain, that we have nothing to do but to await events. The labouring oar is distinctly and entirely with the other side. Until they do something, we can do nothing; and if they should omit to do anything within the next few years, they will be too late; for Miss Madeleine will have reached the age entitling her to enter into possession."

"But how if this boy were to appear, with all his proofs, afterwards?" meditated Mrs. Clanroy, aloud.

"That would be a capital thing for Caliper, I take it, and the rest of those Chancery Lane fellows, but not of much advantage to us," said the

jocund major. "Well, the whole thing sounds like a story in a book—just as queer and just as credible. For my part, I don't believe half so much of it as I did before I knew how much reason there is to believe! But you're quite right, Caliper; we have nothing to do; and I don't see why we should have, even if the boy appears. After all, Murdoch is as much on Madey's side as we are, and most likely a good deal more so. Let him and M. Malgrè fight it out themselves; I should much prefer being the audience to being the actor in a farce of that kind—what, Maria?"

"There may be something more than a farce in store for us," said Maria, with an air of sombre foreboding. "I always said that Castle-mere made a fatal mistake in holding out any hopes to Murdoch; and now Murdoch has been to America concocting plots with this miserable Frenchman. Between the pair of them, there'll be nothing of the property left, or of the family honour either, which you make such a show of caring about, Arthur."

From these observations it may be inferred that Miss Vivian, like many other people, had learned that, in cases where reason and understanding did not avail, the most effective card to play was prejudice.

While the major was explaining to his sister-in-law that she was taking sides against herself, so far as she could be said to be doing anything, Mrs. Clanroy had beckoned Caliper to approach her.

"Now tell me what you really think," she murmured in a smiling undertone; and she glanced up in his face as she said it.

The solicitor fancied he detected, in this private appeal, something significant or particular. He began some reply, but the lady interrupted him.

"Never mind now, Mr. Caliper," she said; "you shall talk to me some other time—I will let you know. I was only thinking, in case of there being any difficulty about deciding

between the wills, whether some other arrangement might not be made for the property. It is in our hands for the present, you know. Some other time. Good day!"

"She wants to contest the will—the old Pharisee!" said Mr. Caliper to himself, as he got into his cab, and was driven to the City. "It won't do. But if she's in want of an occupation, I don't know that I could recommend her a more—public-spirited one!"

CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH INTRODUCES THE READER TO A REMARKABLE AND NOT ALTOGETHER PREPOSSESSING PERSONAGE; AND DESCRIBES A PATENT OF HIS INVENTION.

ON a clear blue morning in the latter part of this same month of September, a man and a cart were moving lazily along a country road in the northern portion of Devonshire. The road sloped and clambered over hill and dale, and at its higher points gave lovely views of breezy, azure seas. It had showered over night, and the road was brown and damp, without being in puddles. The hedges glistened with drops, and the cobwebs were works of art in silver gauze. The air came cool and sweet from the west, and whitish clouds merged with the horizon in that region. Upon the broad sides of the uplands white dots of sheep grazed. A mile or two towards the north-west the rectangular contour of a large country seat rose above the encompassing shoulders of foliage. The mounting sun shone softly upon it, and a window here and there threw back a diamond glister.

The cart of which mention has been made was a small affair—not much more than an enlarged handcart, with a grey donkey between the shafts. It was painted a fine peacock blue, and the ribs and wheels were picked out in warm lines of red. Upon the side, in the upper forward corner, was written in thin white letters the legend, "*B. Sinclair, Licensed Pedlar.*"

A bit of tarpaulin was thrown over the contents of the cart, but without completely covering them; so that one could see that the pedlar's stock consisted of books. Underneath the cart swung a basket some two feet in diameter, closely covered over. The donkey which drew this brilliant vehicle was an excellent specimen of his tribe; his coat was well brushed, his legs slim and neat, his barrel roomy, his tail an appendage of real elegance, with a vivacious flitting movement to it. His ears were of superb length, with a long fringe of soft hair on the inside edges; and the donkey's master held one of them in his hand and caressed it as they sauntered along together.

His master, the pedlar, was a man of rather remarkable appearance. He was five feet eight inches in height, but so broad shouldered and deep chested as to appear shorter. His neck was thick and muscular, and the head which it supported was square and massive—very capacious behind, flat on the top, and strongly developed both behind and above the ears. The forehead was wide across the temples and compactly moulded throughout; and there was an impression of great power in the brows and the blue eyes underneath them. The hair of this man was short and of a vigorous red hue, and had the look of having lately been rubbed over with a towel, for it stood up in all directions. The beard matched the hair in colour, but was of wirier consistency, and grew thinly on the chin, revealing that feature's resolute prominence. The cheek-bones were high and broad, betokening a bold and adventurous type of character; the nose was straight, and had full nostrils; the mouth was rather small than otherwise, with sharply-cut lips. The man's complexion was sunburnt to something approaching the colour of brick-dust; he whistled as he walked along, and every now and then, between the pauses of his tune, the tip of a noticeably slender and pointed tongue slipped from his mouth

and passed itself along his upper lip. The trick seemed in some way characteristic of one phase of the fellow's nature—of a certain acuteness and self-sufficient complacency.

He was without either hat or coat, but his shirt was as white and fine as if it were fresh from the laundry; over it was drawn a waistcoat of corduroy, unbuttoned; he wore knee-breeches of the same material, and thick blue stockings covered the knotted calves of his legs. His arms were long in proportion to his height, and the shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow displayed a muscular development that would have done honour to a blacksmith; the hands, however, were small. Such was the figure that trudged along the quiet road, with the breeze blowing into his open shirt-front, and an expression free from care. In fact, he was in the best of spirits and condition, and didn't care who knew it; and his whistling was as exuberant as it was highly finished and artistic.

By and by he arrived at the summit of a low hill, from the brow of which the road dipped into a shallow valley, rising again on the further side. The pedlar had got about half way down the hither incline, when the tramp of hoofs and roll of wheels caught his ear, and looking up he saw a couple of big farm-horses, dragging a heavy waggon behind them, coming towards him at a thumping trot down the opposite slope. At the rate they were going they would meet him at a point some distance this side of the lowest part of the valley. The roadway was here very narrow, so that there was barely room for the big and the little vehicles to pass each other without one of the two going into the ditch. As the big team drew near, the driver of it brandished his whip and cracked it twice or thrice, as if to warn the small team to get out of the way. The pedlar, however, kept on at his former leisurely pace in the very centre of the road, until not more than half-a-dozen rods intervened between his donkey and the

steeds of the other party. Then he halted his peacock-blue cart and advanced a few paces in front of it.

"Look out! A'll run over thee!" shouted out the driver of the horse, in his broad Devonshire, which I cannot pretend accurately to reproduce. It certainly did look very much as if the pedlar would be run over, and his donkey and cart after him. The horses were close upon him, and coming on with all the impetus of their late descent.

But the pedlar suddenly spread out his arms and made a jump off the ground, causing the horses to swerve; the next moment he seized one of them by the rein close to the bit, pushing his head violently towards the other, and bringing both to a standstill, the waggon lying slantwise across the road. Having accomplished this feat, which was perhaps less difficult than it looked, and disregarding the angry objurgations that were hurled at him by the driver, he walked back to his cart, took a book out of it, and returned with it in his hand. Meanwhile the driver of the horses had jumped to the ground, with his whip in his hand, and an expression upon his face that betokened mischief. He was a tall, brawny fellow, in the prime of manhood and strength.

"Noo, look'ee here, young man, what did 'ee do that for?" he demanded, shaking the handle of his whip within an inch of the other's nose.

"I wanted you to buy this book, for one thing," replied the pedlar, holding up the volume.

"Buy that book!" repeated the other with a roar of indignant amazement. "None o' thy larks noo; a' won't 'ave it."

"And for another thing," the pedlar continued, quite unmoved, "I wanted you to turn out and let me pass. This road is too narrow for both of us."

The teamster paused, as if his thoughts were too great for utterance.

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"Zay, do 'ee know who a' be?" he inquired at length.

"So far as I am concerned, you are my customer," was the answer. "Now, this book was written by a man named Smollett—"

"That for thy book!" interrupted the teamster, striking it out of the pedlar's hand with a blow of his whip-handle. "A'm the best man in Bideford—that's who a' be! Zay, wull 'ee fight?"

"If you are the best man in Bideford, they must be an uncivil lot," observed the pedlar, picking up the book, which had fallen face downwards. "See how you have soiled this book; however, since you're going to buy it, it doesn't so much matter. Fight? Certainly, if you wish it. But I tell you beforehand that I shall hurt you more than you will like."

The other laughed, measuring the pedlar with his eye.

"A'll zettle thee with one hand," he said, tossing his whip aside on the grass.

"Thank you. For my part, I will engage neither to strike you nor to throw you, nor even to throttle you; but only to make you go down on your knees and howl for mercy, and to pay me two and sixpence for the book when you come to yourself again."

So saying, he placed the book on the grass beside the whip, planted himself in an easy position before his antagonist, whom he looked steadfastly in the face, and intimated that he was ready to begin.

Now the best man in Bideford was not without some claim to the title by which he had designated himself; he was not a person with whom the average country yokel would care to pick a quarrel. He was a fair wrestler; but what he especially valued himself upon was his skill in the noble art of fisticuffs. He had got beyond the stage of sweeping semi-circular blows, and knew how to hit out from the shoulder. At the present juncture, however, he did not anticipate any

serious call upon his powers ; partly because the pedlar was so much shorter than he was, and partly because the short man's way of talking and behaving had inspired him with the notion that he was some sort of comedian or mountebank, who meant no harm to anybody, but who relied for his livelihood upon the coolness and audacity with which he played off his practical jokes. Being under this impression, the champion of the neighbourhood found a large part of his anger had evaporated ; he did not wish to appear incapable of taking a jest ; though at the same time he felt it incumbent upon himself to show the jester that it would not do to carry matters too far with him. Accordingly, keeping his left hand behind him, he darted out his right, with the fist only half clenched, intending to administer a sound cuff on his adversary's head, and so have done with it. But the pedlar parried the attack even more carelessly than it was made ; nor did two or three other more earnest offers meet with any better success.

Seeing this, the champion drew himself together and set his teeth.

"If thou wult ha' it, tak' it !" he said ; and sent in a blow as swift as winking and as hard as the kick of a horse. It was aimed to land between the pedlar's eyes, and, had it done so, must have altered his profile. But the pedlar ducked his head, allowing the champion's fist to graze his red hair ; and at the same moment the Bideford man found his antagonist inside his guard, and was aware that by a mere letting out of the arm that wily individual had it in his power to dislocate his jaw. The pedlar, however, disengaged laughing, and stood nonchalantly on guard as before.

Thereupon, being nettled, and having also incidentally discovered that there was a firmness of muscle in this red-headed fellow which seemed to require something more than child's play to overcome it, the champion laid aside his contempt and went at his man with both hands and with his best

force and ability. But it appeared absolutely impossible to plant a hit on him ; and all the time the pedlar himself had never once offered to strike in return, though he had had at least half-a-dozen excellent chances. At last the Bideford man summoned all his energies, and despatched a blow which, as far as good-will and vigour were concerned, certainly deserved to finish the combat. But the pedlar, who, unlike his opponent, was neither flurried nor out of breath, saw the thunderbolt coming, and suddenly bent his right elbow and lifted it. The thunderbolt struck it fairly upon the point ; there was a dolorous sound as of cracking bones, and also a sharp shout of pain. The champion had broken the knuckle of his middle finger, and badly sprained his wrist. And there stood the pedlar, comfortably smiling, and apparently as fresh as when they began.

The sight maddened the best man in Bideford, and his thoughts from warlike waxed homicidal. Uttering a short and savage roar, he rushed at his man and caught him in a wrestling grip. If he could not hammer him to pieces, at all events he could dash him to the earth and crush the life out of him. But even here the brawny champion was to meet disappointment. He had got hold, not of a man, but of an oak tree rooted in the soil ; an oak tree, moreover, whose arms compressed him with a clasp, the like whereof he had never either felt or imagined till now. In vain he tugged and strove, throwing a fury of power into each effort ; the pedlar stood as if his feet were planted in the centre of the earth, and the gripe of his arms made the Devonshire man's ribs bend like whalebone, and forced the breath gasping from his lips. Then, slowly and irresistibly, he was bent backwards, until his spine felt on the point of snapping ; then, suddenly, his feet flew from the earth, and he knew that the next moment he would crash head foremost on the ground. Instead of that, however, he found himself

standing free on his legs once more, not knowing how he came so, but inclined to think that he must have made a complete revolution in the air. And there was the red-headed pedlar coolly taking off his waistcoat, which had got torn all across the back.

"What a strong fellow you are, to be sure," he observed, examining the rent; "I had that piece put in new only last week. Luckily I brought a needle and thread in the basket. However, we'll finish this affair first. Come on!"

"No; a'll ha' no more on't. Go your ways," sullenly replied the champion.

"I mean to; but first, you know, you must go down on your knees and beg for mercy; and then you must pay me half-a-crown for the book. Those were my terms, you remember," said the pedlar, following him up as he retired towards the waggon, and laying his hand on his arm.

The champion turned and looked down on him from his six feet of hitherto unconquered British manhood. Was it really possible that this fellow could have beaten him? Must there not be some mistake about it—some trickery? Might not another trial have a different issue? At all events, the idea of begging the pardon of a man four inches shorter than himself was not to be entertained for a moment, still less of buying his book.

The champion expressed what he meant in explicit, though not original phrase, when, shaking off the other's hold, he growled sturdily—

"A'll see thee damned first!"

"That's a fine fellow," exclaimed the pedlar, with his peculiar sly laugh. "Now, then, I'll put you up to something. When you gripped me last time, you took a bad hold. You should have passed your arm across my shoulder, and tried a trip. Your height will give you an advantage there, you see. Oblige me by making the experiment—so!"

This time it seemed to the champion

that he had an advantage indeed. He could not, indeed, immediately throw his enemy, but he could move him. They quartered over the ground, and several times the Bideford man almost thought he had succeeded; but each time the other skilfully eluded the trip. Meanwhile they were getting nearer and nearer to the waggon. The champion, who was working his very best, was panting to the full compass of his lungs, and his hair was matted with sweat; but the pedlar, though breathing deeply, did not seem at all distressed; it occurred to him of Devonshire that he was not putting forth his full strength. The thought that he should be played with stimulated him to the pitch of frenzy, and grinding his teeth together, he drew in his breath for a supreme struggle. But just then he was whirled round, and his shoulders came in contact with the wheel of his waggon; and then he knew that his time had come.

The left arm of the pedlar, which was round the champion's neck, tightened, and the latter felt for the first time how enormous was the power against which he had been fighting. He was caught in a trap from which there was no escape; he could not push the pedlar away, nor get hold of his arm to unclasp it; and the wheel at his back prevented any attempt to get free in that direction. Gradually the pedlar drew his head down to his left shoulder; and having clamped it there, he applied the knuckles of his right hand to the hollow of the unlucky man's temple, pressing and working them into it with unrelenting force. Whoever cares to make the experiment may easily convince himself that the pain caused by this treatment soon becomes insupportable. In fact, there are few forms of torture less endurable. A very terrible and furious scene now began. The Bideford champion fought like a mad tiger to get free. He wrenched himself from side to side, he wriggled, he twisted, he beat frantically with his hands upon the pedlar's back and sides, tearing his

shirt to shreds, and burying his nails in the smooth hard flesh ; he kicked, he stamped, he gnashed his teeth ; and all the while, without an instant's cessation, that fearful hardness went on boring into his brain, and a pair of terrible blue eyes stared derisively into his own, and ever and anon the tip of a pointed tongue slipped out between a pair of smiling lips, curled across them, and slipped in again. Those eyes and that tongue were never forgotten by the Bideford man to his dying day ; and many a time did he awake from sleep, with horror in his soul, having dreamt that they were before him again.

Man is fortunately so constituted as not to withstand infernal suffering indefinitely ; and the present instance was no exception to the rule. After a few minutes the victim's strength left him, and his struggles became merely convulsive. He lifted his arms at short intervals with a spasmodic movement, the hands quivering ; a thin, shrill shriek came quavering in gasps from his throat ; his eyeballs rolled up, the eyelids closing, opening, then closing again. Finally, a ghastly pallor overspread the face, upon which a cold moisture broke forth ; the lips turned a bluish hue ; the labouring chest collapsed, and the lately vigorous body sagged downwards, a limp dead-weight. The man had fainted from sheer agony. When the pedlar was convinced that there was no sensation left in him he removed his knuckles from his antagonist's temple, unclasped his arm from his neck, and laying hold of the body dragged it to the side of the road and laid it out upon the grass. Then, stooping with his hands on his knees, he contemplated it curiously for a few moments. Except for a slight discoloration on the temple there was no mark to indicate the deadly torture which this lump of insensible clay had undergone.

"Sinclair's Patent !" said the pedlar to himself with a low chuckle. "I ought to apply to her majesty for

letters of protection, instead of which I have communicated the invention by practical demonstration, to at least half a dozen persons during the last two years." He stood erect, and contemplated his tattered shirt with a sort of comic ruefulness. "Look at that, now !" he said ; "would not any one say that I had been the more hardly used of the two ? These fellows have no manners. I wonder whether I shall ever meet with a man who will fight fair to the end ! My Bideford friend fell to kicking like a mule and scratching like a cat as soon as he found himself in chancery. He has bruised my shins, and I do believe my shoulders are bleeding. They are ! Well, it serves me right ! I am too much of a child for this world ; so infatuated with my little patent as to endure any amount of inconvenience and rough usage rather than forego the pleasure of applying it. Be a man, Sinclair ! and deny yourself once in a while, if only to show that you are able to do it. Well, well ! this is my last indulgence for the present. Bideford is the goal of my pilgrimage, and a right pleasant pilgrimage it has been ; delicious weather, lovely scenery, lots of fun with the books and the bumpkins, not to mention one or two really Homeric combats. And now I resume the fetters of civilisation once more. But let me hasten to my toilet. I wonder what the Maurices would say if they could see me now !"

While speaking he had stripped off the shreds of his shirt, thereby disclosing a torso like that of a Hercules, polished and white as ivory, and bound about and plated with great muscles that swelled and knotted as he moved. A small brook trickled through the fields, and passed beneath a low bridge at the dip of the road, and to this Mr. Sinclair betook himself, and subjected the superior parts of his person to a careful washing. He made use of the torn shirt as a towel, afterwards bundling it up and tossing it into the stream. Finally he returned to the cart, unstrapped

the basket from underneath and took out a fresh shirt, as crisp and immaculate as a laundress could make it. Having put this on Mr. Sinclair went to take a look at his late antagonist, who had as yet shown no signs of moving from the position in which he lay. He placed his hand over the unconscious man's heart, felt his pulse, pulled up his eyelid and examined his eye; and being by these investigations satisfied that something ought to be done, he procured a tin dipper from his cart, filled it with water, and dashed the contents sharply on the other's face. After repeating this treatment three or four times symptoms of life began to show themselves, and in a little while the fallen champion opened his eyes to a world of pain and wondered how he came there.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTAINS MORE OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE RED-HEADED PEDLAR; AND PORTRAYS A SCENE IN A HITHERTO UNACTED VERSION OF THE TRAGEDY OF "UNDINE."

"How do you find yourself now?" the pedlar inquired, bending over him. "As well as ever?"

The man raised himself on one arm, and pressed the other hand to his head, which felt as if an iron bolt had been forced into it, and were gradually expanding. He attempted to say something, but only a weak and semi-articulate sound resulted. He looked up at the pedlar with a darkened and confused expression, but after a few moments dropped his eyes with a shudder.

"I see—headache and nausea," observed the pedlar composedly. "The best of us are subject to such attacks at times. Have a drop of brandy."

He held a flask of that liquor to the man's lips, who swallowed a few mouthfuls and gave a slight groan. The pedlar stood back, with his arms folded and his chin sunk on his breast, watching him.

"Come," he exclaimed presently, "suppose you try and get on your pins. Set your blood moving again, and you'll soon be all right. Take my hand and put your foot against mine—there you are!"

There he was, indeed, a very shaky looking object. But the pedlar took him by the arm, made him walk up and down, spoke to him in an encouraging tone, slapped him on the back, until, by dint of these and other attentions, he had restored him to something like his conscious self. It was evident, however, that the man's system had received a shock from which it would not soon recover.

Then quoth the pedlar, "You are getting on famously. If I could spend the day with you I dare say you would have forgotten all about this little affair before supper-time. But, unluckily, we're both business men and have our affairs to attend to. So perhaps the best thing you can do will be to get down on your knees at once and have it over. Then you can take your book, give me my two and sixpence, and we'll wish each other good luck. What do you think?"

"Ye wouldn't ask that, surely?—ye wouldn't bid me bend the knee to thee, mun?" exclaimed the other in a shaken voice. "Oh, a' could never look honest man in the face again."

The pedlar came close up to him, and gazed at him with his odd, derisive smile. "Pooh! who's to know it?" he said. "Who would ever believe that a man like you would kneel and beg for mercy to a man like me, who hardly comes up to your ear? I won't tell, and I don't suppose you will. Come—just to help you, I'll count three; and if you're not down by the time I get to three—why, then we'll have our little tussle over again. One—two—"

"Oh! a'd rather die!" cried the Bideford man, covering his eyes with his hands.

"Three!" said the pedlar. There was an instant's pause and silence. The Bideford man still remained

standing. The next instant the pedlar moved closer and laid the knuckle of his thumb to the discoloured spot on the man's temple. At the touch the man crouched to the earth, as if his legs had crumbled beneath him. There, still keeping his eyes covered with his hands, he mumbled out a few miserable words,—few, but enough to rob him of his self-respect and independence for the rest of his life. To some minds it would have been an unpleasant spectacle, but it did not appear at all to dash the spirits of the red-headed pedlar. He walked to the place where the book was lying, picked it up, and returned with it, saying good-humouredly,

“Now we come to the pleasant part. When a man goes down on his knees to me, I always make a point of rewarding him. Here is a work—*Roderick Random*—written by one of the most ingenious and entertaining authors of the last century. If this book had never been written, it would have been a loss to English literature such as could scarcely be estimated in money; and yet I am going to give it to you for half-a-crown! Why, it's a gift fit for a king—and not unworthy, I should hope, of the best man in Bideford! Two and sixpence. I should charge any one but you three shillings. But—cash, you know! I'm not able to give credit.”

The man got slowly to his feet. He was the same man who had stepped down from his waggon so haughtily only half an hour before, and yet as different as degradation is different from honour. His shoulders drooped; he kept his eyes averted with a hang-dog look. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth some silver and copper, which he held out to the pedlar.

“Tak' what thou wult,” he said in a muttering tone. “If 'ee'd tak' my life into bargain, a'd thank 'ee.”

“Thank you,” returned the other, helping himself to the sum required. “As to your life, of course it will be more convenient for both of us that

you should keep it. A man must be very useless if a dead body is worth exchanging him for. Here's your book; put it in your pocket, and read it at every spare moment; it will remind you of our acquaintance! And don't be down in the mouth, my good fellow. I have been round the world, and seen all sorts of men, from Digger Indians to emperors; and I have seen everywhere men occupying the same relative position that you and I do. Society thinks nothing of it; and the better the society, the commoner it is. One man is the master, the other man is the slave; and the sooner they know it, the more comfortable will they be. There's a bit of worldly wisdom for you, gratis—and quite as true as anything the parson can tell you! So good luck to you. By the way, what is your name?”

“Tom Berne,” he answered, in the same dulled way. “Little good the name is to me noo!”

“Berne!” The name seemed to strike the pedlar. “Tom Berne—the same who climbed down the cliff twelve years ago and carried the rope to his brother Hugh?”

“What dost thou know o' that!” demanded Tom Berne, raising his heavy eyes in surprise.

The pedlar gave a whistle, and an expression of annoyance passed across his face. “I can believe now, Tom Berne, that you were once the best man in Bideford,” he said; “and if you had told me this before, you might have been so still, so far as I'm concerned. Well—spilt milk is past crying for! Farewell, Tom Berne, and be damned to you. I would rather you had driven your infernal waggon over the cliff than have met me here to-day!”

With this ambiguous adieu, the pedlar took his donkey by the bridle, and pushed on past the waggon and up the hill. He passed over the brow and out of sight without looking round, or altering his pace. Tom Berne, after standing stupidly for some time with

his arms hanging loose by his sides and his head down, heaved a long sigh, picked up his whip, and clambering to his seat, drove on in the opposite direction.

Mr. Sinclair, after proceeding for some distance without betraying his usual appreciation of the charms of the scenery and of his own happy sensations, at length halted his cart and looked about him. A narrow footpath, visible for some distance across the wide fields, reached its end at this point in an old-fashioned country stile. Some trees grew here and there, with a cool spread of turf beneath their shade; a couple of birds were holding a musical discussion in a neighbouring hedge; altogether the spot suited Mr. Sinclair's idea of what a halting-place should be. Accordingly he relieved his donkey from its halter and head-stall, and unbuckled it from the shafts, to graze at its pleasure; while he himself climbed over the stile, carrying with him a needle and thread, a piece of bread and cold sausage, and a book. Having selected a comfortable nook on the other side, he first sewed up the rent in his waistcoat with feminine neatness and dexterity. This done to his satisfaction, he put the waistcoat on, and munched his bread and sausage meditatively. Finally, he produced a cigar-case from his pocket, lit a cigar, and lay down at his ease to read his book, which was a copy of the *Undine* of De la Motte Fouqué.

He had spent perhaps ten minutes in this innocent occupation, and had got to the best part of the cigar, and the most sentimental passage of the story, when a shadow fell across the page, and he looked up and saw a slim young girl, with black hair and deep black eyes, who was gazing down at him, with her hands clasped behind her back.

"Who are you, man?" she said, when they had inspected one another.

"A pedlar. Who are you, young lady?"

"The mistress of this land. At

least I shall be. Why are you here?"

"It's such a nice place. Do you want me to go?"

"No. You look clean. But you have very red hair. Are you orderly?"

"I will be, while I am here. Is that house the place you live in?"

"When we are in the country. In the season I live in London. Only, last summer I was in America. My uncle died there. I am the heiress of his estates."

"Then you will be very rich, I suppose?"

"The revenues are more than thirty thousand pounds a year. I shall give some of it away, though. I shall give a thousand pounds a year to my father. Then my Aunt Maria has some; but I think she won't live very long—she is so ugly and so old. She is fifty. Then I shall give half to somebody else, if he comes. Only he won't come, perhaps; he may perish."

"Is he the gentleman you are going to marry?"

"He isn't a gentleman; at least, his dress isn't, nor the place he lived in. But I can't tell you about him. We exchanged keepsakes. I gave him the miniature; he gave me this arrow-head. But that is a secret. You must not tell any one."

"Why do you let me know your secrets? Pedlars sometimes tell secrets."

"I think you are an honest pedlar. I like you better than I thought I did. Perhaps you are a prince in disguise. You must be very sorry you have such red hair; perhaps it will grow to be black like mine after a good many years. Oh, you have a book. Can you read?"

"I can read some things; but only if I like them. This is a German book about a fairy who lived in the water. Will you sit down and hear about her?"

"Well, a little while. Only you must remember that I am a great lady, and you are nothing but a poor pedlar. Is it a tragedy?"

"A sort of tragedy; the sort that makes you cry and feel nice."

"Does it make you cry?"

"Yes, if I have had a good dinner and feel comfortable. I was just thinking about crying when you came up."

"Oh, I'm sorry I prevented you. I like that sort of crying, too—when you're not angry, you know. Sometimes I do that for Shakespeare."

"Yes, I would do a good deal for Shakespeare myself. But now listen to this. By the way, though, it is too long to read—I'll tell you the first part. Which do you like best—a lovely day like this, with the fresh air and blue sky, the sparkling sea, the trees and grass, the showers and sunshine, the sound of those birds in the hedge, and the tinkle of the sheep bells over yonder—do you like all this best, or some living human person, like him who gave you that arrow-head?"

"Oh, him, I think," said the black-eyed girl, musingly; "though it is more trouble."

"Yes, a great deal more trouble. Now, according to the writer of this book, the reason is that all this beauty that we see around us, in spite of its beauty, has no soul; but the person who gave you the arrow-head has. Men and women are made, this writer thinks, of something invisible and immortal, that is really themselves; and the part of them that we see, and touch, and hear, is merely a sort of imitation of that immortal invisibility, which grows upon them as the clay of a statue grows upon the idea of it in the sculptor's mind. This imitation is what we call the body; it is made out of the earth; and at last, when the immortal invisibility, which is our soul, has gone about in that covering for a certain time, it leaves it to its own earth again. But there is this strange thing about our earthly life—that it is a union of something immortal with something that lasts only a few years; and this is the cause of all our sorrows. For our souls forget

that they are really separate from our bodies, and when we see people die and disappear, it seems a wrong and a grievance, because of the feeling in us that we should by rights live for ever. In the same way, we wish to do many things—to fly in the air, to be in the presence of those we love, to make some moments stay for years, and some years pass in a moment, to be always young and vigorous, to have the sun shine when we are glad, and the twilight fall when we are thoughtful; a hundred things like these we wish to do, but our bodies prevent us from doing them; and forgetting that we are not our bodies, we feel the sorrow of having desires that cannot be fulfilled. We are like prisoners who see from their prison windows a delightful paradise stretching before them, and who know they have all the faculties to enjoy it; but who cannot do so, because they are chained to the wall. But that is not all. The highest earthly joys we know are, rightly considered, an even greater wrong to us than our sorrows, if our souls and bodies are really the same. For such joys always bring with them the feeling that they are but an imperfect glimpse or hint of far greater and more perfect joys than they. They seem to uplift us to mighty mountaintops, from which we behold a glorious world, that of ourselves, we never should have dreamed of. Could anything be more cruel than to let us taste just enough of such delights to whet our appetites, and then to tell us we shall know no more of them? Yet that is what happens to us, if our souls are really one with our bodies. But there is another kind of joys, not so many nor so transcendent as these, but very solid appreciable joys for all that, which we call the pleasures of the body. They are, eating and drinking; having gold in our pockets and gems on our fingers; indulging ourselves with whatever we take a fancy to, without fear of conscience or consequences; being revered and obeyed by everybody else;—these are plea-

asures which belong to the earth we live in, and the more we have to do with them the better satisfied we become to take our earthly life as the only life there is. Yet even here the invisible part interferes and mars our comfort, for by and by the pleasures of the body cease to please as they did at first; the bodily senses get dull and tired; and we, instead of taking it as a matter of course, and not minding, as we should do if our bodies only were concerned,—instead of that we grieve ourselves with the thought that what little happiness the world could give us is coming to an end, while the memory of what had been still remains. For if we are to enjoy no happiness in the future it is a cruel and useless injustice to let us remember the happiness of the past.

“Now, my young lady, these facts make us think three things. The first is, that mankind are the most unfortunate beings conceivable. The second is, that one way to render them happy would be to let the soul (if there is one) live apart from the body in freedom. The third is, that another way would be to let the body live apart from the soul in peace. The former of these alternatives is said to occur after death; but with that we have nothing to do at present. The other is said to have occurred on this earth a great many years ago. In that remote time their existed a race of beings called fairies. They inhabited the earth, the air, and the water, and had magical powers over the elements which they severally inhabited, and could transform themselves into it at will. A fairy of the earth, for instance, could appear as a stone or a tree or a blade of grass; an air fairy could transform himself into a whirlwind or a cloud; and a water-sprite could in a moment become a stream, a cataract, or a shower of rain. These fairies had no more soul than the elements from which they sprang, and their aspect was hideous or beautiful, terrible or charming, according to circumstances, as is the case also with

water, earth, and air. But although they had no souls there was one way, and one way only, in which they could get a soul put into them. If a mortal man or woman loved a fairy so intimately and unreservedly as to communicate to it the very essence of human love and life, then the germ of a soul would be implanted in the fairy's heart, and it would become human like ourselves, and lose its thoughtless and unremembering happiness—which was merely like the flicker of sunshine, or the sparkle of water or gems, or the hum of insects, having no depth or meaning—and on the other hand, it would live for ever after death, which other fairies do not.”

“Is all that in the book?” inquired the girl.

“Well, some of it is, I believe; and the rest was probably in the mind of the author when he wrote the story of *Undine*.”

“But it is about Undine that I wish to hear. Was she a fairy?”

“She was a water-sprite; and her father, being ambitious that she should get a soul, as other fathers are ambitious that their children should get an education—not knowing how much harm it may do them—exchanged her for the mortal child of a certain pious old fisherman. In course of time a noble young knight came riding through the enchanted forest, and fell in love with her; for though she had no soul as yet, and was as changeable and wayward and thoughtless as a rivulet, yet she was extremely beautiful, and laughing, and lovely.”

“I am not laughing, so I am not like her,” observed the listener; “and you are not like the noble young knight, are you? He couldn't have had hair like yours.”

“Probably not; but after all it is less a matter of hair than of feeling: and there have been times, I believe, when I have felt more like Huldbrand than you ever felt like Undine, as she was before her marriage. For they were married, and a strange, fantastic

wedding it was, in the old fisherman's hut, with mysterious sounds and gleams in the night air, and the tall phantom of a stately man in a white flowing mantle peering in at the window while the priest pronounced them man and wife. And then comes one of the parts that makes me think about crying. For poor little Undine, who had all her life been so light of heart and careless, now began to feel the shadow of a soul stealing over her; and at one moment she shrank from it in bewilderment and dismay; and the next moment broke out in gambols and glancing smiles, as a brook gambols and glances just before it rushes for ever into the unknown shadow of a cavern. Poor little Undine! If I had been Huldbrand, I think I should have driven my dagger through her heart with one hand, while with the other I put on her finger the wedding-ring."

"Did Huldbrand do that?"

"No, not he. He gave her a soul, as if it had been a golden bracelet, to keep or to cast away; but a soul is a gift that can never be recalled. For my part, if falling in love with a fairy would cure me of my soul and all recollection of it, I would find her and fall in love with her this very afternoon. It's a humbug, young lady, depend upon it. If we have souls destined for heaven, why in heaven's name were they ever sent on earth? When I was about your age, I used to learn a thing called the catechism. This told me, among other things, that there were a great many things I must not do; such as murder, steal, lie, and so forth. But since then, on my way through the world, I have observed that the fairies do all these and worse things, and are never thought the less of for it. Earth, air, and water all commit murder upon occasion, and lie, and steal; and so do bears and sharks and robin redbreasts. But if I do them, though they give me great pleasure and profit in the doing, I hear about my sins immediately, and get punished into the bargain, if any one is by to take the whip to me. But

if these things are sins, why was I made to hanker after them, and why does all nature set me an example which I must not follow? And what man is there in this world who has the right to tell me that sin is one thing and virtue another. Where did he learn it? Why, from the catechism. And who wrote the catechism? Why, the Sunday-school teacher. And who taught the Sunday-school teacher? Oh, he found it in the Bible. And who wrote the Bible? Moses and the prophets. And from whom did Moses——"

"Does Huldbrand say all this?" inquired the dark-eyed maiden.

"No; Huldbrand said very little; all he did was to fall in love with another woman and break Undine's heart. And then something happens. Ah! there is a scene for some great actress to make immortal."

"Then tell me; because, when I am tired of being a great heiress, I mean to be the greatest actress that ever lived."

"Well, then, act this!" said the pedlar, rising on one knee, while his face became singularly vivid and expressive. "Think of me as one who has known what is best and purest in the world, and has aspired to love it and call it his own. And you, who are the embodiment of that best and purest, love me, and spend the treasure of your heart on me; because the divine goodness that is in woman sees even in me the lovely image of itself, which itself has created there. Then, for a time, we are happier than souls in heaven. But a day comes when I fall away from you, and descend to love the lying phantom of you that gives a flattering warmth to baser things. You grieve for me with a holy sorrow, and would fain forgive me, and make good to me the evil happiness that I have chosen. But, by an awful and just law, those who have wilfully profaned the sacred innocence of their souls must suffer death; and that death must come through the very innocence they have profaned. So

you, Undine, loving me still with the tender and yearning love that all my unworthiness could not overcome, open my guilty door and enter in, to press upon my lips that kiss of death which is the only mercy left me to receive. I see the sweetness of your face—and tears that dim your eyes—I think of all that might have been; but terror and thick darkness are creeping near. As your face bends to mine——”

“No—no! it shall not be, Huldbrand; I will not kill you with a kiss. I will save you—you shall live—or we will die together.”

A pair of slender arms were round the pedlar's neck, and a small, black-haired Undine was sobbing passionately on his shoulder. The actress had been carried away by her part; possibly the actor had been not unimpressed by his. Men sometimes seek strange times and methods for uttering with impunity the secrets that they never otherwise reveal even to themselves. After a moment, the pedlar rose to his feet, unclasping the impulsive arms, and laughing perfunctorily.

“When you make your first appearance before the footlights, young lady,” he said, “mind you look in the stage box on the left hand side, and there you will see me, red hair and all, with a bouquet as broad as you are long, all ready to throw at you. Ha, ha, ha! Why, that scene of ours would have brought down the house. What a pity there was no one to see it but my donkey!”

The little maiden looked at him through her tears, with a puzzled, and, as it were, defrauded air.

“You must be a sort of fairy yourself,” she said; “you have seemed to be two or three different things since I met you. Which are you, really?”

“Well, young lady, that's a secret; and it's the safest one in the world, for I don't know the answer to it myself. Good-bye, I must be off.”

“Shall I ever see you again?”

“Not as you have seen me to-day,” replied the pedlar.

He climbed over the stile, harnessed up his donkey, and was out of sight before Madeleine discovered that he had left *Undine* behind him.

(To be continued.)

THE GEOLOGICAL INFLUENCES WHICH HAVE AFFECTED BRITISH HISTORY.

PROBABLY few readers realise to how large an extent the events of history have been influenced by the geological structure of the ground whereon they have been enacted. I propose to illustrate this influence from some of the more salient features in the early human occupation of the British Islands, and in the subsequent historical progress of the English people. No better proof of the reality of the relation in question could be given than the familiar contrast between the heart of England and the heart of Scotland. The one area is a region of low plains, inhabited by an English-speaking race, richly agricultural in one part, teeming with a busy mining population in another, dotted with large cities ; the air often foul from the smoke of thousands of chimneys and resonant with the clanking of innumerable manufactories, and the screams of locomotives flying hither and thither over a network of railways. The other region is one of rugged mountains and narrow glens tenanted by a Celtic race, which, keeping to its old Gaelic tongue and primitive habits, has never built towns, hardly even villages—a region partly devoted to pasture, and still haunted by the game and wild animals of primeval times, but with no industrial centres, no manufactures of any kind, and only a feeble agriculture struggling for existence along the bottoms of the valleys. Now, why should two parts of the same small country differ so widely from each other? To give a complete answer to the question would of course involve a detailed examination of the history of each area. But we should find that fundamentally the differences have arisen from the originally utterly distinct geological structure of the two regions. This

diversity of structure initiated the divergences in human characteristics even in far pre-historic times, and continues, even in spite of the blending influences of modern civilization, to maintain them down to the present day.

Let us first briefly consider what was the probable condition of Britain at the time when the earliest human beings appeared in the country. At that ancient epoch there can be no doubt that the British Islands still formed part of the mainland of Continental Europe. There is reason to believe that the general level of these islands may have been then considerably higher than it has been since. From the shape of the bottom of the Atlantic immediately to the west of our area, as revealed by the abundant soundings and dredgings of recent years, it is evident that if the British Islands were now raised even 1,000 feet or more above their present level, they would not thereby gain more than a belt of lowland somewhere about 200 miles broad on their western border. They stand, in fact, nearly upon the edge of the great European plateau which, about 230 miles to the west of them, plunges rapidly down into the abysses of the 'Atlantic. It is perfectly certain, therefore, that though our area was formerly prolonged westwards beyond its present limits, there has never been any important mass of land to the west of us in recent geological times, or within what we call the human period—probably never at any geological epoch at all. Every successive wave of migration, whether of plant or of animal, must have come from the other or eastern side. But though our country could never have stretched much beyond its present westward limits, it once undoubtedly

spread eastward over the site of what is now the North Sea. Even at the present day, an elevation of less than 600 feet would convert the whole of that sea into dry land from the north of Shetland to the headlands of Brittany. At the time when these wide plains united Britain to the mainland, the Thames was no doubt a tributary of the Rhine, which, in its course northward, may have received other affluents from the east of Britain before it poured its waters into the Atlantic somewhere between the heights of Shetland and the mountainous coasts of Southern Norway.

There is evidence of remarkable oscillations of climate at the epoch of the advent of man into this part of Europe. A time of intense cold, known as the Ice Age or Glacial period, was drawing to a close. Its glaciers, frozen rivers and lakes, and floating icebergs, had converted most of Britain, and the whole of Northern Europe, into a waste of ice and snow, such as North Greenland still is; but the height of the cold was past, and there now came intervals of milder seasons, when the wintry mantle was withdrawn northwards, so as to allow the vegetation and the roaming animals of more temperate latitudes to spread westwards into Britain. From time to time a renewal of the cold once more sent down the glaciers into the valleys, or even into the sea, froze the rivers over in winter, and allowed the Arctic flora and fauna again to migrate southwards into tracts from which the temperate plants and animals were forced by the increasing cold to retreat. At last, however, the Arctic conditions of climate ceased to reappear, and the Arctic vegetation, with its accompanying reindeer, musk-sheep, lemming, Arctic fox, glutton, and other northern animals, retreated from our low grounds. Of these ancient chilly periods, however, the Arctic plants still found on our mountain tops remain as living witnesses, for they are doubtless descendants of the northern vegetation which over-

spread Britain when still part of the Continent, and before the arrival of our present temperate flora and fauna.

Previous to the final retreat of the ice, the alternating warmer intervals brought into Britain many wild animals from milder regions to the south. Horses, stags, Irish elks, roe deer, wild oxen, and bisons roamed over the plains; wild boars, three kinds of rhinoceros, two kinds of elephant, brown bears and grizzly bears, haunted the forests. The rivers were tenanted by the hippopotamus, beaver, otter, water-rat; while among the carnivora were wolves, foxes, wild cats, hyænas, and lions. Many of these animals must have moved in herds across the plains, over which the North Sea now rolls. Their bones have been dredged up in hundreds by the fishermen from the surface of the Dogger-Bank.

Such were the denizens of southern England when man made his first appearance there. It seems not unlikely that he came some time before the close of the long Ice Age. He may have been temporarily driven out of the country by the returning cold periods, but would find his way back as the climate ameliorated. Much ingenuity has been expended in tracing a succession of civilization in this primeval human population of Britain. Among the records of its presence there have been supposed to be traces of an earlier race of hunters of a low order, furnished with the rudest possible stone implements; and a later people, who, out of the bones of the animals they captured, supplied themselves with deftly-made, and even artistically decorated weapons. All that seems safely deducible from the evidence, however, may be summed up in saying that the *palæolithic* men, or men of the older stone period, who hunted over the plains and fished in the rivers, and lived in the caves of this country, have left behind them implements, rude indeed, but no doubt quite suitable for their purpose; and likewise other weapons and tools of a more finished kind, which bear a close

relationship to the implements still in use among the modern Eskimos. It has been suggested that the Eskimos are their direct descendants, driven into the inhospitable north by the pressure of more warlike races.

The rude hunter and dweller in caves passed away before the advent of the farmer and herdsman of the *Neolithic* or later stone period. We know much more of him than of his predecessors. He was short of stature, with an oblong head, and probably a dark skin and dark curly hair. His implements of stone were often artistically fashioned and polished. Though still a hunter and fisher, he knew also how to farm. He had flocks and herds of domestic animals; he was acquainted with the arts of spinning, could make a rude kind of pottery, and excavate holes and subterranean galleries in the chalk for the extraction of flints for his weapons and tools. That he had some notion of a future state may be inferred from arrow-heads, pottery, and implements of various kinds which are found in his graves, evidently placed there for the use of the departed. He has been regarded as probably of a Non-Aryan race, of which perhaps the modern Basques are lineal descendants, isolated among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees by the advance of younger tribes. Traces of his former presence in Britain have been conjectured to be recognisable in the small dark Welshmen, and the short swarthy Irishmen of the west of Ireland.

When the earliest Neolithic men appeared in this region, Britain may have still been united to the Continent. But the connection was eventually broken. It is obvious that no event in the geological history of Britain can have had a more powerful influence on its human history than the separation of the country as a group of islands cut off by a considerable channel from direct communication with the mainland of Europe. Let us consider for a moment how the disconnection was probably brought about.

There can be no doubt that at the time when Britain became an island, the general contour of the country was on the whole what it is still. The same groups of mountains rose above the same plains and valleys, which were traversed by the same winding rivers. We know that in the glacial and later periods considerable oscillations of level took place; for, on the one hand, beds of sea-shell are found at heights of 1,200 or 1,300 feet above the present sea-level; and, on the other hand, ancient forest-covered soils are now seen below tide-mark. It was doubtless mainly subsidence that produced the isolation of Britain. The whole area slowly sank, until the lower tracts were submerged, the last low ridge connecting the land with France was overflowed, and Britain became a group of islands. But unquestionably the isolation was helped by the ceaseless wear and tear of the superficial agencies which are still busy at the same task. The slow but sure washing of descending rain, the erosion of water-courses, and the gnawing of sea-waves all told in the long degradation. And thus, foundering from want of support below, and eaten away by attacks above, the low lands gradually diminished, and disappeared beneath the sea.

Now, in this process of separation, Ireland unfortunately became detached from Britain. We have had ample occasion in recent years to observe how much this geological change has affected our domestic history. That the isolation of Ireland took place before Britain had been separated from the Continent, may be inferred from a comparison of the distribution of living plants and animals. Of course, the interval which had then elapsed since the submergences and ice-sheets of the glacial period must have been of prodigious duration, if measured by ordinary human standards. Yet it was too short to enable the plants and animals of Central Europe completely to possess themselves of the British area. Generation after generation they were

moving westward, but long before they could all reach the north-western seaboard, Ireland had become an island, so that their further march in that direction was arrested, and before the subsequent advancing bands had come as far as Britain, it too had been separated by a sea channel which finally barred their progress. Comparing the total land mammals of the west of Europe, we find that while Germany has ninety species, Britain has forty, and Ireland only twenty-two. The reptiles and amphibia of Germany number twenty-two, those of Britain thirteen, and those of Ireland four. Again, even among the winged tribes, where the capacity for dispersal is so much greater, Britain possesses twelve species of bats, while Ireland has no more than seven, and 130 land-birds to 110 in Ireland. The same discrepancy is traceable in the flora, for while the total number of species of flowering plants and ferns found in Britain amounts to 1,425, those of Ireland number 970—about two-thirds of the British flora. Such facts as these are not explicable by any difference of climate rendering Ireland less fit for the reception of more varied vegetation and animal life; for the climate of Ireland is really more equable and genial than that of the regions lying to the east of it. They receive a natural and consistent interpretation on the assumption of the gradual separation of the British Islands during a continuous north-westward migration of the present flora and fauna from Central Europe.

The last neck of land which united Britain to the mainland was probably that through which the Strait of Dover now runs. Apart from the general subsidence of the whole North Sea area, which is attested by submerged forests on both sides, it is not difficult to perceive how greatly the widening of the channel has been aided by waves and tidal currents. The cliffs of Kent on the one side and of the Boulonnais on the other, ceaselessly battered by the sea, and sapped by the trickle of per-

colating springs, are crumbling before our very eyes. The scour of the strong tides which pour alternately up and down the strait must have helped also to deepen the Channel. And yet, in spite of the subsidence and this constant erosion, the depression remains so shallow that its deepest parts are less than 180 feet below the surface. As has often been remarked, if St. Paul's Cathedral could be shifted from the heart of London to the middle of the Straits of Dover more than half of it would rise above water.

At what relative time in the human occupation of the region this channel was finally opened cannot be determined. At first the strait was doubtless much narrower than it has since become, so that it would not oppose the same obstacle to free intercourse which it now does, and Neolithic man may have readily traversed it in his light coracle of skins. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the old Basque or Iberian stock had for many ages inhabited Britain before the succeeding wave of human migration advanced to overflow and efface it. The next invaders—the first advance-guard of the great Aryan family—were Celts, whose descendants still form a considerable part of the population of the British Isles. The Celt differed in many respects from the small swarthy Iberian whom he supplanted. He was tall, round-headed and fair skinned, with red or brown hair. Endowed with greater bodily strength and pugnacity, he drove before him the older and smaller race of short oblong-headed men, gradually extirpating them, or leaving here and there, in less attractive portions of the country, small island-like remnants of them which insensibly mingled with their conquerors, though, as I have already remarked, traces of these remnants are perhaps partially recognisable in the characteristic Iberian-like lineaments of some districts of the country even at the present day.

The Celts, as we now find them in Britain, belong to two distinct divisions

of the race, the Irish or Gaelic, and the Welsh or Cymric. Some difference of opinion has arisen as to which of these branches appeared in the country first. It seems to me that if the question is discussed on the evidence of geological analogy, the unquestionable priority should be assigned to the Gaels. There can be no doubt that the Celts came from the east. They had already overspread Gaul and Belgium before they invaded Britain. The tribe which is found on the most northerly and westerly tracts must have crossed on its way the regions lying to the east, while on the other hand, the race occupying the eastern tracts should be of later origin. We ought to judge of the spread of the human population as we do of that of the flora and fauna. Had England been already occupied by the Welsh, Cymric or British branch, it is inconceivable that the Irish or Gaelic branch could have marched through the territory so occupied, and have established itself in Scotland and Ireland. The Gaels were, no doubt, the first to arrive. Finding the country inhabited by the little Neolithic folk they dispossessed them, and spread by degrees over the whole of the islands. At a later time the Cymry arose. We are not here concerned with the question whether these originated by a gradual bifurcation in the development of the Celtic race after its settlement within Britain, or came as a later Celtic wave of migration from the continent. It is enough to notice that they are found at the beginning of the historical period to be in possession of England, Wales, and the South of Scotland up to the estuary of the Clyde. It is improbable that the Gaels, who must once have occupied the same attractive region, would have willingly quitted it for the more inhospitable moors of Scotland and the distant bogs and fenlands of Ireland. It is much more likely that they were driven forcibly out of it. Possibly the traditions they carried with them of the greater fertility of England

may have instigated the numerous inroads which from early Roman times downwards they made to recover the lands of their forefathers. Crossing from Ireland they repossessed themselves of the west of Wales, and sweeping down from the Scottish Highlands they repeatedly burst across the Roman wall, carrying pillage and rapine far into the province where their Cymric cousins had begun to learn some of the arts and the effeminacy of Roman civilization.

Looking at the territory occupied by the Cymry at the time of their greatest extension, we can see how their course northward was influenced by geological structure. As they advanced along the plains which lay on the west side of the great Pennine chain of the centre and north of England, they encountered the range of fells which connects the mountain group of Cumberland and Westmoreland with the uplands of Yorkshire and Durham. This would probably be for some time a barrier to their progress. But after crossing it by some of the deep valleys by which it is trenched, they would find themselves in the wide plains of the Eden and the Solway. Still pushing their way northward, and driving the Gaels before them, they would naturally follow the valley of the Nith, leaving on the left hand the wild mountainous region of Galloway, or "country of the Gael," to which the conquered tribe retired, and on the right the high moorlands about the head of Clydesdale and Tweeddale. Emerging at last upon the lowlands of Ayrshire and lower Clydesdale they would spread over them until their further march was arrested by the great line of the Highland mountains. Into these fastnesses, stoutly defended by the Pictish Gaels, they seem never to have penetrated. But they built, as their northern outpost, the city and castle of Alcluyd, where the picturesque rock of Dumbarton, or "fort of the Britons," towers above the Clyde.

At one time, therefore, the Cymry

extended from the mouth of the Clyde to the south of England. One language—Welsh and its dialects—appears to have been spoken throughout that territory. Hence the battles of King Arthur—which, from the evidence of the ancient Welsh poems, appear to have been fought, not in the south-west of England as is usually supposed, but in the middle of Scotland, against the fierce Gwyddyl Ffichti or Picts of the north and the heathen swarming from beyond the sea—were sung all the way down into Wales and Devon, and across the Channel among the vales of Brittany, whence, becoming with every generation more mystical and marvellous, they grew into favourite themes of the romantic poetry of Europe.

The Roman occupation affected chiefly the lowlands of England and Scotland, where the more recent geological formations extend in broad plains or plateaux. Numerous towns were built there, between which splendid roads extended across the country. The British inhabitants of these lowlands were not extirpated, but continued to live on the lands which they had tilled of old, more or less affected by the Roman civilization, with which, for some four centuries or more, they were brought in contact. But the regions occupied by the more ancient rocks, rising into rugged forest-covered mountains, offered an effective barrier to the march of the Roman legions, and afforded a shelter within which the natives could preserve their ancient manners and language with but little change. The Romans occupied the broad central lowland region of Scotland, which is formed by the Old Red Sandstone and Carboniferous strata, extending up to the base of the Highlands. But though they inflicted severe defeats upon the wild barbarians who issued from the dark glens, and though they seem to have been led by Severus round by the Aberdeenshire low grounds to the shores of the Moray Firth, and to have returned through the heart of the

Highlands, they were never able permanently to bring any part of the mountainous area of crystalline rocks under their rule.

The same geological influences which guided the progress of the Roman armies may be traced in the subsequent Teutonic invasions of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Norwegians. Arriving from the east and north-east, these hordes found level lowlands open to their attack. Where no impenetrable thicket, forest, fenland, or mountainous barrier impeded their advance, they rapidly pushed inland, utterly extirpating the British population, and driving its remnants steadily westward. By the end of the sixth century the Britons had disappeared from the eastern half of the island south of the Firth of Forth. Their frontier, everywhere obstinately defended, was very unequal in its capabilities of defence. In the north, where they had been driven across bare moors and bleak uplands, they found these inhospitable tracts for a time a barrier to the further advance of the enemy; but where they stood face to face with their foe in the plains they could not permanently resist his advance. This difference in physical contour and geological structure led to the final disruption of the Cymric tract of country by the two most memorable battles in the early history of England.

Between the Britons of South Wales and those of Devon and Cornwall lay the rich vale of the Severn. Across this plain there once spread, in ancient geological times, a thick sheet of Jurassic strata of which the bold escarpment of the Cotswold Hills forms a remnant. The valley has been in the course of ages hollowed out of these rocks, the depth of which is only partly represented by the height of the Cotswold plateau. The Romans had found their way into this fertile plain, and, attracted by the hot springs which still rise there, had built the venerable city of Bath and other towns. One hundred and seven years after the Romans quitted Britain,

the West Saxons, who had gradually pushed their way westward up the valley of the Thames, found themselves on the edge of the Cotswold plateau, looking down upon the rich and long settled plains of the Severn. Descending from these heights they fought in 577 the decisive battle of Deorham, which had the effect of giving them possession of the Severn valley, and thus of isolating the Britons of Devon and Cornwall from the rest of their kinsmen. Driven thus into the south-west corner of England upon ancient Devonian and granitic rocks, poorer in soil, but rich in wealth of tin and copper, these Britons maintained their individuality for many centuries. Though they have now gradually been fused into the surrounding English-speaking people, it was only about the middle of last century that they ceased to use their ancient Celtic tongue.

Still more important was the advance of the Angles on the north side of Wales. The older Palæozoic rocks of the principality form a mass of high grounds which, flanked with a belt of coal-bearing strata, descend into the plains of Cheshire. Younger formations of soft red Triassic marl and sandstone stretch northward, to the base of the Carboniferous and Silurian hills of north Lancashire. This strip of level and fertile ground, bounded on the eastern side by high desert moors and impenetrable forests, connected the Britons of Wales with those of the Cumbrian uplands, and, for nearly 200 years after the Romans had left Britain, was subject to no foreign invasion, save perhaps occasional piratical descents from the Irish coasts. But at last, in the year 607, the Angles, who had overspread the whole regions from the Firth of Forth to the south of Suffolk, crossed the fastnesses of the Pennine Chain and burst upon the inhabitants of the plains of the Dee. A great battle was fought at Chester in which the Britons were routed. The Angles obtained permanent possession of these

lowlands, and thus the Welsh were effectually cut off from the Britons of Cumbria and Strathclyde. The latter have gradually mingled with their Teutonic neighbours, though the names of many a hill and river bear witness to their former sway. The Welsh, on the other hand, driven into their hilly and mountainous tracts of ancient Palæozoic rocks, have maintained their separate language and customs down to the present day.

Turning now to the conflict between the Celtic and Teutonic races in Scotland, we notice in how marked a manner it was directed by the geological structure of the country. The level Secondary formations which, underlie the plains, and form so notable a feature in the scenery of England, are almost wholly absent from Scotland. The Palæozoic rocks of the latter kingdom have been so crumpled and broken, so invaded by intrusions of igneous matter from below, and over two-thirds of the country rendered so crystalline and massive, that they stand up for the most part as high tablelands, deeply trenched by narrow valleys. Only along the central counties, between the base of the Highlands on the one side and the southern uplands on the other, where younger Palæozoic formations occur, are there any considerable tracts of lowland; and even these are everywhere interrupted by protrusions of igneous rock, forming minor groups of hills, or isolated crags, like those that form so characteristic a feature in the landscapes around Edinburgh. In old times dense forests and impenetrable morasses covered much of the land. A country fashioned and clothed in this manner is much more suitable for defence than for attack. The high mountainous interior of the north, composed of the more ancient crystalline rocks, which had sheltered the Caledonian tribes from the well-ordered advance of the Roman legions, now equally protected them from the sudden swoop of Saxon and Scandinavian sea-pirates. Neither Roman nor Teuton ever made

any lasting conquest of that territory. It has remained in the hands of its Celtic conquerors till the present time.

But the case has been otherwise with the tracts where the younger Palæozoic deposits spread out from the base of the Highland mountains. These strata have not partaken of the violent corrugations and marked crystallisation to which the older rocks have been subjected. On the contrary, they extend in gentle undulations forming level plains, and strips of lowland between the foot of the more ancient hills and the margin of the sea. It was on these platforms of undisturbed strata that invaders could most successfully establish themselves. So dominant has been this geological influence, that the line of boundary between the crystalline rocks and the Old Red Sandstone, from the north of Caithness to the coast of Kincardineshire, was almost precisely that of the frontier established between the old Celtic natives and the later hordes of Danes and Northmen. To this day, in spite of the inevitable commingling of the races, it still serves to define the respective areas of the Gaelic-speaking and English-speaking populations. On the Old Red Sandstone we hear only English, often with a northern accent, and even with not a few northern words that seem to remind us of the Norse blood which flows in the veins of these hardy fisher-folk and farmers. We meet with groups of villages and towns; the houses, though often poor and dirty, are for the most part solidly built of hewn stone and mortar, with well-made roofs of thatch, slate, or flagstone. The fuel in ordinary use is coal, brought by sea from the south. But no sooner do we penetrate within the area of the crystalline rocks than all appears changed. Gaelic is now the vernacular tongue. There are few or no villages. The houses are built of boulders gathered from the soil and held together with mere clay or earth, and are covered with frail roofs of ferns, straw, or heather,

kept down by stone-weighted ropes of the same materials. Fire-places and chimneys are not always present, and the pungent blue smoke from fires of peat or turf finds its way out by door and window, or beneath the begrimed rafters. The geological contrast of structure and scenery which allowed the Teutonic invaders to drive the older Celtic people from the coast-line, but prevented them from advancing inland, has sufficed during all the subsequent centuries to keep the two races apart.

On the north-western coasts of the island there are none of the fringes of more recent formations which have had so marked an influence on the east side. From the north of Sutherland to the headlands of Argyle the more ancient rocks of the country rise steep and rugged out of the sea, projecting in long bare promontories, for ever washed by the restless surge of the Atlantic. Here and there the coast-line sinks into a sheltered bay, or is interrupted by some long winding inlet that admits the ebb and flow of the ocean tides far into the heart of the mountains. Only in such depressions could a sea-faring people find safe harbours and fix their settlements. When the Norsemen sailed round the north-west of Scotland they found there the counter-part of the country they had left behind—the same type of bare, rocky, island-fringed coast-line sweeping up into bleak mountains, winding into long sea-lochs or fjords beneath the shadow of sombre pine-forests, and westward the familiar sweep of the same wide blue ocean. So striking even now is this resemblance, that the Scot who for the first time sails along the western sea-board of Norway, can hardly realise that he is not skirting the coast-line of Inverness, Ross, or Sutherland. Such a form of coast forbade easy communication by land between valley and valley. Detached settlements arose in the more sheltered bays, where glens, opening inland, afforded ground for tillage

and pasture. But the intercourse between them would be almost wholly by boat, for there could be no continuous line of farms, villages, and roads, like those for which the Old Red Sandstone selvages offered such facilities on the eastern coast. Hence, though the Norsemen possessed themselves of every available bay and inlet, driving the Celts into the more barren interior, the natural contours made it impossible that their hold of the ground should be so firm as that of their kinsmen in the east. When that hold began to relax, the Gaelic natives of the glens came down once more to the sea, and all obvious trace of the Norse occupation eventually disappeared, save in the names given by the sea-rovers to the islands, promontories, and inlets—the “ays,” “nishes,” or “nesses” and “fords” or fjords—which, having been adopted by the Celtic natives, show that there must have been some communication and probable intermarriage between the races. Among the outer islands the effects of the Norwegian occupation were naturally more enduring, though even there the Celtic race has long recovered its ground. Only in the Orkney and Shetland group have the Vikings left upon the physical frame and language of the people the strong impress of their former presence. To this day a Shetlander speaks of going to Scotland, meaning the mainland, much as a Lowland Scot might talk of visiting England, or an Englishman of crossing to Ireland.

But besides governing in no small degree the distribution of races in Britain, the geological structure of the country has probably not been without its influence upon the temperament of the people. Let us take the case of the Celts, originally one great race, with no doubt the same average type of mental and moral disposition, as they unquestionably possessed the same general build of body and cast of features. Probably nowhere within our region have they remained

unmixed with a foreign element, and this, together with the varying political conditions under which they have lived, must have distinctly affected their character. But after every allowance has been made for these several influences, it seems to me that there are residual differences which cannot be explained except by the effects of environment. The Celt of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands was originally the same being; he crossed freely from country to country; his language, manners and customs, arts, religion, were the same on both sides of the channel, yet no two natives of the British Islands are now marked by more characteristic differences. The Irishman seems to have changed less than the Highlander; he has retained the light-hearted gaiety, wit, impulsiveness, and excitability, together with that want of dogged resolution and that indifference to the stern necessities of duty, which we regard as pre-eminently typical of the Celtic temperament. The Highlander, on the other hand, cannot be called either merry or witty; he is rather of a self-restrained, reserved, unexpansive, and even perhaps somewhat sullen, disposition. His music partakes of the melancholy cadence of the winds that sigh through his lonely glens; his religion, too, one of the strongest and noblest features of his character, retains still much of the gloomy tone of a bygone time. Yet he is courteous, dutiful, determinedly persevering, unflinching as a foe, unwearied as a friend, fitted alike to follow with soldier-like obedience, and to lead with courage, skill, and energy—a man who has done much in every climate to sustain and expand the reputation of the British Empire.

Now what has led to so decided a contrast? I cannot help thinking that one fundamental cause is to be traced to the great difference between the geological structure and consequent scenery of Ireland and of the Highlands. By far the greater part

of Ireland is occupied by the Carboniferous limestone, which, in gently undulating sheets, spreads out as a vast plain. Round the margin of this plain the older formations rise as a broken ring of high ground, while here and there from the surface of the plain itself they tower into isolated hills or hilly groups; but there is no extensive area of mountains. The soil is generally sufficiently fertile, the climate soft, and the limestone plains are carpeted with that rich verdant pasture which has suggested the name of the Emerald Isle. In such a region, so long as the people are left free from foreign interference, there can be but little to mar the gay, careless, child-like temperament of the Celtic nature. If the country yields no vast wealth, it yet can furnish, with but little labour, all the necessaries of life. The Irishman is naturally attached to his holding. His fathers for generations past have cultivated the same little plots. He sees no reason why he should try to be better than they, and he resents, as an injury never to be forgiven, the attempt to remove him to where he may elsewhere improve his fortunes. The Highlander, on the other hand, has no such broad fertile plains around him. Placed in a glen, separated from his neighbours in the next glens by high ranges of rugged hills, he finds a soil scant and stony, a climate wet, cold, and uncertain. He has to fight with the elements a never-ending battle, wherein he is often the loser. The dark mountains that frown above him gather around their summits the cloudy screen which keeps the sun from ripening his miserable patch of corn, or rots it with perpetual rains after it has been painfully cut. He stands among the mountains face to face with nature in her wilder moods. Storm and tempest, mist-wreath and whirlwind, the roar of waterfalls, the rush of swollen streams, the crash of loosened landslips, though he may seem hardly to notice them, do not pass without bringing, unconsciously perhaps,

to his imagination, their ministry of terror. Hence the playful mirthfulness and light-hearted ease of the Celtic temperament have in his case been curdled into a stubbornness, which may be stolid obstinacy or undaunted perseverance, according to the circumstances which develop it. Like his own granitic hills he has grown hard and enduring, not without a tinge of melancholy, suggestive of the sadness that lingers among his wind-swept glens, and that hangs about the slopes of birk round the quiet waters of his lonely lakes. The difference between Irishman and Scot thus somewhat resembles, though on a minor scale, that between the Celt of lowland France and the Celt of the Swiss Alps, and the cause of the difference is doubtless traceable in great measure to a similar kind of contrast in their respective surroundings.

If now we turn to the influences which have been at work in the distribution of the population of the country and the development of the national industries, we find them in large degree of a geological kind.

In the first place, the feral ground, or territory left in a state of nature and given up to game, lies mostly upon rocks which, protruding almost everywhere to the surface and only scantily and sparsely covered with a poor soil, are naturally incapable of cultivation. The crystalline formations of the Scottish Highlands may be taken as an example of this kind of territory. The grouse-moors and deer-forests of that region exist there, not merely because the proprietors of the land have so willed it, but because over hundreds of square miles the ground itself could be turned to no better use, for it can neither be tilled nor pastured. Much patriotic nonsense has been written about the enormity of retaining so much land as game preserves. But in this, as in so many other matters, man must be content to be the servant of nature. He cannot plant crops where she has appointed that they shall never grow;

nor can he pasture flocks of sheep where she has decreed that only the fox, the wild cat, and the eagle shall find a home.

In the second place, the true pasture-lands, that is, the tracts which are too high or sterile for cultivation, but which are not too rocky to refuse to yield, when their heathy covering is burnt off, a sweet grassy herbage, excellent for sheep and cattle, lie mainly on elevated areas of non-crystalline Palæozoic rocks. The long range of pastoral uplands in the south of Scotland, and the fells of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, are good examples. These lonely wilds might be grouped into districts each marked off by certain distinctive types of geological structure, and consequently of scenery. And it might, for aught I know, be possible to show that these distinctions have not been without their influence upon the generations of shepherds who have spent their solitary lives among them; that in character, legends, superstitions, song, the peasants of Lammermuir might be distinguished from those of Liddesdale, and both from those of Cumberland and Yorkshire—the distinction, subtle perhaps and hardly definable, pointing more or less clearly to the differences in their respective surroundings.

In the third place, the sites of towns and villages may often be traced to a guiding geological influence. Going back to feudal times we at once observe to what a large extent the positions of the castles of the nobles were determined by the form of the ground, and notably by the prominence of some crag which, rising well above the rest of the country, commanded a wide view and was capable of defence. Across the Lowlands of Scotland such crags are abundantly scattered. They consist for the most part of hard projections of igneous rock, from which the softer sandstones and shales, that once surrounded and covered them, have been worn away. Many of them are crowned with mediæval fortresses,

some of which stand out among the most famous spots in the history of the country. Dumbarton, Stirling, Blackness, Edinburgh, Tantallon, Dunbar, the Bass, are familiar names in the stormy annals of Scotland. A strong castle naturally gathered around its walls the peasantry of the neighbourhood, for protection against the common foe, and thus by degrees the original collection of wooden booths or stone huts grew into a village or even into a populous town. The Scottish metropolis undoubtedly owes its existence in this way to the bold crag of basalt on which its ancient castle stands.

In more recent times the development of the mining industries of the country has powerfully affected both the growth and decay of towns. Comparing in this respect the maps of to-day with those of 150 or 200 years ago, we cannot but be struck with the remarkable changes that have taken place in the interval. Some places which were then of but minor importance have now advanced to the first rank, while others that were among the chief towns of the realm have either hardly advanced at all or have positively declined. If now we turn to a geological map, we find that in almost all cases the growth has taken place within or near to some important mineral field, while the decadence occurs in tracts where there are no workable minerals. Look, for example, at the prodigious increase of such towns as Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Middlesborough. Each of these owes its advance in population and wealth to its position in the midst of, or close to, fields of coal and iron. Contrast, on the other hand, the sleepy quiet, unprogressive content, and even sometimes unmistakable decay, of not a few county towns in our agricultural districts.

Closely connected with this subject is the remarkable transference of population which for the last generation or two has been in such rapid progress

among us. The large manufacturing towns are increasing at the expense of the rural districts. The general distribution of the population is changing, and the change is obviously underlain by a geological cause. People are drawn to the districts where they can obtain most employment and best pay; and these districts are necessarily those where coal and iron can be obtained, without which no branch of our manufacturing industry could exist.

In the fourth place, the style of architecture in different districts is largely dependent upon the character of their geology. The mere presence or absence of building stone creates at once a fundamental distinction. Hence the contrast between the brickwork of England, where building stone is less common, and the stonework of Scotland, where stone abounds. But even as we move from one part of a stone-using region to another, marked varieties of style may be observed, according to local geological development. The massive yellow limestone blocks of Bath or Portland, the thin blue flags and slates of the Lake district, the thick courses of deep red freestone in Dumfriesshire, the bands of fine, easily-dressed white sandstone at Edinburgh, the flints of Kent and Sussex, have all produced certain differences of style and treatment. To a geological eye passing rapidly through a territory, the character of its buildings is often suggestive of its geology.

In the fifth and last place, the dominant influence of the geology of a country upon its human progress is nowhere more marvellously exhibited than in the growth of British commerce. The internal trade of this country may be spoken of as its life-blood, pulsating unceasingly along a network of railways. This vast organism possesses not one but many hearts, from each of which a vigorous

circulation proceeds. Each of these hearts or nerve-centres is located on or near a mineral region, whence its nourishment comes. The history of the development of our system of railways, our steam machinery, our manufactures, is unintelligible except when taken together with the opening up of our resources in coal and iron.

The growth of the foreign commerce of the country enforces the same lesson. Even, however, before the days of steam navigation, her geological structure gave England a distinct advantage over her neighbours on the Continent. Owing to the denudation that has hollowed out the surface of the country, and the subsidence that has depressed the shoreward tracts beneath the sea, the coast-line of Britain abounds in admirable natural harbours, which on the opposite side of the Channel and North Sea are hardly to be found. There can be no question that in the infancy of navigation this gave a superiority for which hardly anything else could compensate. We boast that it is our insular position and our English blood that have made us sailors. Let us remember that in spite of their less favourable position, our neighbours on the opposite shores of the Continent have become excellent sailors too, and that if we have been enabled to lead the van in international commerce it has been largely due to the abundant, safe, and commodious inlets in our coast-line which have sheltered our marine.

Of the foreign trade of the country it is not needful to speak. Its rapid growth during the present century is distinctly traceable to the introduction of steam navigation, and therefore directly to the development of those mineral resources which form so marked an element in the fortunate geological construction of the British Islands.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

THE MELBOURNE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

It is a remarkable fact that the two institutions of which the colony of Victoria has most reason to be proud—its University and its Public Library—were founded at a period when, and under circumstances sufficient, in the estimation of most people, to render the initiation and accomplishment of such an enterprise improbable in the extreme. Thirty years ago, the settlement of Port Phillip formed part of the colony of New South Wales. It had only been occupied for fifteen or sixteen years, and, at the commencement of 1851, it contained a population of less than 100,000 souls, scattered over a territory about equal in area to that of England and Wales. Its chief port and only large town had received the name of her Majesty's first Prime Minister and political preceptor. The surveyor who laid it out, and who is still living, seems to have had some happy prescience of its future magnitude, and he gave a width of three chains to five great thoroughfares running east and west, and to nine others running north and south. The discovery of gold in 1851 occurred almost simultaneously with the separation of the district from New South Wales, and its erection into a distinctive colony, upon which was conferred the name of our Gracious Sovereign. An immense influx of immigrants took place, and society was completely unhinged by the rapidity of its growth, by the dislocation of all its industries, and by the vast amount of treasure which was exhumed from the bosom of the earth. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to describe it as a period of delirium. The population of Victoria, which had been only 76,000 in 1850, rose to 364,000 in 1855, and to 537,000 in 1860. In four years the

revenue of the colony increased from a quarter of a million to nearly three millions and a quarter; the total imports, which had been of the value of only 744,925*l.* in 1850, amounted to 17,659,051*l.* in 1854; and the value of the gold raised, between 1851 and 1860 inclusive, amounted to the prodigious sum of 95,726,870*l.* Property rose in value enormously; fortunes of fabulous amount were made in trade and commerce; a powerful impulse was communicated to speculation and enterprise of every description; and the one word in everybody's mouth at this feverish period was—gold:—

“Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold,
Gold! gold! gold! gold!”

Such masses of the precious metal used to be found within a few feet of the surface, that a single stroke of the pick-axe would often transform a penniless adventurer into a man of fortune; and the sober narratives of some of these extraordinary finds read like the inventions of a romancer. There was naturally a good deal of reckless dissipation in those days, and sovereigns were as little thought of then as shillings are now. Mechanics could earn five-and-twenty shillings a day, and the fortunate possessor of three or four three-roomed cottages could calculate upon drawing a rental of a thousand per annum from them. Publicans were coining money, and shopkeepers, when they allowed you to purchase their commodities at an advance of 500 per cent upon the prime cost, did it with all the air of conferring a personal favour. Servants there were none to be had; and Bridget, who had once blacked your stove and brushed your boots,

might be seen arrayed in a gorgeous satin dress, and lolling in a hired carriage, as the bride of a lucky digger, who had come down from Ballarat or Castlemaine to find a wife, and to squander some of his hoard of gold in treating all comers to champagne, at a pound a bottle, in the Criterion Hotel. Society was turned completely topsy-turvy, and the only wonder is, in looking back upon those days, that it was not utterly disorganised, and that the machinery of government, both political and municipal, did not come to a standstill.

Fortunately for the colony, many of its early settlers were educated gentlemen, and among those who took a prominent part in the administration of its public affairs were the Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers, Col. Pasley, Sir Andrew Clarke, Sir William Stawell, the present Chief Justice of Victoria and Chancellor of the Melbourne University; and the late Sir Redmond Barry, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. To the energy and foresight of the first and last of these Victoria owes the institution of its University, and to Sir Redmond Barry, more particularly, the foundation of its admirable Public Library.

The latter dates back to the year 1853; to a period, that is to say, of the wildest excitement, when the *auri sacra fames* appeared to be insatiable; when art, literature, and science, were held in the greatest contempt by the eager adventurers who were pouring into Victoria from all parts of the world; and when, in the estimation of men whose thoughts were engrossed by money-making, there must have seemed something perfectly quixotic in the proposition to spend some thousands of pounds in the commencement of a public library, planned on a scale of palatial grandeur, and calculated to cost upwards of a million of money before it was completed. Its founder thought otherwise, and posterity will gratefully acknowledge his wise and beneficent provision, and the unremitting care and affection with

which he watched over the birth and growth of his public-spirited project. Sir—then Mr.—Redmond Barry was a young Irish barrister of good family, who had emigrated to Australia when the settlement of Port Phillip was in its infancy. He seems to have foreseen its future importance, and took up his abode in the rudimentary township of Melbourne, in preference to establishing himself in the more attractive city of Sydney. In course of time he was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the colony of Victoria, and having an ardent affection for literature, music, and the fine arts, he devoted himself to the promotion of their study and practice with characteristic energy and pertinacity. In the first instance, the local legislature voted 10,000*l.* for the erection of a suitable building to serve as a Public Library on a block of land nearly two acres in extent, and surrounded by four streets, in a central position; 3,000*l.* being at the same time appropriated for the purchase of books. Five trustees were appointed, with Mr. Justice Barry as their chairman. The building was opened by the acting governor of Victoria on the 11th of February, 1856. A further sum of 20,000*l.* was voted by the legislature, in addition to a liberal grant for books; and an additional reading-room was opened by Sir Henry Barkly on the 24th of May, 1859. In the leading columns of the *Argus* the institution of a National Gallery of Art was warmly and perseveringly advocated by Mr. James Smith, one of the political writers and the art-critic of that journal; and a sum of money having been appropriated by the legislature for that purpose, a Museum of Art and School of Design were established in connection with the Public Library, and a Technological Museum was subsequently incorporated with it. We need not trace the gradual expansion of these excellent institutions during the last twenty years. Suffice it to say, that at the present time the library con-

tains 111,644 volumes, including pamphlets; that there were 261,886 readers during the year 1880; that the number of visitors to the galleries and museums during the same period was 96,247; that there are about 120 oil-paintings and water-colour drawings in the National Gallery; thirty statues and busts of marble, and 190 casts of busts and statues in the Museum of Art; and that the number of students in the various schools was :—

Design—46 male and 67 female.

Painting—5 male and 33 female.

Engineering—36 male.

Chemistry, Metallurgy, and Mineralogy—43 male.

Thus it will be seen that the Melbourne Public Library fulfils, to some extent, the purposes of a popular university; while the advantages it offers are open to all comers, without any restriction, as regards the library itself, and with only a few necessary formalities, as regards the other departments grouped under the same roof.

Its administration is conducted by a Board of Trustees, twenty-one in number, including the Chief Justice, the Chancellor of the University, eminent politicians, university professors, and men of letters, as well as representatives of banking and commerce; and there are sub-committees to which are entrusted the management of the various sections. Their offices are purely honorary. A secretary, a librarian and staff of assistants, a curator of the technological museum, a teacher of painting, and a teacher of drawing, with the necessary attendants, compose the staff of the institution. The library is open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sundays excepted; but there is a growing feeling in the community that it should be open on that day also, with a change of assistants, as the experience of other cities, both in Australia and in Europe and America, is considered to confirm the desirability of such a step, more especially in a place like Melbourne,

where so many young people are living in lodgings, and stand in need of some place of resort in which they can pass a few hours on a Sunday without detriment to their health or morals. The Museums and National Gallery are open to the public from noon until dusk throughout the year; but they also are closed on Sunday, which is the only day in the week upon which numbers of persons possess the requisite leisure to visit them, and there is a very general desire that this restriction also should be removed.

Internally the library consists of a reading room 240 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 30 feet high, with tables and chairs ranged along its whole length for the convenience of readers. On each side are ten bays, each of which is also furnished with a table and chairs. There is likewise a room set apart for ladies frequenting the institution. A gallery, accessible by two flights of stairs, runs round the whole building, and is filled with books of reference and works not likely to be in popular demand. This also is open to the public. The books are everywhere classified according to their subjects, each bay, as a general rule, containing those which are comprehended in one particular department of literature. On the basement story of the building is a spacious apartment devoted to newspaper readers, containing complete files of the various Australian journals.

As we have said, no restriction whatever is placed upon the frequenters of the library, excepting that they are expected to manipulate the books with clean hands, and to return them to their places when done with. The use of ink is forbidden in taking extracts, as it might lead to the injury of the works copied from, and none are allowed to be taken out of the building. In all other respects the student or the desultory reader is as free as he would be in his own library, if he should happen to have one, and for the time being he is "monarch of all he sur-

veys." He may consult a hundred different works in as many minutes, if he thinks proper, or he may concentrate all his attention on one. There are sectional catalogues to assist him in his researches, and obliging attendants to answer his inquiries. He can be as studious or as discursive as he pleases, and it lies within his power to range over the entire field of literature, both ancient and modern.

This unlimited freedom, it is only right to add, has been very little abused. An exceedingly small number of books have been stolen, and a few have been mutilated by the excision of plates or of leaves. The place is frequented by a moderate percentage of greasy loafers and disreputable *fainéants*; but the evils incidental to such a promiscuous gathering, in a city like Melbourne, are insignificant by comparison with the advantages which the institution confers upon those who are qualified to benefit by it, and who resort to it for instruction or recreation. In the evenings, more especially during the winter season, the place may be described as crowded. The most perfect silence and good order are maintained. No sound is heard but the rustling of leaves or the muffled foot-fall of a reader going to replace a volume on the shelf, or taking his departure for the night. The frequenters include persons of all ages, from the stripling of fifteen to the white-haired veteran, who complains that the type is so much smaller and so much less distinct than it was when he was a young man. The classes of society most numerous represented are the operative and the lower-middle class, with a fair sprinkling of the *déclassés*. As to the books most in demand, works of fiction, biography, history, and voyages and travels seem to command the preference, but those of a higher character obtain a reasonable share of attention. Sporting literature appears to be intensely popular, and some books of this kind

—histories of the turf, for example—are saturated and malodorous with the porous exudations of moist-fingered readers. These have also suffered by the predatory fingers of petty larcenists, who have torn out plates of famous race-horses; but, on the whole, as was remarked just now, these mischievous depredations have been few in number, and the great majority of those who habitually resort to the Melbourne Public Library feel that they possess a proprietary interest in the institution, and that they are under an obligation to protect its contents from spoliation or injury accordingly.

There are few countries, in fact, where so much is done by the State for the wage-earning classes of the community, as in Victoria. The State undertakes the gratuitous education of their children; it reserves large areas of valuable land in and around every centre of population, for recreative purposes; its land legislation is framed so as to offer every facility to small settlers; and its fiscal system has been adopted with a special view to secure to local industry a monopoly of the local market; although that system, being in direct opposition to every sound principle of political economy, has failed to do so, and has really promoted the prosperity of the neighbouring colony of New South Wales, which has wisely adhered to free trade. Furthermore the State, in Victoria, subsidises hospitals in which people can obtain the best medical treatment, medicine, and maintenance without cost; and it has discontinued applying any portion of the revenue accruing from the sale of the public domain, to the assistance of immigration, because the operative classes—who, being numerically stronger than all the rest put together, control the elections—imagine that every new comer is a competitor to be feared, instead of a co-operator to be welcomed. Lastly, the State spends about 16,000*l.* per annum on the Melbourne Public Library, Fine Arts Galleries, and

Technological Museums ; while it also subsidises every free Public Library, Mechanics' Institute, or Athenæum, throughout the colony ; and there is scarcely a township of any importance that cannot boast of an institution of this kind, supplied with a good collection of books, newspapers, periodicals, maps, &c.

And this suggests the mention of an excellent feature of the library under notice : we allude to its lending department. Any free library or cognate institution in the country districts, as well as in the suburbs of Melbourne, can obtain, for a period of three months, the loan of from 200 to 400 volumes—duplicates of those in the Public Library ; and, on the return of these, a fresh collection is sent out to replace it. The cases are so constructed as to serve the purpose of temporary book-shelves in the place to which they are consigned ; and as this regulation is eagerly taken advantage of, a stream of good literature is constantly circulating through the colony ; and the cost to the institutions thus benefited is only that of the carriage of the books themselves. At the present time, there are upwards of 6,000 volumes in circulation in this way.

Of the contents of the Public Library, it would be impossible to speak at any length without exceeding the due limits of a paper of this kind. It contains few rare editions, and still fewer literary curiosities. Utility has been the object principally aimed at ; and what have been chiefly studied are the requirements of a practical and energetic community, containing an abundance of readers and very few bibliomaniacs. History, biography, the applied sciences, poetry and the drama, voyages and travels, theology and serial literature, make up no small part of the collection, which has been enriched by many donations from European sovereigns, and from the various learned societies of Europe and America. Her Majesty the Queen, the late Emperor of the French, the

Emperor of Germany, the King of the Belgians, the King of Italy, and the King of the Netherlands ; the Governments of the United States, of the Argentine Republic, of the Hawaiian Islands, of Spain, and of the Swiss Confederation, figure in the list of donors. So do the Governors of most of the British dependencies ; the Parliament of Great Britain, and many of the chief public men and institutions in the mother country ; and literary and scientific associations in all parts of the world. A summary of the donations thus received, gives the following totals :—

	Volumes.	Pamphlets.
British Government and Societies	9285	2083
British, India, and Colonial	—	—
Governments and Societies	4920	1664
Foreign Governments and Societies	4141	2847
Private Donations	4226	6460
Bequest by Will	424	429
Total	22,996	13,483

The bequest was made by the late Count Castelnau, the naturalist, who was consul-general for France in Victoria, and died there.

The alphabetical catalogue of the Melbourne Public Library fills two substantial quarto volumes of upwards of 1,000 pages each, and is to be followed, in due time, by a classified catalogue ; for which an admirable model is presented by that of the Parliament Library of Victoria, compiled in 1865. This also, it may be remarked, in passing, contains a very fine collection of works in every department of literature, about 50,000 in number ; as it had the good fortune to be, for five years, under the management of an enthusiastic man of letters, with a wide knowledge of general literature, who was enabled, by the liberality of the local legislature, to enrich many departments of it with books drawn from all parts of Europe.

With respect to the Public Library of Victoria, what is wanted to secure its efficiency, and to perfect its admin-

istration, is such an endowment as would render it independent of the Victorian Parliament, as regards the salaries of its officers. A gift or bequest of 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* for this purpose, from an absentee colonist, would confer upon the institution a very great boon. Its trustees are a corporate body, but they have no estate; and the Government for the time being claims to exercise the official patronage. Now this is liable to serious abuses; because it is apt to be administered upon political grounds exclusively, and without regard to the fitness of the persons appointed to the vacant posts. A glaring instance of this kind occurred about three years ago, when a comparatively illiterate person was appointed to the important and responsible post of Parliamentary librarian. The appointment was condemned as scandalous by the press of the colony, and when a change of Ministry occurred, the obnoxious appointee was dismissed, to be subsequently re-

instated in defiance of public opinion. A precisely similar incident might occur in connection with the Melbourne Public Library; and, if it were to happen, it would be both a calamity and a disgrace. But if the salaries of the various officials connected with it were derived from the interest of an invested endowment fund, the trustees could then claim the exercise of the necessary patronage, and would be guided, in so doing, by considerations of the interest, welfare, dignity, and utility of the institution entrusted to their control; an institution of the highest value and importance to the mental culture of the great mass of the people of Victoria, and a lasting monument to the public spirit, the foresight, and the enlightened patriotism of the late Sir Redmond Barry.

H. MORTIMER FRANKLYN.

Melbourne, November, 1881.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD.

I.

AN order of King Henry VIIIth's Council, bearing date December 2, 1533, nearly three months after the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, runs as follows:—

“The King's Highness hath appointed that the Lady Princess Elizabeth shall be conveyed from hence towards Hatfield upon Wednesday the next week, and that on Wednesday night to repose and lie at the house of the Earl of Rutland in Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such Family in household as the King's Highness has assigned and established for the same.”

The early history of Hatfield, with which Elizabeth thus, in the beginning of her life, became connected, must not detain us here, though it is one of those old English manors whose story is quaint and curious. The manor, originally a royal possession, had belonged to the See of Ely from the days of St. Dunstan till the time of Henry VIII., when it again became crown property, and a bishop's palace had all along existed there; but the palace to which Elizabeth was brought was then only half a century old, having been built by Morton, Henry VIIth's great chancellor and archbishop, during his tenancy of the Bishopric of Ely from 1478 to 1486. Morton was a great builder. The palaces at Canterbury, at Knowle, the Manor House at Lambeth, the episcopal residences at Maidstone, Addington Park, Ford, and Charing, were all either added to or rebuilt, by him; and it is probable that he was his own architect.

The conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, and the consequent settlement of the country, caused a considerable modification in the palaces and mansions built in the latter part of the

fifteenth century. The necessity for a defensive structure was less felt, and though the characteristic style of the castle and fortified house was not entirely abandoned, yet buttress, tower, keep, and embattlements, instead of being enforced by necessity, had become a mere embellishment; and the demands of a generous hospitality, and of extended ideas of comfort, were answered by the introduction of important new features. The quadrangular area came in; halls and state apartments—a withdrawing-room for the guests, a presence chamber, parlours both for winter and summer, and an apartment for ladies—enormous in size by comparison with the past, were now become indispensable. For the accommodation of a large household, a great number of private rooms had to be provided, which, though wofully small and incommodious when measured by modern ideas, contrasted very favourably with those of a previous age.

Hatfield Palace well exhibited these characteristics. It was a quadrangle of 218 feet square, external measurement. Standing on the crest of the hill overlooking the church and town, it had its principal entrance on the east or opposite side, where ran the approach to it from London. Passing through the east gates, a broad walk divided the inner court, leading up to the still existing West Tower. When the present Hatfield House was built in 1611 by Sir Robert Cecil, three sides of the quadrangle were pulled down, and the west side only now stands. It consists of a double tower flanked by two wings, which formed the banqueting hall of the palace. At the centre of the hall are two doors, the one to the west having been the entrance to the palace from

the town, and the other, to the east, gave access to the inner courtyard. At the south end of the hall was the withdrawing-room, and next to it was the chapel, which has now disappeared. At the north end were several living rooms, and beyond an archway, through which ran a road leading round to the east or principal front of the palace. The ground plan of the whole is still preserved among the Hatfield MSS., and is engraved by Robinson in his *Vitruvius Britannicus*. It shows that there was another large apartment, on the west side, facing the garden; the remainder of the rooms, fourteen in number, being of more moderate dimensions.

Defences were abandoned in the palace, but the spirit of the feudal castle remained in its buttresses, towers, and battlements. The exterior West Tower now remaining, with its circular loopholed staircase, small chambers, with high windows and wide hearths, is a miniature copy of the Norman keep. The building is of brick. The use of brick, which had been employed by the Romans in this country, had been lost till the reign of Richard II., when it was re-introduced, principally for monasteries. By Henry VIth's time it was gradually displacing timber for dwelling-houses, and stone for castles, churches, religious houses, and palaces; the change of material being largely brought about, in the latter cases, by the change in design which has been traced above.

The first use of brick appears to have been for the gateways and chimneys (luxuries then confined to monasteries and palaces) of stone or flint houses; afterwards, when the body of the building was of brick, stone dressings for the doors and windows were commonly used. In Hatfield Palace the use of these stonedressings was entirely abandoned, and their place supplied by brick. The stucco which had even then come into use for disfiguring brickwork was eschewed by the bishop. As was

usual at the time, the external walls were ornamented here and there with glazed or vitrified bricks, disposed in squares and lozenges.

The banqueting hall, though now used as a stable, is a room whose fine proportions, stained glass windows, and high-pitched, open chestnut roof, springing from fanciful corbels, recall its original purpose. The high-pitched timber-frame roof, "jointed with admirable contrivance," was a feature of the halls of this date. "The boldness of projection, and the beauty of unpainted oak or chestnut, upon a grand scale, never attained to greater excellence than at this time," says Dalway; and the Hatfield roof is an admirable specimen. The present internal fittings of the hall are of course all modern. The dais at the upper end, with its high table, and the benches and forms for the household and dependants have disappeared. The windows, partly of stained glass, remind us that glass windows were at the time still the luxury of the great.

Some yards west of the north-west corner of the palace stands the gatehouse, which gave admission from the town to the west entrance. This building, including the cottages adjoining, is the only other relic of Bishop Morton's time. The windows, and the ornamentations in vitrified brick here seen, are strictly in keeping with the palace. In the gatehouse, and over the gateway itself, is a room which contained till recently on its smoke-stained walls a curious fresco representing a battle, now, however, all but obliterated. Such painting in fresco on walls was in use from the time of Henry III. to Elizabeth. In Henry VIII.'s reign tapestry, becoming somewhat cheaper, began to be more generally used for the better apartments. It is not improbable, therefore, that this fragment of fresco is but a sample of the decorations of all the ordinary chambers of the old palace.

Baker and Godwin, the chroniclers, both mention the great cost which

the bishop bestowed upon the palace, and Camden, in his *Britannia*, speaks of the beautiful manner in which it was fitted up. It must have been a noted building in its day, both as one of the residences of the powerful churchman, and on its own architectural merits. The monasteries were at this time at the very height of their magnificence, and we may well conclude that the bishop's palaces were no whit behind other ecclesiastical buildings in luxury, display, and splendid hospitality. The bishops' households at Hatfield from Edgar to Henry VIIIth no doubt consisted of monks of the Benedictine order, to which Ely belonged. It must have been with great regret that the villagers saw the last of the jolly brethren pass down the hill when the palace was taken over by Henry VIII. The open-handed charities of the orders had so endeared them to the common people, and so blinded them to their real evils that it was, says a contemporary author, "a pitiful thing to hear the lamentations that the country people made for them." West, too, the last of the Ely bishops who held Hatfield, was noted to have lived "in the greatest splendour of any prelate of his time," and to have relieved 200 poor people daily at his gate with meat and drink.

At the end of 1533, as we have seen, Elizabeth was sent down to Hatfield, which the king had evidently then decided on acquiring, though the transfer was not made till some months afterwards. In 1534 West died, and Bishop Goodrich was appointed by Henry to the vacant see. Following a time-honoured custom, Henry "robbed Peter to pay Paul," and in exchange for Hatfield, conveyed to the Bishop other church lands which had before undergone the same process of "conveyance," in Pistol's sense, at his own hands. A document in the Exchequer Queen's Remembrancer Accounts gives the valuation of the manor at the time of transfer. In it the "fine and ornate mansion, with the many edifices

thereto annexed, on the east side of the church," was valued at 2,000*l*.

It is said that the king himself occasionally resided at Hatfield; he assembled the Privy Council there for six days in August, 1541; but his favourite residences were Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor, Eltham, and Woodstock. It was as a nursery for his children that he acquired the palace and manor, as he had done Enfield and Hunsdon. The name was altered for a short time to Hatfield Regis, but retook its old form of Bishop's Hatfield.

Lady Margaret Bryan, the wife of Sir Thomas Bryan, Kt., and afterwards Baroness Bryan, who had been appointed "Lady Mistress" of the Princess Mary shortly after her birth, was now placed in charge of the infant Elizabeth at Hatfield, possibly without entirely relinquishing her connection with Mary, as Mary and Elizabeth were frequently under the same roof until Henry's death. There is a letter extant from Lady Bryan to Lord Cromwell from Hunsdon, written on behalf of Elizabeth, complaining of the child being put from "that degree she was afore," and of the scantiness of her wardrobe, "for she hath neither gown nor kirtel, nor petecot, nor no maner of linnin;" also that Master Shelton—an officer of the household—will have Elizabeth to dine at the "board of estate," which she herself thinks is not mete for a child of her age, and prejudicial to her health, on account of the divers meats, fruits, and wines, and to her behaviour, as there is "no place for correction there." "A mess of meat in her own lodging" is what Lady Bryan proposes. She then speaks of the great pain the child endures in cutting her great teeth, which makes the Lady Mistress "to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, an her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion, than she is yet," adds the guardian quaintly, "for she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew one in my life."

Hunsdon, near Hoddesdon, Herts, was Mary's usual and favourite residence, Hatfield being Elizabeth's, and Prince Edward dividing his time between Hatfield, Hertford Castle, and Ampthill, Beds. It appears from Mary's "Privy Purse Expenses," that she paid a visit to Hatfield in January 1537, and again in March of the same year. Numerous entries of gifts of jewelry and dresses from one sister to the other appear in this account, which extends from 1536 to 1544, and shows that they were frequently together, at times, indeed, having but one household. Their intercourse, then, as far as can be judged, was most affectionate. The ban under which they were both laid by Henry no doubt helped to draw them together in sympathy. In 1537, when five years old, Elizabeth is recorded to have given Mary a pair of "hosen gold and silk," and in 1540 she presents her brother Edward with "a shyrt of cameryke of her own woorkynge." She was then but eight years old. A glimpse is afforded us of the establishment at Hatfield Palace at this time by the accounts of reparations to the King's Palaces in March, April, and May, 1542. The account relating to Hatfield is for "reparations done against my lord prince's grace coming thither," Edward being then in his fifth year. The carpenters were at work at 7*d.* and 8*d.* a day, in making a new bolting-house, and troughs for flour and meal, framing planks for dressers in the "pastry" and larder, and mending the tables and trestles in the hall, and the "jowpets" in the great chamber. The bricklayers, at 6*d.* a day, made a furnace for the boiling-house, underpinned the new bolting-house, and laid a tiled roof upon it. The plasterers mended the walls of the stables and garner. The glaziers were busy, some few new panes of glass being supplied, but in the majority of cases the old ones were mended. The rooms mentioned are Mr. Controller's lodgings, the Lady Mistress's lodgings (Lady

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Bryan, who had been so appointed at Edward's birth), the chapel, the vestry, the High Chamberlain's, and Mr. Fey the Chamberlain's lodgings, the lodgings of the Steward, the Clerk of the Spicery, and of Lady Lyncoln. Finally the orchard was mown, the alleys "pared," and the trees pruned. The account is signed by John Cornwallis, steward, and Richard Cotton, comptroller. Sir John Cornwallis, the Steward of Edward's Household, was the ancestor of the Earls and Marquises Cornwallis. Richard Cotton, Comptroller of his Household, was knighted by Edward on his accession. The High Chamberlain was Sir William Sydney, the ancestor of the Earls of Leicester, made in 1544 Steward of Edward's Household. It is probable that the three royal children spent the whole of the summer and autumn of this year, 1542, together at Hatfield, for we find from Mary's "Privy Purse Expenses" that on going to her father in London in December of this year she made presents to Edward's under-officers; Elizabeth's presence also being shown by various entries of gifts to her from Mary. The officers were those of the Pantry, the Buttery, the Cellar, the Ewry, the Kitchen, the Larder, the Squyllary (Scullery), the Chaundry (Chandlery), the Pastry, the Scalding House, the Boiling House, and the Poultry, the marshal and ushers of the hall, the porters at the gate, and the guard of the beds. Presents were also given to the children of the kitchen, the pastry, and the squyllary, and the drawer of the buttery.

During all this time of residence at Hatfield, varied by visits to Hunsdon or Ashridge, Elizabeth was making great progress in her education. Her first governess, or "tutoress," was Lady Champernoun, the wife of Sir Philip Champernoun. Ascham mentions the "counsels of this accomplished lady," as having contributed to Elizabeth's advancement in learning, and Bohun describes her "as a person of great worth, who formed this great wit (Elizabeth) from her

infancy, and improved her native modesty with wise counsels, and a liberal and sage advice." She very soon, however, had the advantage of sharing with Edward the instructions of Dr. Richard Coxe, Bishop of Ely, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. Letters from Coxe upon church matters, dated at Hatfield, in October, 1546, show that the two royal pupils were together there at that time. Hayward says, with regard to their habits of study, that they "desired to look upon books as soon as the day began. Their first hours were spent in prayers and religious exercises. The rest of the forenoon they were instructed either in language, or some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning; and when Edward was called out to any youthful exercise becoming a child of his age, she in her privy chamber betook herself to her lute or viol, and wearied, with that, to practise her needle." Her progress is attested by her translation in her thirteenth year of Queen Catherine's "Prayers or Meditations" into Latin, French, and Italian, which she inscribed to her father in a dedication dated Hatfield, December 30, 1545.

As to her religious education, the zealous reformer Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had in 1533 or 1534 succeeded Betts as chaplain to Anne Boleyn, with whom he soon rose to great favour, and who, not long before her death, gave him particular charge as to Elizabeth, "that she might not want his pious and wise counsel." Elizabeth was thus early brought into the sphere of the principles of the Reformation. As early as 1535, when Elizabeth was two years old, it is recorded that Parker preached before her at Hunsdon, as in 1540 he did at Hatfield. Outwardly, however, she remained like the other royal children, of the religion of her father, Catholicism, without the Papal supremacy. A list of Elizabeth's Hatfield household, which appears from internal evidence to have been drawn up some time before Henry's death,

is preserved. The ladies attending on her were Lady Troy, (Lady Herbert of Troy, a relative of the Pembroke family, who continued with her till after Henry's death), Mistress Chambrini, (Mrs. Catherine Chambron), the Lady Gard, Elizabeth Candyselye, or Canish (Cavendish), and Mary Norne; the gentlemen were Thomas Torrell, Robert Power, and Richard Sands. Her chaplain was "Sir" Rauffe, who had succeeded Mr. Bingham in that office. There were also two chamberers, two grooms of the chamber, a laundress, a woodbearer, and grooms. Her establishment and Mary's jointly bore, at one period, the expense of a set of minstrels.

Lady Bryan was succeeded in the office of head of Elizabeth's household by Mrs. Catherine Ashley. She was appointed to this place by Henry, and the relationship thus formed was afterwards knit by the ties of strongest affection, as abundantly appears in the subsequent narrative. Mrs. Ashley was wife to John Ashley, a kinsman of Elizabeth's, and a man of education, commended by Ascham for his knowledge of Italian, and the author of a treatise on "Horsemanship."

Henry's death and Edward's accession now occurred. Holinshed records that at Henry's death, shortly after the proclamation, the Earl of Hertford, with other of the lords, resorted to Hatfield, where the young king then lay, whence they conducted him with a great and right honourable company to the Tower. Edward's journal, however, names Enfield as the scene of this event. The death of her father brought about several changes to Elizabeth. Mary withdrew herself from the party of the Reformation, which then took the head of affairs, and the intimacy between the sisters was broken. Elizabeth left Hatfield, was placed in the charge of the accomplished Queen Dowager, Catherine Parr, and went to Chelsea, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley. Dr. Coxe, about the same time, ceased his tutorship of Edward, and was succeeded by

Sir John Cheke,¹ (whose sister Cecil had married) "a man of great learning, rare eloquence, sound judgment, and grave modesty," Elizabeth had his assistance for a short time in the prosecution of her studies. Sir John Fortescue, afterwards her chancellor, also read Greek with her about this time. She had a resident tutor in the person of William Grindal, who had been bred up under Ascham, and was appointed by Cheke to that office. His relationship to the celebrated Bishop Grindal is not known. He was a young man of great hopes, and highly esteemed by his friend Ascham. He died in Elizabeth's service, of the plague, in January 1548.

Elizabeth was now, whilst zealously prosecuting her studies, about to take a hard lesson in life. Next to the imminent risk she ran at the time of the Wyatt rebellion, the most dangerous pass of Elizabeth's life, as Princess, occurred immediately after Edward's accession, in connection with Lord Seymour of Sudeley; and as this episode of her career had its climax and conclusion at Hatfield, and as the principal records concerning it are among the Hatfield MSS., a few notes concerning it may be given.

Lord Seymour of Sudeley, brother of the Protector Somerset, and uncle to the king, was a handsome, dashing, gallant, and accomplished man, in the eyes of those with whom it was his object to stand well, and who could help to serve his ambition; but at heart covetous, tyrannical, revengeful, and cruel. His designs, which were many, were rash and daring in the extreme; but his talent for intrigue was only skin-deep, and his want of consistent plan, and of caution, rendered his suppression an easy matter to Somerset.

His first step had been, on the death of Henry VIII., to pay court to, and to marry, Henry's widow, Catherine Parr, an alliance from which he ex-

pected to gain both wealth and influence. Catherine, who had no unworthy motive, was, like him, bitterly deceived in the match, and an affecting picture is given by Lady Tyrwhitt, her attendant, wife of Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, and afterwards Elizabeth's governess, of a scene between Catherine and Seymour two days before Catherine's death. Having the Lord Admiral by the hand, Catherine said, "My Lady Tyrwhitt, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief, and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me." Seymour answered, "Why, sweetheart, I would [do] you no hurt;" to which she replied, very sharply and earnestly, "No, my lord, I think so, but you have given me many shrewd taunts." Seymour then tried to calm her, but Lady Tyrwhitt perceived Catherine's trouble to be so great that "her heart would serve her to hear no more." It is chronicled that the queen dowager died "not without suspicion of poison," but there was nothing but common rumour in support of the accusation.

A constant inmate in the household of Catherine and Seymour, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour Place, was, as we have noted, the Princess. It would appear that Seymour had cast his eyes upon Elizabeth before his marriage with the queen, and had paid her some court, though she was then but in her fourteenth year. Disappointed at the results of his marriage with Catherine, he now, with an eye to the future, endeavoured to obtain a hold upon Elizabeth. In Mrs. Ashley he found a ready tool for his purposes. Whether she was won over by gold, or promises, or a weak yielding to what she conceived to be her ward's hidden wishes, we do not know. Even during Catherine's lifetime Ashley had, she subsequently confessed, "had commune" with Seymour in St. James's Park as to Elizabeth, expressed to him her regret that he had not married Elizabeth in Henry's time, and mentioned to him

¹ Apostrophised by Milton in his sonnet on *Tetrachordon*, and the translator of St. Matthew's Gospel.

rumours that he should yet marry her ; to which he said, "Nay, I love not to lose my life for a wife." At this interview Catherine's speedy death appears to have been treated as a certainty.

This was a private meeting of confederates, and of what passed at it Mrs. Ashley no doubt confessed just what she chose, and no more. The public conduct of Seymour towards Elizabeth, however, during the time she was resident under his roof, was marked and extraordinary. Mrs. Ashley's confessions relate a series of familiarities of manner practised by him towards the Princess from the very time of his marriage. To what extent these familiarities were attributable to the free manners of the time and how far to Seymour's insolent assurance of possessing the Princess's affections, it is difficult to say. They have been described by one historian as "a sort of semi-barbarous feudal flirtation." A perusal of the documents certainly shows that they were displeasing to Elizabeth, who withdrew herself as far as possible from the chance of them ; but Seymour as certainly made an impression upon the young girl. It is curious, indeed, that the queen sanctioned these familiarities on several occasions by her presence without remonstrating. Once at Hanworth, Seymour wrestled with Elizabeth, and cut her gown of black cloth into a hundred pieces ; and when Ashley chid her, she replied that the queen had held her while the Lord Admiral did it. Mrs. Ashley, though favouring the Lord Admiral, appears, according to her own account, to have opened her eyes to the unseemliness of his conduct, to have complained to his servant, John Harrington, and to have remonstrated with him personally. Still the judicious woman was at this very period reminding Elizabeth that if Seymour might have had his own will, he would have had her and not the queen !

In the end, however, Catherine's

jealousy became excited, and Elizabeth left her house abruptly. Mrs. Ashley's version of the incident was that the Lord Admiral loved Elizabeth too well, that the queen, suspecting his frequent visits, had come suddenly upon them, and found him with Elizabeth in his arms ; and that this was the cause of Elizabeth's sudden departure.

Immediately after the queen's death, which took place in September, 1548, Seymour had so far decided on prosecuting his scheme of marrying Elizabeth, as according to common report, to retain in his service the maids who had formerly waited upon his wife, in the hope of speedily giving them Elizabeth as a new mistress. Mrs. Ashley, not to be behindhand, took the opportunity of urging Elizabeth to write to the admiral to comfort him in his sorrow ; but the princess refused, "for it needs not," she said, and "for that I should be thought to woo him."

Seymour sounded some of his friends as to what would be thought if he married "one of the king's sisters," but received poor encouragement. He had other irons in the fire. He had obtained a control over Lady Jane Grey, with the view of marrying her to the king, whom he urged to throw off Somerset's protection. To what lengths his daring would have gone it is impossible to say, but he probably hoped to destroy Somerset, and then, as guardian of Edward and husband of Elizabeth, to hold supreme power in the country.

Elizabeth, on leaving the house of Queen Catherine, removed to Hatfield, still under the guardianship of Mrs. Ashley. To what extent her affections had been gained by Seymour it is difficult to say. The most searching examinations both of herself and her intimate companions could produce no evidence of a consent on her part to his addresses.

Seymour had won to his interests, in addition to Mrs. Ashley, Mary Cheke and John Seymour, two of Elizabeth's attendants, and Thomas

Parry, her cofferer or treasurer, who had frequent private conference with the admiral at Seymour Place. Thomas Parry, afterwards Sir Thomas, was of Welsh extraction, and, according to Lodge, was distantly related to Cecil, by whom he may have been introduced into Elizabeth's service. His wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Reed, of Borestall, Bucks, succeeded Lady Troy as attendant on the Princess soon after Henry's death. John Ashley was privy to the whole matter, but warned his wife to take heed, as Elizabeth seemed to bear some affection for Seymour, to be well pleased with him, "and sometime she would blush when he was spoken of;" but Mrs. Ashley never made any secret of her desire for the match, though on the condition, she asseverated, of the council's consent. Parry appears to have ably seconded her efforts. He, as well as Mrs. Ashley, pressed Elizabeth on the point as to whether she would accept Seymour if the council agreed. Elizabeth's answers, however, were far beyond her years, and—whatever her feelings might have been, and no doubt there was, as Parry said, "good will between them"—gave evidence of a caution and fear of committing herself thoroughly characteristic. "Would she marry him, if the council consented?" "When that came to pass she would do as God should put in her mind. Who bade him ask?" "No one, but he gathered the admiral was given that way." "Then it was but his foolish gatherings." "Seymour would now come to woo her." "Though he might want her, the council would not consent to it."

In addition to these overtures through his agents, Seymour took more public steps. Learning that Elizabeth intended to go to London to see the king, and that she had been disappointed of Durham Place, which she wanted, he wrote, through Parry (who had brought him a letter from Elizabeth in favour of her chaplain, Allen), placing his

house and household stuff in London at her disposal; and also sent her word that he would come and see her at Hatfield. These offers, however, rather scared Mrs. Ashley, who was prudent at times, and held the council and their powers of dismissal and incarceration in great awe; and upon her advice (as she claimed) Elizabeth refused both offers, though, according to Parry, she had received the news of the visit "very joyfully and gladly."

Seymour's proceedings, which were probably not much of a secret to Somerset and the council, at the end of the year, 1548, grew ripe enough for their public attention. Seymour was sent to the Tower on January 17th, 1549, and about the same time "the Lord Great Master (Sir William St. John) and Master Denny," two Privy Councillors, were sent on a visit of inquiry to Hatfield. Sir Anthony Denny was no stranger to Elizabeth. He was one of her father's executors. She had stayed with him at Cheston before Queen Catherine's death, and he had married the daughter of Lady Champernoun, Elizabeth's first governess. The consternation caused by their appearance there is noted in subsequent letters. Upon the news that they were at the gate, Parry went hastily to his chamber, and said to his wife, "I would I had never been born; I am undone." The same night the unwelcome commissioners supped with Mrs. Ashley, Parry and his wife, and Lady Fortescue, Parry's niece, and a grim enough meal no doubt they had. After the meal and the withdrawal of the guests, Mrs. Parry looked upon her husband and wept, saying to Mistress Ashley, "Alas! I am afraid lest they will send my husband to the Tower;" but Mrs. Ashley assured her there was no cause. Afterwards Parry sent Mrs. Ashley word that he would be torn in pieces rather than open "that matter." What the matter was, must remain a mystery. She, on her side, forbade him to mention

her communications with him on the subject of the Lord Admiral, for fear, she said, of her husband, who would have been displeased, "as he feared the admiral's plans would come to naught."

No document remains recording the proceedings of the two Commissioners, but we find that they were soon after replaced by Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, whose letters indicate that the Commissioners had subjected Elizabeth to a preliminary examination. Sir Robert Tyrwhitt of Leighton, Huntingdonshire, was a relative by marriage of Queen Catherine, whose Master of the Horse he was, after having been Esquire of the Body to Henry VIII. His wife's connection with Queen Catherine has been mentioned above. The only subsequent notices of him are in connection with his office as one of the lords lieutenant of Huntingdonshire, to which he was appointed in 1551. He died in 1556.

Tyrwhitt's eight letters sent to the Protector from Hatfield at the end of January and beginning of February, 1549, are very interesting, not only with regard to the immediate business in hand, but to the glimpses they afford of Elizabeth's character, and the methods of inquiry sanctioned by the Protector and council.

The first letter, dated on January 22nd, shows that Tyrwhitt had recourse at the commencement to artifice and deceit to make Elizabeth confess. He "devised" a letter to Mistress Blanche Parry, from a friend of hers, stating that Mrs. Ashley—who at the beginning of the inquiry had been discharged from her post—and Parry, had both been committed to the Tower. The devised letter probably contained something more than this bare fact, for Mrs. Ashley and Parry had actually been so committed on January 20th. This letter he showed to Elizabeth, who, not doubting its genuineness, but concerned for the fate of her servants, and possibly not without misgivings for herself, was abashed, wept, and endeavoured to

learn from Lady Brown, another lady then in attendance, whether they had confessed anything. The false letter had the effect of making Elizabeth more communicative than she had been to the two Commissioners, and she proceeded to give her version of the admiral's proposal to visit her, and her refusal. Tyrwhitt thereupon began to deal more roundly with her, "required her to consider her honour and the peril that might ensue," reminded her that she was but a subject, declared what a wicked woman Mrs. Ashley was, "with a long circumstance," as he expressed it in his letters, artfully saying that if Elizabeth would confess of herself, all the evil and shame should be ascribed to Mrs. Ashley and Parry, and her own youth considered. But whatever secrets there were, if any, between Elizabeth and her governess and cofferer, she was staunch to them. At the end of his letter detailing his tricks and subterfuges to obtain evidence, Tyrwhitt was obliged to confess his belief that she "would abide more storms" before she would be brought to accuse Mrs. Ashley. In a subsequent letter he expresses his belief that there has been some secret promise between the three "never to confess till death." In spite of Tyrwhitt's cleverness, worthy of a French *juge d'instruction*, Elizabeth would in no way "confess any practice," and yet, he adds, "I do see it in her face that she is guilty."

The next day, January 23, Tyrwhitt attacks his antagonist in a new manner. He has "gently persuaded" with her grace, and "begins to grow with her in credit." He obtains an admission that Parry had mentioned to her the subject of the marriage. "This is a good beginning," he writes, "I trust more will follow." Elizabeth, he finds, "has a good wit, and nothing is gotten off her but by great policy."

Two days after, January 25, Tyrwhitt reports progress. Another stratagem was now in practice. A

letter from the Protector to him, written for the purpose, was shown to Elizabeth, "with a great protestation that I would not for a thousand pounds be known of it." Whatever the letter contained, Elizabeth still remained obdurate, and Tyrwhitt has to confess, "I cannot frame her to all points as I would wish it to be." In despair of extracting more and with evident respect for Elizabeth's ability, he casts about for help, and writes that he wishes Lady Brown (who apparently had left) to return to Hatfield as "nobody could do more good to cause her to confess" than she, "nor anybody with better will." Who this useful Lady Brown was is difficult to decide. There was a Lady Jane Browne then living, the wife of Sir Anthony Browne's son, King Henry's Master of the Horse; but a Lady Brown, the wife of a London judge, is also mentioned.

When Tyrwhitt writes again, on January 28th, three days more had been spent by him in "practising with Elizabeth by all means and policy"—whether with Lady Brown's aid or not we are not informed—to no purpose, perhaps because there was nothing more to be told. The week's questioning and cross-questioning, however, had determined Elizabeth to write direct to the Protector. Her letter, which embodies the whole of her admissions, is as follows:—

THE LADY ELIZABETH to the LORD PROTECTOR.

My Lorde, your great Gentilnis, and good wil towarde me, as wel in this thinge, as in other thinges I do understande, for the wiche even as I oughte, so I do give you most humble Thankes. And wheras your Lordshipe willeth and counselleth me, as a earnest frende, to declare what I knowe in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Master Tirwit I shal most willingly do it. I declared unto him first that after that the Coferar had declared unto me what my Lorde Admiral answered for Alin's matter, and for Diran Place, that it was appointed to be a minte, he tolde me that my Lorde Admiral did offer me his house for my time beinge with the Kinge's Majestie. And further sayd and asked me wether if the counsel did consente that I shulde have my Lord Admiral wether I wolde consente to it or no. I answered that I wolde not tel him what my minde was,

and I inquired further of him what he mente to aske me that question or who bad him say so; he answered me and said, no bodye bad him say so, but that he parseved (as he thogth) by my Lorde Admiral's inquiringe wither my patente were sealed or no, and debatinge what he spente in his house, and inquiringe what was spente in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise. And as concerninge Kat. Aschilye, she never avised me unto it but said alwais (whan any talked of my mariage) that she wolde never have me marye, nether in inglande nor out of inglande, without the consent of the Kinge's Majestie, your grace's, and the counsel's, and after the Quene was departed whan I asked of her what newes she harde from London, she answered merilye, The say ther that your grace shal have my Lord Admiral, and that he wil come shortely to woue you. And moreover I said unto hini that the Cofferar sent a letter hither that my Lord sayd that he wolde come this waye as he went doune the countrie, than I bad her write as she thogth best, and bade her shewe it me when she had done, so she write that she thogth it not best for feare of suspicion, and so it went forthe, and my Lord Admiral after he had harde that asked of the Coferar whie he mighte not come as wel to me as to my Sister; and than I desired Kat. Aschilye to write againe (lest my Lorde might thinke that she knewe more in it than he) that she knewe nothings in it but suspicion. And also I tolde Master Tirwit that to the effect of the matter I never consentid unto any suche thinge without the counsel's consent therunto. And as for Kat. Aschilye or the Coferar the never tolde me that the wolde practise it. Thes be the thinges wiche I-bothe declared to Master Tirwit and also wherof my conscience berethe me witnis, wiche I wolde not for al erthely thinges offende in anythinge, for I knowe I have a soule to save as well as other fokes have wherfore I wil above al thinge have respect unto this same. If ther be any more thinges wiche I can remembre I will ether write it my selfe, or cause Maister Tirwit to write it. Maister Tirwit and others have told me that ther goeth rumors abroad wiche be greatly bothe agenste myne honor, and honestie wiche above al other thinkes I estime, wiche be these, that I am in the tower and with childe by my Lord Admiral. My Lord these ar shameful schandlers, for the wiche besides the great desier I have to se the King's Majestie, I shal most hartely desire your Lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination, that I may shewe my selfe there as I am. Writen in hast frome Alfelde this 28 of Januarye.

Your assured frende to my litel power,
ELIZABETH.

This letter is written in the beautiful Italian hand which had been taught her by Ascham, the hand in which most of her early letters are written,

but which she relinquished in after years, under the pressure of business, for a current hand very difficult to decipher.

From Tyrwhitt's letter to the Protector of January 31, we find that the latter answered the above-quoted letter of Elizabeth, who received his instructions "very kindly," but who would acknowledge nothing further "as yet." She still screened Mrs. Ashley, and denied having ever spoken to her on the Admiral's proposals. Then Tyrwhitt proceeds to bear evidence of his own zeal in his task. "If your Grace did but know," he says, "of my processions with her, all manner of ways, your Grace would not a little marvel that she will no more cough out the matter than she doth." After speaking of her love to Mrs. Ashley, he proceeds to suggest that if the latter "would open any of these things that she is so replenished withal, and that Elizabeth might see some part of it, then I would have good hope to make her cough out the whole."

This hint was not fruitless, as will be seen from his next letter, dated February 5th. After saying that Elizabeth had received very "thankfully" a letter from the Protector, he proceeds: "At the reading of Mrs. Ashley's letter she was very much abashed, and half breathless, before she could read it to an end, and knew both Mrs. Ashley's hand and the cofferer's with half a sight, *so that fully she thinketh they have both confessed all they know.*" Immediately after her reading this letter he told her that Mrs. Ashley would utter nothing until she and Parry were brought face to face; that Parry stood fast to all he had written; and that Ashley thereupon called him "false wretch." and said that he had promised "never to confess it to death."

This curious letter, Tyrwhitt's trump card, apparently a confession in general terms signed both by Mrs. Ashley and by Parry, is not extant. The circumstance, however, of Tyrwhitt having expressed a wish to have such

a paper to show, coupled with the significant phrase in italics above, points to the grave conclusion that Tyrwhitt and Somerset were capable of "devising" not only letters but also pretended confessions. There is in the State Paper Office a confession by Mrs. Ashley, dated the day previous, February 4th, at the Tower, but this could hardly have been the document referred to, as it is not signed by Parry, and contains nothing involving Elizabeth. It is possible therefore that the document shown was a "device," and the scene between Mrs. Ashley and Parry simply the previously expressed suspicions of Tyrwhitt as to a secret compact put into dramatic form. Elizabeth, however, though shaken for the moment, was equal to the occasion, merely replying to Tyrwhitt that it was a great matter for Parry to promise such a promise and then break it. Tyrwhitt concludes his letter with an assurance that he will travail to-morrow all he can.

Thus a fortnight after Tyrwhitt's arrival at Hatfield we find the struggle still continuing, he endeavouring by all means fair and foul to obtain from Elizabeth something substantial which, true or untrue, might serve the Protector's object by being used as evidence against Seymour; and she, conscious no doubt of youthful indiscretion, but of no guilt, enduring the inquisition with masculine fortitude.

On February 7th, Tyrwhitt sends the results of his further examinations—meagre enough, for Elizabeth will in no way confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practice with Seymour. "They all sing one song," he adds in despair, "and so I think they would not do unless they had set the note before."

Mrs. Ashley had before this, as we have noticed, been removed from Hatfield by the Council. Lady Tyrwhitt, who was a most estimable person, had been appointed to her office, but Elizabeth would not recognise her appointment at all, maintaining that

Ashley was her mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the Council should now need to put any more mistresses upon her, and taking the matter so heavily that she "wept all that night, and lowered the next day." The Council on this administered a reprimand to Lady Tyrwhitt for her inability to obtain a recognition, and a remonstrance to Elizabeth in a letter of February 17th.

Tyrwhitt, in reporting to the Council Elizabeth's reception of the above letter, says he perceived she was very loath to have a governor, saying the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor put upon her—she fully hoping to recover her old mistress again. "The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at." "If he were to say his fancy," he writes, no doubt with a vivid recollection of his encounters with her, "it is that it were more meet she should have two governors than one!" His offer of advice to her in the composition of a letter to the Protector was scornfully rejected. He adds that she was beginning to droop, because she heard the Admiral's houses were dispersed; and she would not hear him discommended, "but is ready to make answer therein, and so she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, whereunto she was very ready to make answer vehemently."

On the 21st of February, Elizabeth again writes to the Protector, answering his complaint that she "seems to stand in her own wit, in being so well assured of her own self," by a dignified assurance that she has told only the truth; expressing her desire to preserve her fair fame in the eyes of the people; and desiring a proclamation to be issued to stop the false rumours about her, which was done.

With this letter the documents on the subject conclude. It is unnecessary here to follow the history of Seymour's speedy execution, and his

attempt, in his last hours, if Latimer is to be believed, to sow dissension between Mary and Elizabeth. Somerset's design of obtaining from Elizabeth weighty evidence against his brother signally failed, and the means he took to obtain it cannot be excused. Her affections had undoubtedly been to some extent engaged by the Admiral, and she narrowly escaped being made the tool of a reckless schemer. The circumstances demanded investigation, but to none was the inquiry so beneficial as to Elizabeth herself. It developed the girl of fifteen into a woman. The process was short and painful, and painful because short, but she was to be prepared for no ordinary career. Henceforth she was mistress of herself, "standing in her own wit, as being well assured of herself," and armed with that triple mail of circumspection which is the first requisite of the kingly office.

We have seen above that Lady Tyrwhitt was substituted for Mrs. Ashley as head of Elizabeth's household. Lady Tyrwhitt, says Mr. Stevenson, was a good woman, of deep religious convictions. The Princess would however by no means reconcile herself to the loss of Mrs. Ashley, to whose gross neglect of duty she owed all these troubles, and on the 7th of March she wrote to the Protector, praying the Council to be good to Mrs. Ashley and her husband; saying that she did not favour her "evil doing," but explaining and excusing her conduct, and detailing the pains Mrs. Ashley had been at in bringing her up "in learning and honesty." This letter—too long to quote here—is a most interesting one, and may be read in Ellis's *Letters*, 1st series, v. 2, p. 153.

In the end Elizabeth carried her point, and Mrs. Ashley subsequently rejoined her, though at what particular date is uncertain.

R. J. GUNTON.

To be continued.

A DAY AT MARGATE.

DURING the months of August and September a large portion of the people of England is *en vacance*, as the French more neatly put what we clumsily call "taking a holiday." Whether our holiday consist of scaling perilous heights among the mountains, or of taking a more or less humdrum tour with Cook or Gaze for a month, or of braving the chilliness and mist of a Scotch grouse moor, or of conducting our family and its attendant nursemaids to some fashionable watering-place, we all do the same thing in one way or another. For that portion of the community who cannot afford to take a "long vacation," excursion trains are run by obliging railway companies, so that a "happy day" may be spent at the seaside at a minimum of expense. Anybody so disposed may spend a long, if not a happy day, at Margate during the summer months. And if it be not a happy day, it will be their own fault, since Margate, filled with its summer visitors and the contents of a lengthy and over-crowded excursion train, affords the study of a side of human nature which cannot fail to be curious and interesting to intelligent lookers-on.

It is perhaps in itself one of the least ugly of Kentish watering-places—it is impossible to say more for it than this, yet on a bright summer's day, with enough breeze to show white horses on the distant sea, and curling waves of some fierceness on the sandy shore, with purple cloud shadows and green streaks chasing one another over the middle distant water, and dancing boats with little brown sails bobbing about, one need not look at the ugly stretch of flat sandy country on the other side of the town which groups itself not unpicturesquely round one

side of a small bay, and along a low chalk cliff. Towards the pier—the usual frightful long snake, built out into the sea for convenience—and on to the sands, rush the crowd of excursionists which the train has just disgorged.

On the sands some half naked urchins are running in and out of the water, some are busily engaged in digging trenches, and then making sandbanks to resist the on-coming of the ever crawling tide. This, as it suddenly breaks down the barrier raised against it, and rushes into the holes, they greet with shouts of opposition, and immediately proceed to dig another hole further away, in order, apparently, to enjoy the process over again. Bare-legged sprats of all shapes and sizes dance in the surf, some of them anxiously watched over by nursemaids and parents; others ride double on much enduring donkeys up and down the hard sands with shouts of ecstasy. Lovers walk in a languishing and absorbed condition in the midst of the merry noise, and splashing, and shouting; or sit on wet and slightly unsavoury rocks gazing at each other across shallow pools. On along the parade towards the pier we follow the crowd; small boys are fishing for crabs over the edge of the pier, at a tremendous distance below.

A curious stream of people flits to and fro before us as we seat ourselves to watch the fishing; and what is most observable, never a word of pure Queen's English meets our ears. The crowd is mainly composed of the lower class of London tradespeople come down either for the day or for the week, to make holiday and to enjoy themselves in their own fashion. This is much the fashion of their betters,

and if it be true that imitation is the sincerest flattery, no apter illustration of the court paid to "betters" in England could be found than on Margate pier in August.

If a satire upon Hyde Park in the month of May had been intended, it could hardly have been better contrived. Becurled and bewigged damsels, laced and high-heeled till even waddling is difficult; youths sedulously got up, and looking occasionally as if they had rather not be supposed to belong to their somewhat ignominious-looking elderly companions; bold-faced women, with curious collections of sham jewellery about their heads, ears, necks, and arms, and further displays on their gloveless and sunburnt hands (albeit not a bit bolder or more overhung with gewgaws than their more refined and educated sisters of the Row); elderly looking rakes; and *bonâ fide* English tradesmen and tradeswomen, smart and untidy, jolly, commonplace, and frivolous, absolutely contented with, and bent on, displaying themselves and their costumes, and looking for the most part as if they had not an idea in their heads beyond, although doubtless if we could only just scrape off a little of the outer coating of veneer we should discover warm hearts, clear heads, and even capabilities of high aspiration and of self-sacrifice underneath. But this is neither the time nor the opportunity for investigation of anything beyond outsides, so we only watch while all these pass up and down, and back again, some helping to fill the pleasure boats which go out perpetually on *ld.* excursions, some reading yellow-backed novels as they walk along, some controlling the insatiable desire of their infants to fling themselves over the edge of the pier into the sea below.

From this Vanity-Fair in middle class life, which somehow leads us to severer strictures and more moral reflections upon the greater Vanity Fair of high life than we are accustomed

to make, we retrace our steps, and turn away from the town, and by some straggling lodging houses, to a large building, placed on a chalk cliff considerably above the sea and the rest of Margate. This building is the "Seabathing Infirmary, or National Hospital for the Scrofulous Poor of all England," and within these walls a struggle with the most treacherous, the most crippling, the most insidious, the most incurable of diseases, is steadily, and courageously, and scientifically carried on.

It is well termed the "National Hospital;" and perhaps the general public to whom the name "scrofula" only suggests vague horrors into which they hesitate to inquire further, are scarcely aware how much of personal interest, from a purely selfish point of view, every living soul ought to feel in the attempt to stem, in any degree, what may be properly called a national scourge.

The conviction of the nature of the disease was curiously expressed by our ancestors, when they called it the "King's Evil," and believed, even up to the time of Queen Anne, that some of the "divinity which doth hedge a king" was needed for cure of scrofula, and the touch of an anointed sovereign (thus suggesting a miracle) was deemed the only remedy. Though it is true that in no rank of life are men free from the tendency to this disease; it more especially attacks the ill-fed, ill-clothed inhabitants of badly ventilated dwellings, and unlike most other complaints, does not usually kill its victims, at any rate, not quickly. As a rule they drag out, from year to year, a miserable existence, deprived perhaps of a limb, perhaps of a sense, probably unable to work for their living, and very possibly transmitting the poison to a younger generation, where it may assume an even more acute form.

Here we come to the selfish reason why a scrofulous hospital is a national charge. For not only does this disease

cripple many useful members of society, but it gnaws at the root of national life, by destroying our health as a people, and by degrees, if we refuse to recognise this fact, it will certainly force itself upon our notice. It is not even too much to say that this is a case for the application of the old proverb, "Charity begins at home," for no one in any class of life can venture to say how nearly this disease may touch his own family, or at any rate, how it may affect his descendants.

This infirmary exists solely for the relief of the suffering poor ; it contains no divided interests—even such as a medical school would imply ; and there is altogether such an entire freedom and absence of strict hospital regulation as may give rise to the idea, apparently pretty generally entertained, that the institution is a Convalescent Home, that is, a place of recovery for sick people who have already been treated in a hospital.

This, however, is far from the case. It is intended only for the treatment of acute disease ; some of the most serious operations known to surgeons (alas ! here only too commonly necessary) are successfully performed ; and the favourable results are mainly owing to the excellent conditions under which the patients are placed.

Imagine a large building of two stories high, standing in about three acres of ground, including a good sized garden with covered seats for the inmates, and a private walk down to the sands. From the big gates courtesy meets the visitor ; the porter civilly recommends us to make our application to see the hospital to the superintendent, since we had come at a wrong hour, and ought not properly to have been admitted—and thus gives a pleasant impression of the place at its very doors. The old part of the hospital, raised nearly eighty years ago, is built round a quadrangle, and is, in spite of an (in some respects) old-fashioned appearance, light and airy

and generally cheerful, even to eyes accustomed to plenty of light. But to London patients, by whom these wards are largely filled, what must be the charm of windows looking towards the open sea ? As a rule, however, except after an operation, scrofulous patients are not confined to their beds ; and they most of them dine together in a large hall full of long tables, giving them something of the amusement which travellers gain from each other's company at the foreign *table-d'hôte*.

Long, well lighted passages, white and airy, where clean-looking young nurses are to be met, lead to the new wing of the hospital, constructed on all the best modern principles, containing lofty wards, with spotless walls looking as if they were tiled, but which really are composed of bricks covered with white cement, each brick costing $4\frac{1}{2}d$. The floors are double to ensure dryness, deal underneath, and teak above, and are really a pleasure to walk upon, needing from their perfectly smooth and firm surface no external polish in the way of finish. As we pass through the still unused wards we observe a heating apparatus in the middle of each, and a large fireplace adorned with blue tiles at the end. Another passage leads us to a gigantic bathroom, a swimming-bath, lined with white glazed tiles, which may be filled with warm or cold seawater at will. This is lighted from the roof.

On again, and we enter a beautiful little chapel, looking less like a hospital chapel (to the eyes of people acquainted with those dismal and unsightly arrangements) than anything we had ever beheld. This church is richly and even lavishly adorned ; its apsidal east end is full of small windows, with stained glass, by Clayton and Bell ; indeed every window is painted, and almost every bit of wall covered with some painted text or pattern designed by the same able hands. Through the still unre-moved scaffolding it may be seen that

the roof is high, and rich in wood-work, and that no pains or cost have been spared to make the little chapel worthy of its purpose, and pleasant to the eyes of the patients who shall hereafter worship in it.

Under the courteous guidance of the superintendent of the infirmary we are finally led up a staircase to a long balustraded roof, reminding us, by its whiteness in the bright sunshine, of Eastern countries and customs. Here patients, who are not able to get beyond the grounds of the hospital, may be carried, and here they may sit and enjoy sunshine and sea-breezes in absolute quiet, far above even the sea-shore sounds of galloping donkeys and shouting children, with only the distant plashing of the waves upon the beach below, or the occasional cry of sea-birds above, to disturb their peace. At high water, the occupants of the flat roof seem to be almost out at sea themselves, and nothing nearer a sea-bird's existence for maimed or helpless people could well be contrived.

Imagine patients, who have long been suffering from some of the many forms of scrofulous disease, shut up in the crowded lanes and streets of our great city, perhaps with a monotonous square yard of sky visible from their window, perhaps only some black wall,—suddenly transferred to this bright whiteness and purity, and surrounded by an endless expanse of sea, sky, and sunshine! Imagine, above all, the children—saddest of all the sad sights among the victims of scrofula—transported here. It may be scarcely necessary to describe, for it has been so often done, yet can we be too frequently reminded what some of the dwellings of the London poor are like? Words are, after all, insufficient, and their homes must be seen for their full squalor, darkness, and impurity to be appreciated. Children, to whom sunlight and air are among the necessities of existence, are bred up in holes and corners where neither the rays of the blessed sun, nor much of

his light, nor even a breath of air which is not defiled, can enter. Poor crippled beings will sometimes spend the greater part of long weary lives alone in these foul habitations. Much has been done to improve the condition of the poor in this respect; but much still remains. Meanwhile it may be said, without exaggeration, that every minute spent by children in such air as that of Margate—nay, every breath they draw there, is of advantage to them, even apart from the medical treatment and skill, and the good food which they here enjoy. And let it be understood that in no other hospital in England are the same advantages to be found in combination as at Margate, of which place it has been said that, were it possible for a person to be put together again after he had been cut in two, it might be done at Margate.

And such conditions are indeed much. For although medical and surgical treatment is absolutely necessary for the control or the cure of scrofulous disease, yet the air of a general hospital—always more or less vitiated—is so fatally pernicious to children suffering from this terrible complaint, that the treatment of scrofula under hospital conditions is often practically useless. Medical skill must be aided by the purest attainable air in unlimited quantity, and often also by constant sea-baths; and change of air and scene, as well as good food and tonics, constitute a large portion of the cure.

And if it were only thoroughly realised that delay in the case of scrofula is apt to become fatal, and that therefore no effort should be spared to save the little children of our country while it is yet possible, this institution and its inhabitants would surely receive a larger share of public support, if not out of compassion for the undeserved suffering of inheritance, at least from a large-minded desire for the welfare of future generations of Englishmen.

It is not difficult to let our compassion be roused as we walk through the wards at Margate, and find a row of children either with disease distinctly marked by deformity and ugliness, or, on the other hand, by the unusual beauty of complexion, the peculiar pathetic dark-gray eyes and long black eyelashes, which are so remarkable in many scrofulous children. And if we make the acquaintance of some of these children, we shall find a curiously sharpened mental condition, and in some cases a precocious sensitiveness, not usually to be met with among the lowly born and bred. This, one of the fruits of the disease, renders them specially unfit to struggle against physical disadvantages for their livelihood. Upon them and their welfare, therefore, much of the superfluous energy which is abundant in our country might advantageously be expended. In many cases, if the complaint were attacked in its earlier stages, entire cure would be the result, and thus, to say nothing of the suffering which would be saved, the only effectual check to the disease, nationally speaking, might be given.

Yet it seems that because the hospital is not in London it is therefore considered as more local and less general in its character than the great metropolitan hospitals, whereas it is really, as I have tried to show, more absolutely national, and appeals more to the interest of every individual English man and woman, as well as to their humanity, than any of the well-known London infirmaries. Margate is not now a fashionable watering-place; rich people no longer go there, and therefore the scrofula hospital is not heard of in quarters from which the much-needed help can flow. If rich people do hear of it, or do occasionally glance at a blue paper which may be sent them, before thrusting it into the waste-paper basket they say to themselves, "Oh, that everlasting Convalescent Home at Margate, or

somewhere, wants money; but then they all want money, and Margate is no more an object of charity than any other, I suppose."

Let the splendid new wards, with their Eastern roofs, bathroom, and chapel, answer this too common remark. To the munificent liberality of one man, Sir Erasmus Wilson, the scrofulous poor of England owe their increase of means and appliances for the treatment and cure of their sufferings. He has not considered 25,000*l.* too much money to spend upon doing the work in the best possible way; nor has the architect, whose name is well-known to the public as the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, evidently deemed any pains or expenditure of thought and artistic talent too great for the needs of the case.

It is not indeed given to everybody to do what these men have so nobly done for the poor, but yet it must be clear that this increase of building, in answer to repeated calls upon the infirmary for more accommodation, implies also increase of income; so that without a large addition of extraneous help, the prospect of making the hospital even partially free seems to vanish further and further into the distance. Yet the inevitably heavy weekly payment for board must stand in the way of the full use of the institution. Scrofulous patients need the best food, and no expense is spared by the managers to supply it—wines and spirits and costly articles of diet being freely ordered for the patients when considered necessary by the medical men. At present the directors do not find it possible to charge less per month than 1*l.* for children, and 1*l.* 4*s.* for adults—little enough, and yet very often too much for the patients readily to furnish. If the most hopeful cases—the children—could be admitted at only half the present cost, the usefulness of the charity would be more than doubled.

Do not these facts appeal to the women of England? and will not the

tenderness towards little children, which exists in every woman, and only needs to be roused, lead them to consider whether by some special exertion they cannot meet a special need? I plead that at least some thought and attention should be given to the sufferings of scrofulous children—sufferings at once too well-known to medical men, and too little considered by the community at large.

Those people who daily, in the autumn of each year, amuse themselves, and lay in a stock of health on the sands and pier at Margate—should they not open their eyes and their hearts to the fellow-creatures so near them, and yet so far off, within the infirmary walls? It needs no high degree of education or of refinement to do this, no large expenditure of time or trouble; and these visitors, wives and daughters of men of business, if they would give some of their thoughts and energies to the matter, might be largely instrumental in getting the institution more widely

known, and the objects of it properly understood and liberally supported by their friends in London.

Let people go down, by excursion train or otherwise, to Margate, and see some of these invalid children breathing pure, instead of vitiated air, leading healthy out-door lives, eating nourishing food under kind and wise superintendence, and thus storing up within themselves health and spirits with which to return to their sunless city homes. Compare those who have lately arrived, with some whose cure is nearly completed, and the mere sight will produce an impression such as no eloquent report or newspaper appeals can effect. It is impossible not to believe that if only a clear impression of these facts can be produced, the necessary result must follow, and that a consistent national support will be given to the only existing hospital for the treatment of a disease which is eating into the very vitals of our national strength and vigour.

MARGARET LONSDALE.

PROPERTY *versus* PERSON—INEQUALITY OF SENTENCES.

THERE is no subject of more importance to the public than the mode in which the criminal law is administered. Upon the mode of its administration, and its effect upon the criminal classes, the comfort, peace, and security of the public largely depend. Public attention has been lately drawn to the subject by the apparent increase of savage, and often unprovoked assaults upon peaceful persons going about their avocations in the streets. Having long felt that some change was needed, either in the law, or the way in which it was administered, I addressed questions, in the House of Commons during last session, to the Home Secretary, calling his attention to some glaring cases where almost nominal punishments were inflicted upon ruffians for outrages of a most brutal character. Towards the end of the session I moved a resolution upon the subject contrasting the punishments awarded for assaults upon the person with the sentences passed upon criminals for attacks upon property. I endeavoured to show, and I think succeeded in showing, that in the first class of cases they were often, indeed generally, entirely inadequate, while in the second they were almost uniformly excessive. If this statement is true, and I am sure that it is substantially so, it follows that in the eye of the law, and in the minds of its administrators, property is more sacred than person or even life. I contended that drunkenness should not be allowed as a plea in mitigation of punishment, except in very rare and extraordinary circumstances. Finally I moved for a return of the number of outrages upon the person during the last five years, and the punishments awarded in each case. I fear that this return will show an increasing number of

such crimes, and if it does, it will be due to the inadequacy of the punishments given by police magistrates and others. If it could be shown that the maximum punishments permitted by the law were generally given, then it would be clear that the law itself was to blame and not its administrators. Perhaps it is partly both, but before changing the law it must first be shown that its full power has been applied. I do not think that this is the case, for it often happens that not a tenth of the punishment allowed by law is given. This country has attained a most unenviable notoriety for a class of crime but little known in others. Brutal assaults upon wives and women of all kinds are a disgrace to the manhood of England, and it is high time that the reproach should be wiped out.

The Home Secretary was never able to suggest any means by which public attention could be called to cases of manifest injustice. He always contended that no person was competent to say whether a sentence was adequate or inadequate, unless he had been present in court when the case was tried, had heard all the evidence, and had had an opportunity of studying the demeanour of the witnesses. If this theory is a true one the public is indeed helpless and publicity useless. I contend, and I think most reasonable people will agree with me, that when a person has been found guilty by a jury, a judge, or a magistrate, the public is quite competent to say whether the punishment has been commensurate to the offence, without having heard a word of the evidence or having seen one of the witnesses. I readily admit that the public is not competent, upon the mere report of a trial, to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty with the same certainty as a judge or jury. But

the evidence having been sufficient to satisfy the judge and the jury any one is competent to say whether the sentence is a fair one or an unfair one. The Home Secretary argued, too, that it was unreasonable to suppose that judges and magistrates were less humane than the mover of the resolution, and that, therefore, their judgments should not be criticised.

The following cases will show the impunity with which brutal injury can be inflicted upon the person, and the terrible consequences to the criminal when his crime has been the abstraction of a few pence or shillings from the pocket or the till. The first to which I ventured to call the attention of the Home Secretary last session was the case of a man named Hunt, tried before Lord Coleridge on the 26th of May. This man was indicted for the wilful murder of his wife. He was seen chasing her over a field, and having thrown her down, kicked her with his heavy boots either on the head or the back of the neck. The woman never moved, and when reproached by some neighbours he said it "served her right." She died almost immediately, and when the police came they found the prisoner calmly smoking his pipe. The man was in a state of intoxication, and stated that they had had a thousand quarrels. The jury convicted him of manslaughter, a verdict in which the judge concurred. The learned judge then said "there was no crime which varied so much in its moral aspect as manslaughter, in one case it might nearly approach murder. In this case the prisoner had wilfully deprived himself of the guidance of reason, and had been the means of causing the death of this young woman with whom he might have lived happily. While giving effect to the recommendation of the jury he must pass upon the prisoner a sentence to show that human life was a precious thing in the eye of the law, and could not be taken without punishment. He sentenced him to six weeks' hard labour."

The solemn address of the judge
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about the value of human life was a farce, and the sentence that followed was a burlesque. Be it remembered that this prisoner's crime was so very like murder that it had been mistaken for the real article by the coroner's jury. This sentence was passed on the 26th of May, and before the middle of July Hunt was a free man—free to look for a successor to the late Mrs. Hunt, with whom, the Chief Justice said, he might have lived happily had he not had the misfortune to kill her. If Hunt had stolen a small object more "precious in the eye of the law," namely a sixpence, he would probably have had to suffer loss of liberty for a longer period. In June, at the Surrey Sessions, Michael Murphy was tried for taking a purse containing nine shillings quietly out of the pocket of a woman who was looking into a shop window. He had been previously convicted, and the sentence was ten years' penal servitude. It is but fair to Hunt to say that the one with whom he might have lived happily was the first wife he had killed. On the 11th of the same month, William Dean, described as "a brutal husband," was tried at the Guildhall for brutally assaulting and kicking his wife. He was a violent man, and ill-used her, drunk or sober. He struck her several times in the face, knocked her down, and while she was on the ground kicked her savagely in the face. It was not his first offence, and he got three months. On the 11th of July a man of the name of William Harcourt was charged, at Westminster, with assaulting a woman who was most justly described as "an unfortunate." The prisoner, without the slightest provocation, beat her most unmercifully about the head and face. The magistrate said the prosecutrix was as much entitled to the protection of the law as any one else, and gave the prisoner one month. At the Middlesex Sessions in December a man was convicted of stealing two shillings worth of coals, and was sentenced to eight months' hard labour. At the same sessions another man was

indicted for wounding his wife. The police found the woman bleeding from the leg and hand, and the prisoner with an open razor, wet with blood. He said "he wished he had cut her head off." A previous conviction was proved, and he had frequently been charged with similar offences, but was acquitted because his wife would not appear against him. He was sentenced to twelve months. The next case was of watch stealing, the watch being valued at thirty-five shillings. One previous conviction was proved, and the sentence was five years' penal servitude, and three years' police supervision. At the Middlesex Sessions again on December 9th, a man who is described as "a dangerous character, was found guilty of having his hands in another person's pockets. He ran away, having taken a knife and some keys without violence, and the sentence was five years. The following contrast is worthy of special attention. At Lambeth Police Court, according to the report in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 10th, two men were charged with assaulting a married woman and her female servant, as they were passing along the Westminster Road. One seized Mrs. Pritchard declaring she was his wife. Upon her resenting his behaviour, he struck her twice in the face, and then threw her down upon the pavement. The girl was in the meantime being treated improperly by the other ruffian, and upon her resisting and trying to find a constable, he struck her violently in the face with his fists. The magistrate thought that six weeks in the one case, and a forty shilling fine in the other, fairly met the requirements of the case. The same fine was inflicted at Wandsworth on the same day for driving a tricycle on a footpath. I could multiply these cases, until your readers would be weary of them, but it is needless for it is notorious that such cases are of daily occurrence. But I have still one or two that should not be omitted. At the Westminster Police Court, as reported on the 16th of December, a man named

Caxton was charged with being drunk and assaulting a woman, who was a stranger to him, and, as events proved, had reason to regret the introduction. As this woman was leaving the Westminster Bridge Station, the prisoner addressed her offensively, and upon her telling him that she did not desire his company, he first abused and then knocked her down. This being in his opinion an insufficient punishment for declining his society, he kicked her about the left side, while on the ground. Allowing her to get up, he again knocked her down, kicked her, and finally, being satisfied that he had sufficiently avenged the slight offered to him, ran away. He was, however, captured, and being brought before the magistrate was fined four pounds and one pound costs.

People will ask, with a mixture of amazement and indignation, if this was a case for a fine. And they may ask at the same time what would have been the punishment of this man if instead of treating this woman in the way described he had simply robbed her without violence or picked her pocket? Can any one, who has paid the smallest attention to the subject, doubt that the sentence would have been imprisonment with hard labour, or perhaps penal servitude for a number of years? And can any one doubt which the woman would have preferred, if she had been offered an alternative? Being robbed, without violence, or being maltreated in this way without being robbed. What woman, or any one else, would not have preferred giving up whatever they might happen to have about them rather than have their features smashed by brutal fists, or permanent injury inflicted by kicks from heavy boots? Let any one ask himself or herself this question, and, I venture to say, there will be but one answer. In whose interest, then, is it that such disparity should exist between sentences affecting property and sentences affecting the person? The administrators of the law seem to look upon attacks upon property, however

small, with the utmost horror, and deal with them accordingly. On the other hand they treat crimes of the most malignant and savage character against the person as trivial and venial, to be dealt with in the most lenient way. It has long been a puzzle to the few who take any interest in such matters that such should be the case, but I am glad to see that the public is becoming interested in the question. And it is time, for if ruffianism is to go on practically unchecked by exemplary punishments the streets of London will soon be unsafe for decent people to walk in.

It is time, too, that the wives of these savages should have some effective protection afforded to them. It may be safely assumed, that for every case of wife beating that comes before the police at least a hundred occur that are never heard of. It may be a thousand, for there is great natural reluctance on the part of poor women to appear in such cases. It is not wonderful that it should be so, for woman is merciful and forgiving. But there is a stronger reason, and that is the fear of consequences when the few days of comfortable imprisonment are over, and the husband and father returns. If the punishment were exemplary and sufficient to deter, this fear would be diminished. I am afraid that no punishment will be really effective, in these cases, that does not inflict bodily suffering, of an acute kind, upon the perpetrator. The ruffian who is before the magistrate may be, for all his brutality the breadwinner of the family, and to lock him up may result in sending them all into the workhouse. Although this is a difficulty it is not greater in the case of violence to the person than in cases of attacks upon property. It will not therefore afford any explanation of the disparity of the sentences, to which I am referring, although it is well worthy of consideration when any change in the law is contemplated. There is a strong feeling in this country, and it is a natural and commendable feeling, against the use of corporal punish-

ment, except in very extreme cases. But is not such wife beating as we see almost daily in the papers an extreme case? It is bad enough for a man to assault his own wife, but I hold it to be even worse to assault another man's wife, or daughter, in the public streets. And then to plead, as is so often done, that drink was the cause. One disgusting crime is pleaded as a set off against another, and the plea is allowed. This would be, to a great extent, checked if drunkenness in the street, or any other public place, constituted an offence in itself, without waiting for the too common homicidal development of it. A night in a police cell, or a small fine, might be a sufficient punishment, but persons who are obviously drunk should not be permitted to go at large in public places. Lunatics are not allowed to walk about the streets, and drunken men are temporarily lunatics, and very dangerous lunatics too, as many poor people have found. If the streets were periodically swept by the police, and all persons found drunk were conveyed away to the cells, the effect would be most salutary, and many a loathsome scene would be avoided and many a brutal and bloody crime averted. But when drunkenness is not treated as an offence, but is daily held, in our courts, to be an admissible plea in mitigation of the punishment due for other crimes, committed under its influence, it is no wonder that it is common. An intelligent criminal who has made the literature of the police courts his study must see that if he has made up his mind to commit a crime it may mitigate his offence if he can plead that he was drunk. He will find no instance, in all the records he may search, in which drunkenness has increased the punishment. Let every drunken man or woman, no matter what their position may be, who are found walking, or staggering, or lying in a public place, be locked up, without appeal, until their senses have returned, and the number of such people will sensibly diminish. Those who commit outrages from the exube-

rance of their own brutality must be taught by the experience of bodily pain that which they are certainly not taught at present, and that is to dread the consequences to themselves.

I have reserved one case because it is recent and very important, owing to the serious nature of the crime. In this case the victim was more or less under the influence of drink, and the criminals were sober. A widow, named Anne Jacques, was in the neighbourhood of Tooting on the night of the 7th of August. She was knocked down, outraged, and maltreated to such an extent that she died on the 14th of October from peritonitis, resulting from the injuries she received. Five men were put upon their trial for the wilful murder of this woman, at the Central Criminal Court on November 23rd. The prisoners were acquitted on the charge of murder. They were then put upon their trial for an indecent assault, and three were found guilty. Sentence was postponed, but ultimately one got sixteen months' and two others six months' hard labour. Mr. Justice Hawkins "commented on the atrocious aspect in which the case presented itself against one of the men, and also upon the unmanly and unfeeling way in which he had behaved." He finally expressed a hope that the sentences would "serve as a warning to the prisoners for the rest of their lives." I quote from the *Times* report, which states that the circumstances were "unfit for publication." It is difficult to comment freely upon a crime, the circumstances of which are unfit for publication, and which the *Times* report further states were of "a very horrible and revolting nature." The learned judge called the crime "atrocious," and regretted that he had not the power to send the worst of the ruffians into penal servitude. Surely then he gave the maximum sentence that the law allowed. On the contrary, he took into consideration the circumstance that the prisoners had been put to some inconvenience in having to wait from

August to November before being tried! If the learned judge could not punish as severely as he desired, he need not have gone out of his way to give credit for the detention during the three months preceding the trial. Surely if the crime merited penal servitude, which owing to the nature of the charge could not be given, the highest punishment the law allowed, under the circumstances, should have been imposed. One may reasonably ask how it happened that the second charge against the prisoners was not for rape instead of indecent assault. This last may be of the most trivial nature, but in this case it ended in the death of the victim.

Once more, let me ask, what would have been the sentence upon these men if, instead of outraging this wretched woman in such a manner as to cause her death, they had only knocked her down and robbed her? And if, in robbing, they had killed their victim, is it not certain that if the crime did not amount to murder, it would have entitled the prisoners to a sentence just short of the capital one? And they would have got it. The sacred rights of property were not infringed, and so sixteen months' imprisonment sufficed. Ten years would have been the least if a purse had been concerned, but a poor woman's property in her own life and honour are apparently not vested interests. This case has attracted some attention, but it is now nearly forgotten. It will be the fault of the public and of Parliament if scandals such as I have quoted are allowed to continue, and if a revision of the Criminal Law, and a proper, reasonable classification of crime is not insisted upon. Lawyers describe the things that ordinary people consider discreditable, if not actually disgraceful to the country, as "anomalies of the law." The sooner law and common sense and common justice are made to coincide the better.

DONALD H. MACFARLANE.

RUSSIA AND THE REVOLUTION.

THE one great fact which a Western traveller has to learn in Russia is the inconceivability of a popular revolution. We who are familiar with Western political life, and derive our notions of dangerous discontent from French or even from German or Italian precedents, must forget all these things if we would understand Russia. These populations with which we are familiar are made up of men who have a political history behind them. The French peasant, conservative or revolutionary, has inherited traditions which extend from the civilised Gauls, whom Cæsar organized into a Roman society, through the Frankish invaders, and the empire of Charlemagne, and the Bourbons, down to the great Revolution. The German Socialist is a man of theories, which generations of philosophical professors and students have worked out for him. His ancestors had to deal, as best they could, with feudal castles, and the first corporate towns, and prince-bishops, and trade guilds; and however ignorant he may be, he cannot have helped hearing something of the Reformation times, and of all the frantic attempts to make the Reich a political reality, down to the Napoleonic wars and the troubles of 1848. The Italian of to-day may be a beggar or a bandit, but at any rate he has great memories of Rome—republican, imperial, and papal; of Florence, with its polity and its culture; of Venice and the merchant oligarchy, and the struggle with the later Austrian tyrannies. Such things are the *pabulum* of agitation. All these men are possible revolutionaries, because they have a political past and can imagine a political future. Ideas are no new thing. Their fathers made and unmade polities, and why not they also?

But of all this there is no trace in

Russia. What we sum up glibly under that name is a mass of 80,000,000 of men, not only destitute of ideas, but incapable of seeking them; who live on monotonously in a simple-minded acceptance of things as they are; orthodox in religion, without any thought of inquiry; docile to any master, and long-suffering under great privation; and, above all, worshipping the Czar with a blind and passionate devotion as a power second only to the Providence of God.

The full meaning and outcome of such a difference is not easily comprehended, until one has seen the people themselves and lived among them; and as the average tourist has not time to penetrate into Russia, we suffer from a chronic misunderstanding. Even Irish politics are little enough understood in England, where every one reads the newspaper outrages, and very few ever visit the country or attempt to make any intimate acquaintance with its peculiar people. By a similar law, from Russia we hear only the terrible rumours from time to time of plots and assassinations and deportations wholesale to Siberia; and we are naturally horrified and set a-thinking what an awful country that must be to live in, and how certainly some great catastrophe is drawing on. Whereupon, for more abundant caution, we write to our broker and direct him to sell our Russian bonds while there is yet time. All this is pure misunderstanding. It would be, in truth, as reasonable to expect a bloody revolution in England, because of the attempted outrages at Salford and the Mansion House, as it is to despair of the state in Russia because the Czar was murdered. And the reason is in both cases plain. It is because, granting the existence of ugly and even

dangerous social elements which may and will do much incidental mischief, there remains, nevertheless, on the side of political stability, an aggregate of forces so enormous that by nothing short of a miracle could these sporadic conspirators succeed in achieving a real revolution.

It was with such reflections that the writer stood one evening in October on the quays of the Basili Ostrov and saw the sun, as it came out before its setting on a rainy day, light up first the gilt needle-spire of the Fortress Church, and then across the Neva the red mass of the Winter Palace and the long line of the Admiralty, and at last the flashing dome of the Isaac Cathedral. Presently, upon the background of dark cloud to the east, stood out a perfect rainbow, and rested with one foot on the fortress, where the last batch of Nihilists had just been locked away, and with the other upon the palace roofs, where the Imperial flag was floating.

The friends with whom I was living were Russians, chiefly of the Court party, and I found them for the most part not at all disinclined to discuss politics as among friends. My own presuppositions were distinctly against the Government, and I did not hesitate to say so, and to cross-examine them accordingly; but with the friendly good nature of the Slav, they disclaimed the least offence, and did their best to teach me the error of my ways. How far they succeeded, I cannot judge; but I will ask leave to set down the substance of their teaching for the benefit of such as have not yet gone to seek it at the fountain head.

And first, let me indicate the character and situation of my chief instructors. I shall select four, whom I shall call for convenience Feodor, Magnus, Olga, and Michael. Feodor was a pure Russian, and an excellent fellow throughout. He was the aide-de-camp and devoted attendant of one of the Grand Dukes. I met him in the country, where he was living in a quaint little box by

the sea with his young wife and a small family, amusing himself by hunting and shooting the country round. He was a small-made, active man, eager and impulsive in his manner, and with a certain air of *camaraderie* which became him well. Magnus was in almost everything the exact opposite. He was a Count who had gone in for iron-mining and manufactures, and had become a wealthy man. He was rather a grand person both in presence and manner, and spoke slowly, like a responsible man who weighed his words. He looked somewhat cold and distant, and was sometimes *brusque*; but in reality was a thoroughly good-hearted and most friendly man. He had travelled a good deal and read little; but trusted chiefly to a shrewd business-like intelligence, which served him well. When I visited him, he was at Petersburg for a visit of some weeks, on business with certain of the Ministers. Olga was his wife. To describe her is not easy; for she was a woman impossible anywhere except in Russia. She was a great Siberian heiress, and rumour described her father and her brothers as very erratic people. She was nearly forty, but retained, nevertheless, a certain curious and youthful beauty, of a dark, almost gipsy type. Her face betrayed a good deal both of daring and of passion, yet she was very simple and good, and even child-like in her way of life, capable of most unwearying kindness, and in her own way almost as *dévôt* as a Parisian. Her husband treated her with an elephantine tenderness that was sometimes quite touching; and she on her side believed in him with all her might. The Graf Michael was, again, a very different person. He was a native of Esthland, where he held an immense property. By blood he was partly Swedish, and by culture chiefly German. He had been a student at the University of Dorpat, had diligently studied Political Economy and "Landwirthschaft," and had been called away almost before his course

was ended to manage the family estates, which he found in utter confusion. For twenty years he had patiently toiled at the problem, making mistakes of course, but in the main working out the ideas he had imbibed from his professors; and the results of his labour were now beginning to be visible.

Such being my chief instructors, it may be supposed that I would hear chiefly the courtly side of the matter; and I suppose it was so. But from their account of Russian life, compared with much other information which I was able to derive from various sources, I believe myself to have carried away a very fair idea of certain general facts. And the foremost of these seemed beyond all doubt to be the breadth and depth of unthinking Russian loyalism. Everything went to show how deep-rooted was the devotion of all men, peasant and noble alike, to the chief of Church and State. The least kind of disrespect or even of levity in any matter relating to the Czar will put any country lad in a passion. An innocent purchaser was once torn to pieces at a photograph stall in Moscow, because some of the country folk saw him tear by accident a picture of the Czar, and took it into their heads that he meant it as an insult. It is perfectly true that they are very ready to grumble—what peasantry is not? But the grievances are always laid at the door of the nearest master or official, and the fixed idea remains that if only the Father of his people knew the truth about all this, he would set it right. Bakounin, perhaps the ablest man of the revolutionary section, had some hope at first of rousing the agricultural masses; but he found it hopeless. Familiar as the Russian peasant is with the simple and primitive Communism of the *Mir*, he is not excited to subversive courses by the mere idea of abolishing personal property in favour of Socialist arrangements. Therefore, Bakounin failed; and every preacher of revolution must for generations to come fail also in

the rural parts of Russia. Local and particular discontents are easily allayed. A scapegoat, or a vigorous colonel of the line, will always settle such questions. As for anything more widespread, it is almost incredible that agitations should ever communicate themselves from one district to another with any volume or rapidity. Revolution on a great scale is more difficult anywhere than it used to be, for the *prima facie* possession of administrative machinery gives incalculable odds in favour of the Government. But in Russia, with its immense distances and its inert and helpless population, a dangerous rising is impossible.

One asks, naturally, "What then is the meaning of Nihilism? How is it possible that in the midst of a profoundly loyal people there can yet exist a vast conspiracy ramifying through all ranks of society, and ready and able to go to the most terrible lengths in order to protest against this very autocracy of the Czar?" My friends' answers were characteristic. The prosperous Magnus treated all Nihilists with infinite contempt. "They are the disappointed men," said he, "who were too impracticable or too unsteady to do anything for themselves and therefore became Pessimists and wanted to rearrange Society." My aide-de-camp, on the other hand, explained that it was education that did the mischief. "Every sharp-witted boy or girl who goes to even a primary school, and gets on a little faster than the rest, begins to take an interest in the new ideas. They have notions about science and philosophy; and by and by, at sixteen or so, they leave their homes and cut themselves adrift from our effete conventionalities in search of the ideal life."

Both theories, no doubt, were in a way correct. Nihilism in Russia is an explosive compound, generated by the contact of the Slav character with Western ideas. It was only in the last reign that the University system of Russia developed into any import-

ance. It was then forced into an artificial activity, under the tutelage of second-rate Western professors, mostly young, crude, and very advanced, as was inevitable where technical sciences were so strongly encouraged and speculative studies disapproved. The independent tendencies of Russian women came out strongly. There are 1,000 of them now engaged in the higher studies at St. Petersburg, of whom two-thirds are of good birth. The result was that the Slavonic youth, hitherto densely ignorant, and contented in an artificial system of society and religion, was blinded by a blaze of effective theories, wherein everything they had been taught to believe in was brilliantly explained to be an antiquated absurdity. But the Slavonic youth is as impulsive when excited as it is docile in its normal state. The new ideas seemed to open up a limitless future of general reconstruction. Yet at the same time all the surrounding circumstances appeared absolutely hopeless. Not only was the official corruption and maladministration open and confessed on all hands, and seemingly so rooted in high places that no method short of the most drastic could affect it, but at the same time all free speech and all speculative inquiries were as far as possible repressed, and personal liberty was daily and hourly at the mercy of the police. Centres of crystallisation were formed by individual discontents, arising often, no doubt, out of the disappointed ambition of men who had been half-trained and now found no suitable career, but chiefly out of the arbitrary injustice constantly done to men either too honest to bribe, or too independent to bow at the proper time. In the absence of all possible religion—for the Russian orthodoxy is too entirely formal to leave the faintest traces in the mind of the apostate, and the new creed contained no terms that even tended to supply the void—these men made themselves a religion of their despair. In a kind of blending of the fashionable modern

Pessimism with the Comtist enthusiasm for humanity, they held themselves ready to sacrifice a valueless life for the bringing to pass of the kingdom of man. Like the maniacs of the French Terror, they were too keenly alive to existing evils to see any road out of them except by wholesale demolition. A breach with the national past had no terrors to them, for they had broken with it already. Crime was not repulsive, for the landmarks of good and evil had been swept away.

Under a despotism, all dissent is a secret society. The young men and maidens, under their more experienced and more embittered chiefs, easily formed their rings and started their system of meetings and intercommunication. As has been said, a very large proportion of the conspirators were at least half-educated: the leaven ran like wildfire through the Government Technical Colleges, and half the best engineers and chemists in St. Petersburg were bitten by the new disease. Nor were funds wanting. Many of the proselytes were both rich and noble, and their wealth, and, what was more valuable, their official positions or connections, and their access to the palace, became so many weapons in the hands of the Committee of Three. It was often probably a not ignoble weariness of the barbaric and immoral luxury which corrodes so much of the *noblesse* that led men and women of high position and relatively great attainments either directly to join or quietly to sympathise with the organisation. The universal corruption in all ranks of the public service was another opportunity. Even in the most vital matters the Government was badly served, and the resultant distrust produced a ruinous paralysis. Members of the dreaded league were to be found in every public office, and it is said that the police agents who hunted the assassin were often his accomplices. The assistance of the *carmen* being essential, some of them were taken in: but this was not a

very reliable method. It was better to send trusted agents into the streets as *isvostchiks*, and it is within my own knowledge that a Russian gentleman of independent means (now living in Germany) has served for three years at the command of the association as a common droschke-driver in the streets of St. Petersburg. So long as such men are connected with the conspiracy, it will be very safe from the police.

But, as might be expected, the objects of this dangerous association are far from definite. Many of those in Russia who would in England be called moderate Liberals, will not hesitate to say, in safe company, that they sympathise to a large extent with the purposes of the Nihilist society. Their meaning is that they believe the Nihilists to aim primarily at the abolition of official corruption and the establishment of free criticism under a Constitution. There is no doubt that these are the proximate aims of the more statesmanlike party—for there are many parties—among the revolutionists: and it is said by some that if these were conceded, they would be willing to hold their hands and allow the Government a respite until the working of the Constitution could be tested in practice. It is probable that if they did not adopt such a course, the society would lose a large amount of the support it now receives. But he would be a very optimistic prophet who would venture to say that even such reforms, however honestly carried through, would extinguish the Russian revolutionary party. Many, if not most, of the leading spirits have visions of a very different state of things, and are prepared to go on at all risks, till that is realised. There are those who believe that Lord Beaconsfield's favourite horror, "the Secret Societies," have the real control of the movement, and mean to use it in spite of all local reforms as a potent means of accelerating the general ruin of "the Altar and the Throne."

Such being the state of the problem, how does the Government propose to

deal with it? Most Liberals at home seem to regard the Russian court as a hopelessly stupid and reactionary body; but probably few have taken the trouble to think out what should in fact be done. It is easy to say "Give them a Constitution;" but it must be remembered that probably at no time within historic memory was our own land so unfit for constitutional government as Russia is now. Amidst an all-prevalent official corruption, they have to reckon with a *noblesse* morally effete and every way unreliable, with a Church barren of all spirituality, and with an inaccessible territory half-peopled by an idealess population. What will a Constitution do for *them*? My aide-de-camp complained bitterly of the English prejudice against the methods of the Czar. "The Romanoffs," he said, "have never been selfish in the matter of political rights. When any reform has been shown to be practicable and for the good of their people they have never thought it a sacrifice to forego their own prerogatives. The present Czar is at least as eager as his father to advance the freedom and prosperity of his children. He is perfectly ready to grant a Constitution to-morrow if any one could prove that it would work. But at present it would only result in allowing the corrupt local dignitaries, whose misgovernment is at least as much against the interest of the palace as of the people, to bribe their unintelligent neighbours into sending them to Parliament. You would widen corruption wholesale, only to give the evil a new lease of power." If it was objected that in any case you would have free public criticism of the abuses of the bureaucracy, there was a ready reply. "You cannot give opportunities for reasonable and well-meaning criticism without letting loose a flood of malicious and revolutionary critics also. The Nihilists are too sharp-witted and too ubiquitous not to gain as much as any one by the new opportunities of a constitutionalism, which would never satisfy them."

So much for the Court side of the case. The Opposition told me a different, yet perhaps hardly an inconsistent, story. "It was a thousand pities," they said, "that the last attack on the late Czar succeeded. The governorship of Loris Melikoff had begun to restore confidence. He was not a brilliant man, but he was trusted. Relying not on political theories, but on common sense and mother-wit, he sought practical solutions for practical questions, and always made it his first object, wherever he found signs of discontent, to ascertain what the people wanted." He had succeeded, as my informants averred, in getting a full constitution drawn up, and it lay in the Emperor's desk, ready for signing. It was not perhaps a final settlement, nor anything like it; but it would have gone far to rally the support of all well-meaning men, however theoretically extreme, to the side of law and order. The Czar was hesitating, and he could not have held out very long. But the assassination, with all its horrible details, introduced the new factor of revenge. Yet even then the new Czar hesitated. The party of Melikoff still pressed for the same great step. It was thought in ministerial circles that Alexander III. was on the point of signing, when the influence of some reactionaries in the innermost circles of the Palace, and notably of the Emperor's quondam tutor, produced an unexpected reaction. Suddenly, the able and single-minded fanatic who rules the world of Moscow, the veteran journalist Katkoff, obtained an audience. He is understood to have explained to the Father of his people, that "Russia" was in no mind to be terrorised or bullied into concession. If these things were needful, let them be considered quietly and granted at some more peaceful time, out of the pure bounty and unbiased forethought of the Czar. In the meantime, "Russia" was indignant that her loyalty should be doubted. Let him therefore trust

"Russia," and appeal to the national traditions. A vigorous reassertion of the ancient and vital principle of Russian society, the sacred autocracy of a paternal ruler, was the necessity of the hour. If this were neglected, the insidious poison of foreign ideas would soon undermine all that remained of Slavonic nationalism, and the empire would be wrecked among the quicksands of German scepticism, French social disintegration, and English political economy. The prophet of a Pan-Slavonic reaction prevailed. Without sending for a single minister, the Czar locked his draft constitution out of sight, and published next morning the famous "personal rule" proclamation, which astonished the world of St. Petersburg as much as it astonished the European public. From that hour the party and policy of Loris Melikoff passed out of account. The infamous Third Section was revived, and the police regulations, always strict, became as much stricter as it seemed practicable to make them. Finally, by the month of September, this new despotism seemed to be fully organized, and a new proclamation was issued by which it was indicated that these things were to be henceforth not exceptional measures, but the ordinary law of Russia. Upon this, the Council of Three met somewhere and resolved that as there was now no further hope of the Czar coming to his senses, his Majesty and his Minister Ignatieff must be condemned to death. The Court was duly apprized of this resolution, and from that date the panic, already great, has been almost ludicrous within the palace. The rumours of the Czarina's state of mind are well known, and are probably not much exaggerated. The Czar is practically a prisoner in one of two or three easily-guarded castles. New plots are known to be afoot, and many arrests have been made of which, of course, as little as possible is said. The Czar is not a coward, and is distinctly obstinate. There are no signs that the more Liberal statesmen are

at all likely to return to power. The Moscow party is in full command, and reaction is the order of the day. Such is the tale, as it was told to me, and I have good reason to believe that it is in the main true. It will be seen that my informants regarded the matter entirely as a question of Constitution or no Constitution. That was no doubt the point about which the critical negotiations turned; but I do not think it was or is the vital issue.

Putting the suggestions of the Court party and the Opposition together, and trying to arrive at a result, one is tempted at first to say that such a state of things is altogether hopeless. But this would be a great exaggeration. The services and the business of the country go on, not well indeed, but fairly. "Russia," as one of my easy-going friends said to me, while we sipped our coffee after an excellent dinner on the Nevski, "Russia is a very pleasant place to live in after all." The people are in many ways like kindly children. Most of them care for none of these things. The horror of an assassination, real as it is for the time, passes over swiftly. Lady Olga returned one day from a round of visits to tell us a very terrible story: how a young widow lady, one of her intimate friends, had just been carried off to a common gaol, and kept there for a week amidst disgusting filthiness, and under the most degrading prison regulations, merely because one of the recently arrested students had falsely represented, years ago, that she was his aunt. Her child of five she had been forced to leave unattended in her rooms. She was not allowed to communicate with any of her friends, and even her landlady was so afraid of the whole matter that she professed to any who called that she did not know where or why the lady had gone. The narrator told this story with sympathetic horror and detail. When she had finished, an Englishman present exclaimed, in indignation, "What a barbarous country it must be where

such tyranny is tolerated for a day." But our hostess reproved him with a dignified surprise at his impatience. "When such barbarities have happened as the brutal murder of our sainted Czar, little inconveniences like this are not to be wondered at. I pity my friend, but I would not change the system."

And so the Muscovite world goes on. Here and there an individual drops out into exile, or is removed to Siberia. He, and perhaps a few of his immediate friends, are converted into irreconcilable allies of the revolution. But the circle where he had his place closes up and forgets him. If this is so with the rich, it is equally so among the poor. Let their privations be ever so severe, they can always forget them quickly. They have something of the Irish capacity for being happy under difficulties, without any of the Irish tendency to periodical and furious reaction against circumstance. Like the Irish, too, they have a constant resource in their deep religious fervour. The Orthodox Church is obviously far less of a spiritual and moral power than Irish Catholicism; but the Russian peasant can always find a moment's peace, and even a very exquisite kind of happiness, when he turns aside into one of the gorgeous cathedrals and prostrates himself before the priceless sacred pictures. He does not pray for this and that advantage, temporal or heavenly. He does not repeat any traditionary formula. Much less does he bethink himself of sin and of repentance. He simply crosses himself and adores, and as the smell of the incense hangs about the pillars, and the angel voices of the choir wander along the roof, the stupid, patient, miserable man is happy.

It is quite true, as has already been said, that tested by modern European standards, the administration in Russia is infamous. Official bribery is not merely general, but open and avowed. At the frontier, you may beckon to the grandest and most gold-laced officer

you see, and hand him publicly a five-ruble note or so. In a Government office, every contractor and every suitor of any kind will make no way except by the same process. The post-office is not safe. Justice is by no means infallible. The navy frauds under the Grand Duke Constantine, and the army frauds in the Turkish war, are matter of general history. But it must be remembered, on the contrary side of the account, that very large portions of the public service in Russia are under local control. Towns and rural districts are allowed in most details to manage their own affairs. The Commune assesses and collects its own taxes. The populous and prosperous districts of the north-west have retained a very considerable autonomy since the days of Swedish and Teutonic rule. The commercial necessities of Russia have always forced her to allow some sort of fair play to the powerful colonies of foreign merchants, who still administer half her trade. It results, therefore, that in the end the main sufferers by this monstrous system of official corruption are the peasantry and the national exchequer—both proverbially patient.

As regards the peasantry, there is no doubt that their lot is very hard. The agrarian question, as it now stands in Russia, is peculiarly little understood here; and yet it is fruitful with interesting lessons, especially at the present juncture. Serfdom was not in Russia a survival of slavery. It was an administrative rule introduced by Boris Godunoff and his predecessors during the sixteenth century to secure a constant supply of hands for the cultivation of each district—the population having proved to be of a dangerously migratory temper. How the system became throughout the present century obnoxious to all that was best in Russia, and how it was abolished in 1861 is well known. In some provinces, however, as in Esthland, a voluntary emancipation had taken place at a far earlier date.

When the serfs were freed, their masters were bound by law to allot to each man a holding of a few acres, the number varying according to the quality of the soil, for which payment was to be made by instalments spread over fifty years. Of this price the treasury advanced four-fifths directly to the landlord, on the security of the holding, taking from the "peasant proprietor" an annual interest of five per cent on the amount. The one-fifth of the purchase-money still due is paid by the peasant direct to the landlord, and there are land taxes of considerable amount as well. In the result, therefore, the "peasant proprietor" is practically a tenant at rack-rent. But there is a further difficulty. In almost every case the small allotment lies altogether, say, on the side of a hill. In order to the proper cultivation of it, the peasant requires to have a piece of river meadow also. The lord has kept this in his own demesne, and therefore he can make his own terms. He has no longer any interest in the well-being of the serf, and whatever slight sympathy resulted from the feudal tie is gone. The peasant is at his mercy, for he needs the land. He is prevented by law from migrating without the consent of his Commune, which is jointly liable for all his rents and taxes. Naturally, therefore, the landlord, like some others nearer home, wraps himself up in his political economy, and instructs his agent to get the best rent he can. It is not necessary to add that the result is what it must be everywhere in such a case; the peasant starves, and the land is starved also. The Communal ownership, amongst so unenterprising a people, becomes a further barrier to agricultural improvement, and thus vast tracts of the less fertile soil in the centre and north of Russia are threatening to become again the dreary, undrained wilderness they were when first the Slavonic migration was compelled to settle there.

For this disastrous state of things a

remedy is urgently needed, and the only remedy possible is a reduction of the effective rent to a point which will make it possible to do justice to the land and live. Many say that the Commune must go also, and personal proprietary be established everywhere. But if the Commune could be made to work properly, it is a method which offers great advantages. Under modern conditions, it is evident that land can best be dealt with where there is some means of obtaining such aid as machinery can give, and of procuring advances of capital. At the same time, the small peasant has an advantage over the large farmer in his immediate personal care and constant labour at small details, which become so important in the mass. The Russian Commune ought to contain the possibility of combining both advantages. A limited development of personal proprietorship might be made consistent with a co-operation of the whole Commune for such purposes as manuring, drainage, machinery, &c., and the details of such a scheme need neither be very complex nor very novel. The proper working of such a community is apparently a problem beyond the intelligence of the average rural population as yet. Still, it is surely an ideal to be kept in view.

In those parts of Russia where the Commune is not the unit of society, the agrarian question is not at all unlike our own in Ireland. It was curious to leave the Lords and Commons contending over the modified three F's, and to find a great Esthonian proprietor granting to his tenants, of his own free will, a settlement far more radical. As we walked through his glorious pine-woods, Count Michael expounded his views to me frankly. "We freed our serfs," he said, "of our own free grace more than fifty years ago. We did it because we disbelieved in slavery altogether. Some few of these Esthen got leases; but most became tenants from year to year, dependent on our will for their tenure and their rents. The

system has not worked well. They are industrious and patient fellows, whose only fault is occasional drunkenness; but they have no inducement to improve. If they put capital and labour into the soil it will belong to us, and sooner or later they will have to pay us in increased rent. Such a system is unjust and illogical, and in the long run it is bad for me. Besides, it can never be a self-acting system. My tenant's interests are not the same as mine. They are utterly antagonistic. Now that destructive theories are abroad, I cannot tell what fine day a schoolmaster or some other casual missionary of the new ideas, may put it into the heads of these quiet but very dogged tenants of mine to defy me. If they did, what could I do? The central government is not over fond of our autonomous provinces; but even if they did everything for us, we are set here between the woods, the morasses, and the coast. It would be a matter of great difficulty even for a regular body of troops to occupy this majorat; and if they were here, they could not help us much. They could hardly collect rent, and they could not keep my men at work. To import strangers would be impossible. We landlords are too few and too scattered to be able to help one another. The peasantry are entirely alien in race. Unless a self-adjusting scheme can be set on foot which will make it our mutual interest to maintain the *status quo* and to do all justice to the land, a ruinous revolution must sooner or later overtake us all."

He went on to describe to me what he had done. As soon as he could afford it, he had employed a government chief-surveyor with three assistants, who were even now daily occupied in mapping out the whole property, and in allotting the holdings with the fullest possible regard to the circumstances of each farm. The regular farmers were obtaining allotments of a sufficient size, and having in most cases a sufficient portion of reclaimable land thrown in to employ

the spare energies of the tenant. The whole was then valued on a low scale, and the rent was assessed at a fair percentage on the capital value, and fixed for fifteen years absolute. At the end of that term there was to be a general revaluation, and the original percentage was to be again taken upon the new value for another fifteen years, and so on for ever. The perpetuity of tenure was absolute; but the tenant was to be entitled to have allotted to him further reclaimable lands at each fresh valuation, so long as any remained unreclaimed. In the meanwhile, the lord was commencing, with some success, a large scheme of arterial drainage, by which he hoped to convert many square miles of noxious marsh into almost inexhaustible meadow. He did not wish, he said, to have the tenants' improvements included in each revaluation. The general prosperity of the district would sufficiently repay him for foregoing that advantage. He desired only to take, as lord of the soil, a fair percentage on such general rise of value as might affect the land, and above all to adjust the rents periodically to the value of money, which in Russia, with its inconvertible paper, is liable to serious alteration. The tenant would therefore have a definite and very valuable interest in the soil for himself and his posterity; and by their provincial system of a *Land Credit-casse* the enterprising peasant would be able, with such security, to obtain all reasonable advances of money on easy terms, and would have every inducement to develop the resources of the country to the uttermost. It is needless to say, that when my courteous instructor had unfolded his far-reaching scheme, I answered that I could fervently wish the landlords of our own islands had come to learn liberality and wisdom in the barbaric wilds of Russia.

He would be a Utopian politician who would expect to see the majority of the great landlords of Russia fol-

lowing the example of my friend Michael. The difficulty lies, not so much in their goodwill—for they are kindly folk, and would be glad to help their people in any way that would not prejudice their own real interests. The difficulty lies in their want of intelligence. They are very ready to catch at new ideas, but they fail in administrative capacity. There are great nobles who have gone in for modern improvements, and bought agricultural machines regardless of expense; but the moment the novelty and interest of the toys wore off, the machines got out of order, and were left in the yard as a curiosity, no one being able or willing to set them right again. But though all will not follow the example of this Russian land-reformer, there is no doubt that many will; and the success of these will prove, after a few years, a strong argument to convert others.

Meanwhile, the main question recurs. Is there no remedy for the grievous maladies that afflict the body politic? As to most such questions, the answer is both yes and no. There is much to be done assuredly; but a Morrison's pill for the ailments of the state will certainly never be discovered. The Nihilists, to begin with, are distinctly wrong. A real revolution is not possible, even if it were to be desired; and the mere murder of people in authority will only aggravate the bitterness of the present autocracy without really endangering the Czarate. There have often been times in the history of great states when each succeeding monarch died a violent death, and yet the monarchy remained unshaken. The most they can effect is to terrify some weak ruler into throwing out a constitution to appease them. But it will not appease them, and in itself will do little good, if any.

The changes most wanted, besides the agrarian reforms, are two—the thorough elevation of the educational level of the whole population, and the

courageous introduction of comparative freedom of speech. Both have their dangers, but the gain is greater than the risk. Publicity is perhaps the best means of checking the bureaucracy. Just because of the immense reserve of stability which she possesses, Russia has less to fear than any continental government from comparative or even complete freedom of criticism; and this would be itself a powerful factor in the political education of the people. A reform of the judicial system which would insure the punishment of some at least of the evil-doers, would be a most happy amendment. But until the general disease is checked, this is itself impossible. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If it were possible to reform and spiritualize the Church, now sunk in a helpless Erastianism, and, above all, to educate the clergy, another great step would be taken. But this would be a hard matter, for the reactionary sentiment is in ecclesiastical circles a passion. Priests, often very ignorant themselves, are the most eager and ruthless ministers of the press *censur*—that vast absurdity which extends even to the perfect blacking out of every syllable of adverse criticism, however humorously or gently put, from every copy of the *Charivari* or of *Punch* that enters Russia.

But the one great and urgent change which would be on all sides welcomed is the recall of the trusted Loris Melikoff, or some other honest, painstaking, reasonable man. Ignatieff is not trusted, and indeed has not much effective power, in home affairs. The Moscow ring are now the real ministry; and their policy is fatal. They are patriotic Slavs, full of the enthusiasm of their rising nationality. Serious as their foreign ambition may be, it is not more dangerous than their reckless desire to exalt the Slavonic idea at home, by centralization, by suppression of all provincial rights and all variations of creed or language, and by exclusion and expulsion of all foreign influence,

whether in the shape of officials or ideas, out of "holy Russia." The cry of "Russia for the Russians" will be more terrible some day, if it is not checked in time, than the dream of Constantinople. It is this tremendous tendency which has effaced Poland, which has crushed Lithuanian society and commerce, which persecutes alike the heterodox sects, the Roman Catholic populations and the Jewish colonies, and will annihilate them, if it can. It is the same tendency which makes a grievance of the appointment of skilled English and Germans, though Russia absolutely requires them to train her own workmen, and of the small proportion of Slavonic names among the high places of the army, although it is a proverb among tacticians that the Slav who is an excellent captain or lieutenant is utterly incompetent in posts of high command. It is the same tendency which is pressing even now for the abolition of the limited self-government which still prevails with the most excellent results throughout the Ostprovincen and in Finland, and which is seeking to devise further tariff restrictions in order more effectually to "close the frontiers" against the enemy. It is the same spirit that gives a defiant ring to the speech of Skobelev at the Geok Tepe banquet. It is the same pressure, courtly, sacerdotal, and popular at once, which half compels and more than half persuades the Government to resent as an insult even the most courteous observations on the recent massacres of the southern Jews. The tendency is fast becoming a crusade.

It is needless to add that the presence of such a factor is a grave danger not merely to Russia, but to Europe. Even if India, Egypt, and Armenia had never existed, there are questions enough in Eastern Europe to start a dozen wars. The dangers that lie in every line of the Treaty of Berlin are plainly illustrated by the reception which Austrian conscription laws have met with in the

Herzegovina. The possibilities of quarrel on the German frontiers are not the less real for being less known. Even within the last few weeks we have heard of Ruthenian troubles from Vienna, and of Polish anxieties at Berlin. There is a settled conviction in military circles on both sides that Germany and Russia must fight it out some day soon. Moltke's detailed plans for a Russian campaign have lain for years in the pigeon-holes of the general staff.

In the face of all these dangers, no immediate help can be expected, unless it be the advent to power of a strong and sensible ruler. Constitution-making is beside the question. The convocation of a Parliament will not suddenly endow a nation with "sweet reasonableness." Let us promote this by all means; but let us remember that it is an affair of years, if not of generations, and that, meanwhile, the government must be carried on. To English notions, this is not a brilliant outlook; but surely it is not without hope. There are many men in Russia, able, conscientious, and liberal-minded, who could steer the ship even

now with comparative safety. Only it requires a strong hand and a cool head. One of Carlyle's despotic heroes, if he can be found, will solve the problem without delay, and the vast Empire will go forward rapidly in the path of material and moral progress. If the capable despot cannot be found at once, it is to be feared that many incapable ones will be blown up, with much damage to public safety and more to public morals.

"For the rest, in what year of grace such phoenix-cremation will be completed, depends on unseen contingencies." How much mischief may be done in the meantime, both within and without the frontiers of the Empire, no man can calculate. But the future is on the side of nations that have reserves to draw on, and the latent resources of Russia are inexhaustible. It is not rash, therefore, to prophesy that she will weather the storm. If she does she will have a mighty destiny before her; for whatever may be the fate of our own Indian Empire, geography has plainly appointed Russia to be the ruler of the East.

B. F. C. COSTELLOE.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1882.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DESCRIBES TWO ENGLISH COUNTRY-SEATS,
THEIR CHARACTER AND CONTENTS :
WITH SOME INCIDENTAL REFLECTIONS
ON THE MUTUAL RELATIONS OF SOCIETY
AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

THOSE who have laboured, not only in the heat of the day, but throughout the cool of the night likewise, during the London season, are wont to affect country neighbourhoods from August to November. Many great folks who are at home in Mayfair in the earlier part of the year, have their real homes some hundreds of miles from that renowned region. Lord Castlemere, after the progress of years and failing health had diminished his joy in social activities, became very fond of his Devonshire place, and used to improve early opportunities of repairing thither, and then to invent pretexts for remaining late. The castle—as it was called, although scarcely so large as to warrant that lofty title—was a fine old stone-built pile, with windows banked-in with ivy, and an aspect of hale and venerable permanence, as if nature had agreed to take it into partnership, and had confided to it some secret of her immortality. Nor was this impression checked by the fact that a good part of the edifice was frankly in ruins. The northern side, owing to some cause now forgotten in

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the obscurity of ages, had received a severe mauling, which no attempt had been made to repair. A large oak, that could not have been less than two hundred years old, grew up in the centre of one of the rooms of this part, and filled it brim-full of majestic greenery. The jagged fractures of the walls had also been sweetened by soft vegetation; and families of birds, whose beginning dated back beyond the memory of man, built their perennial nests in secret crevices and hollows. But all this grand and picturesque decay only seemed to fortify the serene vitality of the habitable portion; it was as the link binding the work of human hands to the bosom of the mother earth, through which the pulse of life might flow. In beholding the meditative windowed front of the dwelling, standing firm upon its broad terrace, with steps and grey balustrade of massive stone, you felt the strength which human works attain only by the confession of their human limitations.

The ruined fragment served to protect the remainder from the sweep of the northern and easterly blasts; it fronted the sea, though a mile or so of lower land intervened between it and the shore. From the castle tower there was a steep descent of a hundred and fifty feet to the turf at the foot of the precipice on which the tower was built. Up to the verge of the descent the

land sloped gradually from the south, and here the body of the building had its site and pursued its peaceful avocations; the warlike tower being uplifted as a shield and menace against hostilities from beyond. Through the meadow below the cliff a brawling stream hurried seaward to affront the shore. Further off, the sea mounted like a wall to the smooth sweep of the horizon line; and away to the right might be discerned the roofs and masted harbour of a town.

All this was no doubt more taking to the outward eye than the trim and brick-bound conventionality of the London mansion; and when, having strolled about the place and viewed its various aspects, and trodden ankle-deep in the mossy elasticity of the shaven lawn, and admired the ancient flower-garden, with its marigolds, sunflowers, and hollyhocks—you passed under the broad arched portal and into the house, you found nothing there to disenchant your expectations. The hall and the main rooms were large and lofty, but they had a more comfortable and familiar air than is the case in most of these old places; and they were furnished and ornamented in a way which suggested the operation of the heart rather than the head; that is, there was no severe and bloodless decorative purpose carried out, but each wall and corner, each alcove and fireplace, bore the mark of affectionate eyes and thoughts. In every object and in the disposition of it was shown a living interest or gentle memory: imparting to the whole a tender and mellow harmony sought for in vain by our scientific Nosottis and æsthetic Morrises. Lord Castlemere, in fact, whenever he thought of himself as an inhabitant of this planet, in distinction from his abstract philosophic individuality, always saw himself dwelling in these rooms, wandering in these pleasaunces, and recognising in each thing that met his sight some keepsake or illustration of his inward or outward existence. This was his home: elsewhere he was more

or less abroad: and here he had hoped to die.

Miss Vivian was not, perhaps, so much in love with the castle as her brother had been. She was a lady whose early impressions had been gathered in a whist-playing world, and who had combined or alternated this amusement and others kindred to it, with a private and independent bias towards religious exercises. These pursuits were more reconcilable in practice than in theory; some murderers and forgers have been very pious people in their leisure moments; but what Miss Vivian felt was really necessary to the indulgence of both was, plenty of society. When she sorted her cards and won her points, she wished to do so in a house full of fashionable and reputable people similarly employed; and when she appealed to Heaven to overlook her transgressions and to number her among its saints, she desired to have the visible assurance that the majority of her mortal acquaintances were compromising themselves in the same way. This was very practicable in London, but not in an outlying corner of Devonshire. Brighton was better; and the Continent offered several available localities. Accordingly, Miss Vivian, when her brother had turned his annual back on London, and set face westward, usually had made some excuse for not accompanying him; and Lord Castlemere seldom offering any very strenuous persuasions, a temporary separation would be effected; the lady going to Brighton or Paris or sometimes to Rome, with her prayerbook, her cards, and her spaniel; while his lordship and Madeleine betook themselves to the castle. Then, in the little season, they would reassemble in London once more, all the better friends for the change. This had been the order of affairs for several years past; but now that Castlemere had got beyond the influence of the London world, and that of Devonshire as well, it occurred to Miss Vivian, who was a real great

lady in spite of her peculiarities, that courtesy to his memory required her to do as he would have done had he been alive. She therefore intimated to Madeleine that they would this autumn go down to Devonshire, instead of to Paris, as had been her previous intention. Madeleine acquiesced in the arrangement, though perhaps it did not altogether gratify her. She had a curiosity to see the Paris of her early childhood, now a dream to her, but a dream that every year lost a shadow and gained a light. The little heiress had herself a strong social instinct. However, she fancied she could manage well enough at the castle for one year more; and was encouraged in this hope by the assurance that the Maurices would be there as usual.

The Maurices, for her, meant Mrs. Roland; though society in general did not share her opinion in this respect. The Maurices were old Lady Maurice, and her son Sir Stanhope. They lived in the estate next adjoining the Castlemeres, but as different from it as a shop sign is different from a tombstone. I do not mean to insinuate by this that the Maurices were new rich people, with a tradesman for their grandfather. They were as well off for ancestors as most of us; but Sir Stanhope Maurice was a young gentleman of advanced Radical views; and being also possessed with a juvenile mania for consistency, he found happiness in having everything about him according to the latest modern notions. His country seat, which had had pretensions to antiquity and picturesqueness, had been severely squared off and straightened up, until inconvenience and charm had disappeared before bald ugliness and salubrity. Light, ventilation, drainage, and all manner of sanitary improvements were insisted upon with unrelenting zeal; the roof was slated, the chimneys were untwisted, and the entire building was stuccoed and painted from caves to basement. As for the grounds, they were laid out in a manner to give

pleasure to any one of a correct and geometrical turn of mind. The shade trees which had stood near the house (and had stood there since the time of James the First,) were cut down, in order to obviate damp and promote a freer circulation of air. Inside, the house was as arid, as airy, and as light as a deal box with the sides cut out. The walls of the rooms were hard-finished in pale grey and pale green, and no pictures hung on them, because a dwelling-house ought not to be made into a museum. The floors were polished, and had mattings instead of carpets, because the latter collected dust. No room contained anything in the way of furniture except tables, chairs, and here and there a book cabinet, and a sideboard in the dining-room; because anything beyond these would have served no practical purpose. There were no heavy curtains to the windows, windows being made for the purpose of admitting light. In short, the house was outraged until it was precisely what its young master desired it to be. I will not say that its swept and garnished condition actually presented an image of Sir Stanhope's mind; but it presented an image of the mind he thought he had, or believed he ought to have. He was a bloodthirsty utilitarian; and there is nothing so well calculated to empty a man's head of cobwebs, and of everything else, as youthful utilitarianism. It scours out the interior of his skull, even when it fails to impart a corresponding polish to the exterior man.

However, he was less empty than he flattered himself was the case. The mind of an honest and generous-souled young baronet may differ from his house in this respect, that whereas the latter cannot help itself, the former cannot help helping itself; as it goes on and meets the world, a current of furniture and decoration inevitably sets in, and fills the bare spaces with things which shake utilitarianism on its throne. Sir Stanhope Maurice was twenty-two years old,

rather short, rather plump, with a head very erect, a dignified semi-military carriage of the shoulders; well-shaped legs, the knees of which seemed to straighten themselves with a virtuous resolution to emulate the rigidity of their owner's principles; short high-arched feet, which turned very much out as the baronet paced over his mattings; warm, firm little hands, with short, pointed fingers; a face in which an innate cordiality of disposition strove with a premature gravity and a conviction of vast experience; soft brown hair, thin on the top of the head; a small, unprominent nose, and a firm, well-moulded chin; these, with a fresh and ruddy complexion, were the chief features of Sir Stanhope's personal appearance. His temper was sweet, but, like many sweet tempers, short; he was of an argumentative and expositionary turn of mind; and though charitable to the core as soon as he forgot himself, he would be portentously severe against very trifling shortcomings as long as he could restrict himself to the intellectual plane. His notions of honour, of justice, of propriety, of duty, were elevated and sensitive to a rather difficult degree. He was a hot partisan of his friends, and an uncompromising denouncer of his foes; yet he was not to be charged with partiality, because (as he could demonstrate to you in a moment) his friends were always in the right, and his enemies always in the wrong. A great part of the time he overflowed with jocundity, though he was neither a wit nor a humourist; but he had his sober and silent hours, and occasionally he would sink into rayless abysses of despondency, in which he seemed to be contending with some almost intolerable sense of injustice. He became saturnine, and was not to be modified or comforted, until his spirits rebelled of themselves, and compelled him to find some pretext for being good-humoured again.

Sir Stanhope Maurice resembled
or good men in having a weak point;

and the weak point in his case was Lady Maurice. The old lady had a countenance and a nature as grand, serene, and kindly as an autumnal landscape. Her life had been both a wide and a deep one; she had experienced much, and had thought more. Her husband had been taken from her soon after Stanhope's birth; she had been forced to endure many anxieties, and to struggle against many difficulties; and she had come through her life with an increased love of human beings, and a delight in observing them as they passed before her arm-chair that was at once unaffectedly charitable and archly humorous. There was a spice of Irish blood in Lady Maurice that gave richness and elasticity to her mind. Her influence upon Stanhope was so great—so much greater than he had any idea of—that she was very chary of exerting it, and would only do so in extreme predicaments. She had allowed him to make a painted bandbox of their fine old house without a murmur; she had listened to the exposition of all his opinions, and had agreed with him whenever she possibly could; she had sympathised with him in his indignations, and smiled with him in his merriment: in a word, she had recognised the fact that man's convictions are the things of a day, but that for that day they are the breath of his life, and that so long as they are honestly come by they had better be left to correct themselves. But she had been wise enough to see that she could add to his happiness as well as increase her own comfort by opposing him in one particular.

"You know, Stanhope," she said, "that I am an old woman, and too much wedded to my habits to let my practice correspond with my theories quite so completely as you can do. I want you to let me arrange my own chamber and boudoir in the old unsanitary way that I've been used to. Will you?"

"My dearest mother," replied Sir Stanhope, with a fine impulse of magnanimity, "of course you shall do exactly as you like best. You may

carpet your room with feather-beds and hang it with cobwebs, if you please, and I will only take care that you have the best cobwebs and feather-beds procurable. At the same time," he added, constrained by a conscientious pang, "I can't say that I think you will stick to the old method long; you will be too clear-sighted not to perceive the advantages of my plan. And I could demonstrate to you——"

"Dear boy, that is just what I want," interposed his mother, smiling in her deceitful heart. "I want you often to come into my boudoir, and let me hear your arguments."

"I'm afraid you won't stay in your present mind long, then," rejoined Stanhope, conscious of the strength of a giant, but remembering that it was tyrannous to use it as a giant. Lady Maurice looked feminine and maternal, but said nothing. She put down a thick, warm carpet, that fitted snug to the walls. She draped a pair of rich damask curtains over the window, and placed a pot of soft crimson azaleas on the sill. In the alcove opposite the window she set up a book-case of her favourite books. In a corner was a whatnot, filled with quaint china and curiosities. On the mantelpiece were an old clock, with an engraved brass face, and two Japanese copper jars, enamelled with grotesque figures in flower-like colours. The walls were wainscoted to within a yard of the ceiling; polished brass candle sconces were affixed to the dark wood on either side the broad and roomy fire-place, within which glowed and crackled the fragments of the ancestral trees; it being characteristic of Lady Maurice's philosophy, since she could no longer get shade and coolness out of her timber, to get light and warmth from it. Finally—not to make too long an enumeration of these cosy delights—two indefensibly luxurious easy chairs extended their hospitable arms beside the hearth, in one of which sat the venerable hostess, while the other lay in wait for the ingenuous and unsuspecting Stanhope.

One afternoon he came in. He could only stay a few minutes, because he must be over at the stables by four o'clock, to see about ventilating the floors. He cast a glance about the room, and, having previously determined to shake his head mislikingly, did so. He dropped into the vacant easy chair (there happened to be no other available seat of any kind in the boudoir), stretched his feet towards the fender, as he could not well avoid doing, and began to make a few criticisms. A chair of this kind was injurious to the chest and to the internal organs. Of course it was comfortable for the moment, but that was not the point. This thick carpet, agreeable though it was to the feet, would in the long run produce a deplorable effect upon the lungs. This subdued light, and the dark tone of everything, must militate against any work that made a demand upon the eyes.

"I only do my netting, dear, and listen to you talk, and those I can do with my eyes shut," interposed Lady Maurice at this point, and without the least symptom of a double meaning.

"But you read, you know," objected Stanhope.

"Ah, I know all my old books by heart," said her ladyship, with a smile and a sigh; "not that I dispute your judgment, dear."

"Oh, I don't set up to be infallible," Stanhope declared, generously. "No doubt," he added, with an access of candour, "old-fashioned appliances of this kind have their attractions, and even, within certain limits, their merits. But one must learn to look beneath the first appearance of things; and when you are as old as I am, mother—I mean—I mean when you've given as much thought to these subjects as I have—Now, for instance, that old Venetian decanter on the little stand beside your elbow. It's a pretty thing enough, I suppose, so far as that is concerned; but what use does it serve? It holds nothing; it——"

"By the by, that reminds me!"

murmured Lady Maurice, as if to herself. "Stanhope, my dear, I know you have a very correct palate. There's some kind of *liqueur* in that decanter, and I want you, if you don't mind, to tell me what it is. I can't decide myself. I suppose you won't condescend to taste it; but I dare say you can tell just as readily by the aroma. Here—try!"

Sir Stanhope took the delicate flask in his hand and sniffed. He paused a moment meditatively, then sniffed once more. Humph! It smelt rather like Benedictine, but—sniff!—it was difficult to be certain about these *liqueurs*. They were very different from liquors, you know. Hum! Perhaps it would be safer to taste a thimbleful: was there a very small glass—ah! that would do. Now let us see. Yes—no—yes though! It was Benedictine after all. Not a bad kind either. Try once more. Yes, there could be no doubt about it.

"I'm very much obliged to you, dear," said the mother. "I thought perhaps it might be. But now, go on with what you were saying. That is, unless you must go over to the stables at once?"

Stanhope would stay a little longer. The firelight contrasted with the dark woodwork had a pretty effect. The chair was more like a sofa than a chair. The window-curtains made it seem almost like evening. There were some things he wished particularly to say—some arguments. He lay back, and folded his hands composedly, and said first one thing and then another. After a while, Lady Maurice was reminded of an anecdote of her younger days, and told it with her usual charm of voice and manner. The conversation took another turn—not utilitarian. Half an hour passed; Stanhope only settled himself more comfortably in his chair. The afternoon slipped away; he was still there, and was now renewing his exposition of the evils of indulging in things that merely gratified one's love of indolence. By the time the dinner-bell

rang he had almost convinced his mother; but the visit to the stable—well, that could be done as well to-morrow. The next day he did not come, or only just to look in and out again. The day after he came immediately after dinner and remained till bed-time, making out a clear case against the boudoir. Why make a longer story of it? Insensibly, Sir Stanhope got into the habit of spending all his leisure time in the only part of the house that he did not approve of. Lady Maurice lured him on; surely a near relative of hers must have kissed the Blarney stone. Under cover of vindicating his principles, the young baronet daily suspended them; and his mother, by her gentle but lingering intractability, helped him to close his eyes to the truth. He wreaked his energies in rendering the rest of the house uninhabitable, and was so gratified at his mother's failure to dispute his logic that he overlooked his own failure to discard her easy chairs. No compromise could have been more felicitous.

These events were happening at about the time that Sir Stanhope's university career was drawing to a close. The family had previously lived in town; but the young baronet had set his heart (or, rather, his mind) on being a model country gentleman, living on his acres, educating his tenants, and going up to London only occasionally. At the university he had distinguished himself, having taken a first class, and proved his ability to make a finely-argued speech in debate. He was spoken of as likely to do himself credit one of these days in the House of Commons. For many years the Maurices had been on terms of intimacy with the Castlemeres, Lady Maurice having known Lord Castlemere in his youth. When Madeleine took her place as the hope of the Castlemere line, the idea of making a match between her and Stanhope was implicitly present to the minds of the elders on both sides. It was a suitable match from a social

point of view, as well as desirable on personal grounds. The children would have large fortunes; the estates were contiguous; in character and disposition they were, if not directly sympathetic, at all events the complements of each other. Madeleine needed a steady and logical spirit like Stanhope's to restrain her independence and audacity. Stanhope would not be the worse for a touch of Madeleine's originality and fire. Nevertheless, no definite agreement was entered into; and when, during the last year or so, Lord Castlemere had got his mind fixed upon the possibility of there being a son of his in existence, his anticipations regarding Madeleine took another turn, as to which he did not take counsel with Lady Maurice.

But now that Castlemere was gone, her ladyship had to act upon her own judgment, and she thought it best to make some suggestions to Stanhope, in order to discover what attitude he was likely to take up. He said that he had not as yet taken the question of marriage into his calculations; but that of course he would expect to marry some day; and when the day came it was as likely that he would choose Madeleine as anybody. Meanwhile, he would endeavour to think of her from the matrimonial point of view. Of course Miss Vivian and the Clanroys had already been spoken to, and had made no sort of objection to the project. But within the last two or three months the rumours as to a rival claimant to the Castlemere property had been gaining currency; and although not much weight was attached to them, they could not fail to put Madeleine's attractions as a marriageable object in a new light. The practical result was to make Lady Maurice willing to postpone clinching any bargain until Madeleine had grown a little older. In seven or eight years she would reach the age at which the existing will gave her irrevocable possession of the inheritance, and then would be the moment

to decide. While saying this to herself, however, Lady Maurice was conscious of a certain lack of graciousness and generosity in her position. The custom of buying and selling flesh and blood was one in which she had been educated, but it did not come to her by nature. The dilemma was as follows: If no attempt was made to attach Madeleine until she was eighteen years old, for fear she should turn out not to be the heiress, the danger would have to be faced of her falling in love in some other direction. On the other hand, if she were drawn on to love Stanhope, and was afterwards jilted because she had no money—it would look badly, to say the least of it. What was to be done? The more Lady Maurice considered the matter, the less was she able to make up her mind; and the result was that she did nothing—except allow things to take their course. In other words, she trusted to luck. Madeleine had of course not yet been informed of the honour that contingently awaited her; and though she liked Lady Maurice better than either of her aunts, and appreciated Stanhope very well as a comrade, she was not likely to break her heart or compromise her self-respect for some time to come.

As for Stanhope, he was not asked to share his mother's anxieties. His ideas about marriage were radical; and being uncertain what that might import, his mother thought it prudent not to open the question with him. In this decision she was opposed by Mrs. Roland, who, indeed, frankly expressed her disapproval of the business from beginning to end. Kate Roland had always been frank and intrepid, and in her presence humbug looked small, and selfishness mean, be their attire and credentials what they might. Kate was Lady Maurice's niece—the daughter of Rear-Admiral Harvey Kavanagh; and since the last two years she had been left an orphan and had lived with her aunt and cousin; but she had a sufficient in-

come of her own, and was under obligations to nobody. She was a fresh-hued, fresh-spirited woman of twenty; but you soon perceived that she was in some way different from other young women of similar general type; and if you had insight enough, you would also divine that this difference depended not so much upon congenital traits as upon some exceptional experience through which she had passed. Such at any rate was the fact, but few people could have guessed the nature of that experience. It was something in one aspect so hackneyed that I hesitate to record it, lest its terrible reality should fail to make itself felt. It was one of those events which those who hear of them are prone to regard from the romantic or sensational point of view, forgetting how stark a tragedy it is to the sufferer. Kate Kavanagh was betrothed to a gallant young lieutenant in the navy, a man whom she loved with her whole heart and soul, and who loved her no less. One day they were married, and never was there a gayer or more prosperous wedding. The lieutenant had leave for three months, and at the church door they got into their carriage to be driven to the railway station. On the way thither there was a collision; Kate's husband was killed and terribly mangled; no one else received even a scratch. The bride had the body put into a cab and drove with it in her arms back to her father's house. That was the end of her honeymoon. No one saw her again for many months.

She spoke freely of "my husband" afterwards, but never alluded to his death. She was as gay in manner as before, as bright in talk; she laughed as often, though not so long. But in her voice was a tone which had not been in it until she said to her father, "I have brought my husband home." And there was a line at either corner of her sanguine mouth such as no young woman ought to have. It was as if she stood bravely mirthful on the

threshold of a chamber within which lay the bleeding body of all she loved. Sometimes, in the midst of conversation, she would abruptly cease speaking, arise, and go out. Then it might be known that she had entered her chamber of death and shut the door. The atmosphere of that chamber invested her as with a sacred invisible garment, which at once gave her liberty to speak and deal with her friends with a freedom and directness that no other woman of her age and condition could use, and at the same time removed her from really intimate approach. She was the friend of many men, both young and old; her attitude towards them was not that of a sister, scarcely that of a woman, but still less that of a man. It was something unique; it brought out what was finest and worthiest in them; it would have made a boor gentlemanly and chivalrous for the time being; it gave him who was a gentleman already a new conception of the possibilities of human society. Grandiloquent, conventional, or pharisaical people were panic-stricken and silenced by Kate Roland's laughing glance and question; they smiled feebly, and replied with thin uncertainty of tone. It was the warmth of human fellowship in her that froze them. Many women may have envied Kate the explicit devotion which the men who were her friends displayed towards her; but not many of them would or could have paid her fatal price for it.

Such as she was, Kate did not approve of the diplomatic attitude which was being held towards Madeleine Vivian, and she said as much to Lady Maurice with her usual frankness. "I should hope Stanhope had money enough for two, if it came to that," she remarked.

"You are perfectly right, Kate," Lady Maurice replied, "but this is one of those things that cannot be settled according to abstract rules of right and wrong."

"Yes? Why not?"

"Because it is a social question;

and society's right and wrong are custom. We live in society, we avail ourselves of its advantages, and in return we are bound to conform to its habits. If we take higher ground in one thing, we should take it in all, and retire to the wilderness. It is not the custom for a rich person to marry a poor one, and experience shows that such marriages seldom turn out well. At the same time it would be nice to have the children marry if it can be done."

"Then I'll tell you what I should do," said Kate, in her quick light way; "I should get Madeleine and put her in that chair, and I should get Stanhope and put him in that, and I should say, 'Now, Stanhope, you're to marry Madeleine if she gets the money, and not if she doesn't.' Then it would be all fair and above-board, in spite of society. Well? Shall we do that?"

"Of course not, my dear; it would be the end of the whole thing."

"Would it? Why would it?"

"You ask me, but you know as well as I do. The children are human beings; you can't manage them as you would machines; if they think they are being bargained about, they would be up in arms in a moment. We must let them take higher ground—"

As soon as that unlucky phrase had passed her lips Lady Maurice knew that she was lost, so far as argument was concerned; and therein she judged her antagonist rightly. Kate launched out at her and spared her nothing. Yet it may be doubted whether she would have been so merciless had she believed that Lady Maurice, when it came to the point, would have behaved anything like so wickedly as she gave herself credit for. "If Stanhope came to you," she said at last, "and told you that—thanks to your machinations and his—Madeleine was in love with him, but he wouldn't marry her because she had lost her cheque-book: if he told you that, Lady Maurice, you would disown him, on the spot, and

forbid him ever to show his face in your presence again!"

Lady Maurice protested, but secretly thought it not impossible.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH KATE ROLAND REMARKS THAT THE PEOPLE ONE UNDERSTANDS AT A GLANCE ARE THE SAFEST, BUT NOT ALWAYS THE MOST ENTERTAINING.

On the morning after the day on which the Homeric contest took place, a detailed description of which was furnished two or three chapters back, Sir Stanhope Maurice came into his mother's boudoir with a letter in his hand.

"It's like coming into a cave—this room," he said, in a plaintive tone. "How do you contrive to live without light?"

"It's very good of you to let us see you here," Lady Maurice declared. "Now you are here, don't you think you might sit down just for a few minutes?"

"If you like, I'll get you a cane-bottomed chair and put it by the window," added Kate Roland, who was present; "and we'll talk about the Sahara Desert and whitewash—shall we?"

"Are there any news?" Lady Maurice hastened to say; for she was always in fear lest her son should divine the significance of Kate Roland's chaff. "I see you have a letter."

"It's from whom do you think? Bryan, of all people in the world!"

"Dear me! I thought he had gone to Australia, or America, or somewhere."

"He has got back, and he will come here this afternoon. There's a man I should like you to know, Kate. He's a man you would know how to appreciate."

"I should like to know him. Tell me about him. Who is he—what is he?"

"I should have thought I must

have spoken of him before now. He was at Christ Church with me—the year ahead of me. Everybody was talking of him. He could do anything; he did do everything he tried his hand at. You should have seen him in a row with the town! At cricket once I saw him take the middle stump four times running. They tried him in the eight, but it wouldn't do; they couldn't get any one to balance him; but he won the sculls whenever he entered. He drove the prettiest tandem in the university. As for reading, there never was such a fellow. He was first man of his year; nobody knew how he did it; he seemed able to get on any length of time without sleep; they say he sported his oak once five consecutive days and nights before an exam., and came out as fresh——”

“Oh, you may as well stop,” interrupted Mrs. Roland. “I don't care to hear about prodigies and monsters. If you have a man to tell me about, I sha'n't mind listening. Meantime, since you won't have the cane-bottomed chair, you had better sit in the easy, and try and make believe you're comfortable—so as not to hurt our feelings! Well now? What sort of a looking man is this? If he's an Apollo, you can just mention it, and pass on to something else. I generally prefer my men ugly.”

“He's not effeminately lovely, at all events, is he, mother?” said Stanhope, shutting his lips and laughing. “His hair may be of the Apollo colour for what I know.”

“He has perfectly red hair,” said Lady Maurice; “and he looks a good deal like Rob Roy, I should fancy. But he is such a good fellow that you don't mind that, except just at first.”

“Well? And what good has he done?” continued Kate.

“He has been scandalously treated by his father!” said Stanhope, indignantly. “His father is one of the richest men in the north of England. Bryan is a good-hearted, impulsive

fellow—never knew how to look after his own interests; but you can't expect a man with a physique and spirits like his to behave like a church deacon. His father got it into his head that Bryan was fast—perfect nonsense! The only difference between him and other fellows was that he always got pounced upon if anything happened; he never knew how to make excuses and sneak out of the way. There were hundreds of worse fellows than he, without half his temptations.”

“And what did his father do? Cut off his supplies?”

“He followed him up like a detective. I should like to know what you are laughing at?”

“You are too bad, Kate,” said Lady Maurice, in an undertone.

“I'm not doing anything!” returned Mrs. Roland, laughing out. “I was only wondering if your friend Bryan was as indignant about it as Stanhope is. No, don't be angry with me, my dear fellow. I'm like Bryan—I can't behave like a church deacon. Well? Did they catch him in any scrape?”

“Of course, if a man becomes the object of a conspiracy, it will always be possible to ‘catch’ him, as you call it, in something. I don't know what it was; I never asked. When I give my confidence to any one, I don't trouble myself any more about what other people may suspect them of. Bryan's father never understood him, or made any allowances for him. I am as strong an advocate of legitimate authority as anybody; but there are things to which no one with a proper feeling of self-respect can allow himself to submit. All I can say is, that his father heard and believed some absurd rumour or other about Bryan's goings-on, and told him that his inheritance depended upon his reforming and marrying his cousin. It was the most tyrannical affair I ever heard of.”

“Who told you? Bryan's father?”

“I never saw Bryan's father, and I never wish to. Bryan told me that

himself. I suppose you are going to say that is suspicious testimony. Well, you don't know the man. He is as incapable of misrepresenting the truth as any man living. He was much more inclined to blame himself than his father; and he did all he could to satisfy him."

"Married his cousin? Did he do that?"

"He might have done it, so far as he was concerned. He had been engaged to her before this trouble began, and probably thought much more highly of her than she deserved. But before he had left the university three months, the engagement was broken off."

"Broken off? By whom? The gentleman or the lady?"

"It was broken off: that was enough for me. Of course Bryan, as a man of honour, couldn't be expected to say whether the break came from his side or hers."

"I don't see that," said Kate, lifting up her face quickly, and pushing back some light strands of hair from her forehead. "I don't see that! He might not wish to tell—that I can understand; he would naturally be ashamed to confess that he had broken his word to her, or he might not like to be asked why she had given up him; but I don't see how his honour would be involved either way."

"My dear Kate," said Lady Maurice, in her demure friendly tones, "don't you think you are making your heart rather unnecessarily hard against this poor friend of ours?"

"Not at all!" she answered, with her usual rapidity. "Stanhope is making out his friend to be a martyr, and every one else concerned to be monsters. I don't believe in either monsters or martyrs, except upon pretty clear evidence. But I'm ready to be convinced—longing to be! Come, Stanhope—mustn't be cross, you know. How is it about honour?"

Stanhope laughed in the manly, restrained way proper to one whose equanimity is not to be upset by the

sallies of feminine vivaciousness. As a matter of fact, Kate's criticism had somewhat disconcerted him for the moment, and he was under obligations to his mother for procuring him time to consider how he should reply to it. "What I meant," he said, good-humouredly, "was this—that it being plainly to Bryan's advantage pecuniarily that he should marry his cousin, if he nevertheless found it necessary to break off the engagement, he must have done so for some reason which it would throw discredit upon her to disclose; and if she broke it off, it must have been from a malicious wish to aid his father in getting him into trouble; and honour would forbid his saying what would lay her open to such an accusation. All that an honourable man could do in such circumstances was to hold his tongue; and that is what Bryan did."

"Well, Sir Charles Grandison, supposing your friend to have been entirely innocent, that is satisfactory. So his father and his *fiancée* conspired together to make a beggar of him? And what becomes of the money that ought to have been his?"

"I don't know," said Stanhope indifferently, crossing one leg over the other and swinging his foot. "Bryan has an allowance of about two hundred a year for the present, I believe. I'm not holding him up as a pattern of perfection, Kate. I believe he's his own worst enemy; the sort of fellow who is capable of sacrificing his own best interests for a whim or a punctilio that most people might consider foolish; and I dare say he may have done reckless things that a cold-blooded curmudgeon would have kept clear of. But there never was anything mean or underhand about him. He was like a great ingenuous boy in many ways; he would blurt out things about himself that he would never have mentioned if he'd had a particle of self-conceit or hypocrisy in him. Anybody could deceive him, but he never deceived anybody. However, I shall say nothing more about him;

you can judge for yourself this afternoon. He's been away from England for nearly two years. His adventures ought to be worth hearing. Well, I must go and see about getting that timber sawn up," concluded Sir Stanhope, extracting himself with no especial alacrity from the luxurious depths of his chair.

When he had gone out, Kate Roland took up her work from her lap, on which she had laid it down at his entrance, and remarked, "What a dear old fellow he is! Fancy having any one stand up for you like that after you had been away two years!"

"Stanhope has a combative instinct; he is apt to defend any one who is attacked," Stanhope's mother replied. "I never heard so much about Bryan until now."

"I didn't attack; it was the total depravity of the father that I objected to. You have seen the son, haven't you?"

"Yes; once or twice. I thought him very droll and pleasant. He has the sort of charm that ugly men sometimes do have—the air of not being conscious of themselves. He entered into things with a kind of fury that one likes to see: we are all so quiet and uninterested nowadays. I should think he would be a man whom women would be very apt to like. His voice, I remember, had a quite peculiar quality in it; it was a very strong voice, and seemed to resound, and yet he managed it so completely that it was no louder than yours or mine, and always touched just the note he wished. But there was something more in it than that, else I shouldn't have recollected it after so long a time; it always gave one a pleasant surprise; it was entirely characteristic of him, and yet you felt that he wouldn't have been half what he was if it had been different, or if he had not spoken. All that makes me think that it couldn't have been his cousin who was the one to break the engagement. But I may be wrong."

"Between you, you have made me

very curious to see him," Kate observed, after a little silence. "His story doesn't seem to suit him, somehow. It sounds like *Hamlet* with the part omitted. Upon the whole I feel inclined to like him. The people one understands at a glance are the safest, but not generally the most entertaining. You will have him to dinner, I suppose?"

"I think Stanhope will probably want to keep him here for several days," Lady Maurice said; "and it will give the poor boy something to do; he really has to invent occupations now that he has got the house into what he considers proper order. I am expecting every week that he will come to the end of this country-gentleman theory of his, and begin to see arguments in favour of a city life. The real place for him is Parliament, after all. But perhaps I shall be out of the way by that time."

To this suggestion Kate made no rejoinder; but after a while she rose from her chair, went over to Lady Maurice, kissed her twice or thrice on the forehead and cheek, and left the room. She did not appear again till the afternoon.

About three o'clock, looking out of her window in the direction of the castle, she saw approaching at some distance two figures. One of them she recognised immediately as Madeleine. The other was a man whom she had never seen before. He was fashionably attired in a dark morning coat and grey trousers. His gait was firm and easy, each step being planted with a sort of solid elasticity upon the earth, and accompanied by a rocking of the broad shoulders, giving an impression of confident and good-humoured power. One arm swung at his side with a regular and weighty motion; in the other hand he carried a bunch of leaves and grasses which he had apparently been gathering for Madeleine's gratification. As the pair drew nearer, Kate perceived that they were talking together; the man seemed to be regaling the girl with some story,

which she occasionally interrupted by a question or a comment. They were evidently on the best of terms with each other; the man laughed once or twice, and regarded her with a side-ways inclination of his head. He was of a sunburnt complexion, with short red side-whiskers; his chin and massive throat were close shaven. The face was certainly not a handsome one; but it was effective; it was a face which Kate felt she would not easily forget. She also was aware of a dangerous strength in it,—a power of so commanding and monopolising the beholder's attention as to incapacitate him from forming a judgment as to what might be going on behind it. By this time the stranger, with Madeleine beside him, was within thirty or forty yards of the house; and suddenly raising his eyes, his glance met Kate's point-blank. He was talking animatedly to Madeleine at the moment; and without removing his eyes from Kate, he continued to talk in the same tone, insomuch that Madeleine, who was absorbed in what he was saying, did not perceive the unexpected direction in which his regards had become fixed. Kate was sensible of an increased warmth in her cheeks; and yet it was with difficulty that she turned her eyes away and withdrew from her position. When she was once more secure from observation, she found herself perceptibly discomposed.

"That man is not so ingenuous as he will make me believe he is half an hour from now!" was the sum of her reflections upon this little incident. "He can make me think whatever he wants me to think, while he is talking to me; but afterwards, if I remember this first impression, I shall get the better of him again. Well, now for it!"

In this illiberal and deliberately prejudiced frame of mind, Kate Roland made some alterations in her toilet, and went down stairs to meet Bryan Sinclair.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH BRYAN CONFESSES THAT HE WANTS TO MAKE THE WORLD HIS OWN, NOT TO KEEP, BUT TO THROW AWAY.

DINNER in those days, in that particular part of the world, took place at five o'clock. A servant was despatched to the castle, to request the honour of Miss Vivian's presence; and another took a waggon over to the neighbouring town to fetch Mr. Sinclair's portmanteau, its owner having accepted Sir Stanhope's invitation to spend a day or two with him. In the meantime the two gentlemen (after Sinclair had been presented to the ladies) strolled off together on a tour of inspection of the premises; and Madeleine became the companion of Kate Roland, who had conceived a warm affection for the child.

Madeleine was full of talk about her new friend, and gave Kate a dramatic account of her first meeting with him under the hedge the day before. At first he had been a pedlar, and she had been the lady of the manor; but afterwards a magic transformation had taken place, and she had become Undine and he Huldbrand. Then, this morning, while she had been wandering about the park, the enchanter had appeared before her again; this time in the disguise of a gentleman. And he had addressed her by her real name, though she had never told him what it was. And he had said (what proved to be true) that he was an old friend of Sir Stanhope's, though he was not acquainted with Mrs. Roland. And he had related to her a number of very interesting stories; and he and she had partly matured a splendid project, which they meant to accomplish in partnership; but what it was they were at present under mutual bonds not to reveal to any third person. "And isn't his hair beautiful and red!" said Madeleine thoughtfully, in conclusion.

"Is red hair beautiful?" asked Kate, laughing.

"Once I thought it was not, but now I think it is," the younger lady replied, with the gravity of one who has lived to correct the rashness of youthful opinions.

Sinclair and Maurice were all this while loitering about together, turning their eyes upon the various objects which were supposed to be occupying their attention, but in reality seeing things very remote and alien from their actual environment of the moment. "I didn't expect to find you here," Sinclair said at length. "I expected to see you in the House, going in for reform and that sort of thing. Why don't you do it? You are the man to do it."

"I intend to make the attempt some day," Maurice answered, folding his hands behind his back with a senatorial air. "But there is still time to think of that. I want to get acquainted with the people first, and study their mode of life, and show them my idea of how a country gentleman ought to live. These improvements that I have been introducing into my place have been even more for their instruction than for my own convenience."

"So I should think," said Sinclair, with a comical contraction of the eyebrows. "You teach them what to do by teaching them what to avoid. Never mind, my man," he added, seeing that Maurice was preparing to defend his position; "you know I always blurt out what's on the end of my tongue. There's a great difference in the way men's tongues are tied on to them. Some are like rudders—the way they move indicates the man's course. Others are like the pennant at the main-top—always on the wag, and nothing comes of it. I could have made a better simile than that if I had had time. How many men do you keep at work about the place? A dozen?"

"Sometimes more—it depends on circumstances. But I have one man

who is worth a dozen—you must see him—my foreman. He's as fine a type of the Devonshire yeoman as I know; a good head, and a physique like a Hercules. I fancy he would make short work even of you! Hi! Saunders!" he called, to an undergardener who was working near at hand, "where's the foreman?"

"A think he be at's cottage, Sir Stanhope," replied the man, raising himself to an upright position and pulling off his cap. "But he be rather out o' sorts, like."

"Out of sorts? What do you mean? Is anything the matter with him?"

"Well, Sir Stanhope, he be not in a way to see nobody," said the man, scratching his head slowly.

"Nonsense!" returned the baronet, displeased that his prize man should be supposed subject to mortal ill. "Come along, Sinclair. He must be in a bad way if he won't see me. He's a married man," he continued, as they walked along, "and his wife is a superior woman for her class in life. A thoroughly steady man too, which is more than can be said of most of them hereabouts. Well, here we are."

The cottage—an antique, pretty little dwelling, which had not yet suffered from the baronet's regenerative principles—opposed a shut door to the visitors; but Sir Stanhope, without waiting for an answer to his knock, lifted the latch and entered without ceremony.

The room in which they found themselves, though clean, and neatly furnished with robust oaken furniture, bore symptoms of unwonted disorder. A chair lay with a leg broken in one corner: a looking glass which hung between the windows had been smashed as by the blow of a fist. Two children were crouching beside the fire-place, evidently in a very dismayed and tearful frame of mind; and their mother not only had an ominously pallid and anxious aspect, but her efforts to present herself in profile to the visitors were unsuccess-

ful in disguising the fact that she was suffering from a black eye. As for the lord and master of the establishment, he was lying in an inelegant position, half on and half off the bed, muttering to himself in a thick and monotonous tone a series of imprecations of an impartially condemnatory character.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Sir Stanhope, as soon as his astonishment allowed him to speak. "What have you been doing, Tom Berne? Get up and answer me, sir?"

"You — go-t' hell," rejoined Tom, with sluggish indifference.

"Oh, pray forgive him, Sir Stanhope," entreated his wife in a frightened tone. "Indeed he don't know what he's saying. Oh, be careful, sir!" she added to Sinclair, who had approached the bed; "he might kill you—oh!"

Sinclair carried a light switch cane in his hand, with a round agate knob at the end of it. Tom Berne was lying with his eyes half closed, still muttering indistinctly to himself, but apparently taking no notice of anything. Sinclair touched him on the temple with the knob of his cane, and said in a low, but distinct tone, "Get up, Tom Berne, and be civil to your visitors!"

Tom lifted his head, then raised himself on his elbow, and finally sat erect, though swaying a little from side to side; and his eyes stared confusedly about. The manner in which he did it had something unnatural about it, as if he had been acted upon by a galvanic battery, instead of moving by his own volition. The muscles of his mouth, moreover, were relaxed; and this, added to his pallor, gave his face an expression of terror unpleasant to see. "Who spoke?" said he, after a while.

"I did, Tom," replied Sinclair. At the same time he removed his hat, and brushed his hand through his hair. The other's wavering glance now rested on him for the first time, and as it did so, the pupils of his eyes dilated. He raised one arm and

crouched his head, as one might do who expected to receive a blow.

"There, there — don't be scared, man! Nobody's going to hurt you," said Sinclair, encouragingly. "But mind you, Tom Berne! a fellow like you has no business to get drunk. No more of that, do you hear? Look at your wife and children! Do you call yourself a man?"

Tom Berne sat breathing heavily, and his head moved with an irregular tremor which he was manifestly powerless to control. Suddenly he covered his face with his large rough hands and flung himself down violently on the bed, sobbing with harsh groans. Sinclair put on his hat, and turned to Maurice, who had been looking on at this scene with unaffected amazement.

"He's only a big baby, after all," he remarked, smiling a little. "We may as well let him be for the present. He'll make his apologies tomorrow, I dare say. Good-bye, Mrs. Berne." He passed his arm through Maurice's, and drew him out of the cottage. The latter walked on for some distance like a man whose legs are acting on their private responsibility. Then he stopped and stared at Sinclair up and down.

"There was something ugly about that," he said in a repugnant tone. "I'd rather not have seen it. How did you do it, Bryan?"

"It's all in the knob of my cane," the other replied, with a comical chuckle. "Either that, or I've got some magnetic power that I understand no more than you do. A drunken man is half a child and half an animal. I saw a good many on my way round the world. They're easier to deal with than one would think, if you go the right way to work."

"I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it," returned Maurice, shaking his head and walking on again. "Pah! that isn't my Tom Berne. What can have come to him? He'll never be good for anything again. There's no stuff left in him."

"On the contrary, he'll be more useful than ever he was before, if you know how to use him," Sinclair returned. "A man who'll do whatever he's told without asking questions—Never mind! What a conspicuous object that house of yours is, to be sure! No one can say you've hid your light under a bushel. Does Radicalism mean uprooting trees in your philosophy?"

This question led to an argument which debouched upon politics, and beguiled the arguers away from the subject of Tom Berne, though it did not, perhaps, obliterate him from the unconscious memory of either. Arrived at the house, they separated to dress; and half an hour afterwards the party was seated at the dinner-table. Sinclair sat at Lady Maurice's right hand, and Madeleine at her left; Miss Roland was next to Sinclair, and Mrs. Vivian next to Madeleine; Sir Stanhope presiding at the other end of the table with a mien of particular gravity. "It's very jolly," remarked Sinclair, "to be at an English dinner-table again."

"Is England the best of all places, then?" Lady Maurice inquired.

"The best things in other places remind one of England," was the traveller's reply.

"But I suppose this isn't your first dinner since your return?" said Mrs. Roland.

"Bless you, no—if you call eating, dining," returned Sinclair, looking round at her with his lusty chuckle. "For the last ten days or so I've been munching bread and sausage under a wayside hedge, haven't I, Madeleine?"

"You were smoking when I saw you," that young lady answered, with precise dignity; for she was not insensible of the importance of her position as a member of a real dinner-party. "You were smoking a cigar. Pedlars ought to smoke pipes."

"Ay, ay—the cigar was out of character," Sinclair admitted, nodding to his critic.

"What's this about?" demanded Maurice, raising his eyebrows.

"Only a lark of mine," said Sinclair; and after sipping his sherry he continued, "I have always wanted to do it, and at last I got my opportunity. When I landed in London I went to a book-shop and bought copies of all the books I had read and taken a liking to. I loaded them on a cart, got a donkey, and off I started. Whenever I met a yokel, or came to a village, I set out my wares and drove a bargain. I never had better fun. I can tell you, Mrs. Roland, I had no idea of my own gift of the gab until I found myself pointing out the charms of my favourite authors. If what I said were written down, it would make a fine volume of criticism. Then, between times, I had the use of some of the best scenery in England."

"The use of it? Do you mean you are an artist?" asked Mrs. Roland.

"No; I'm only a late version of the Old Adam. These poor devils of artists always have their canvases on their conscience, and speak of the face of nature with the vocabulary of their paint-box, and think about it by the rules of perspective. I wish there was no name to anything; then we should begin to find out what things are. What is art, do you say, Mrs. Roland?"

"I'd rather hear what you say it is, if you please."

"Well, I say it's a way of naming things that some man or other had the impudence to invent. This audacious impostor—don't mind the violence of my language, Lady Maurice; I'm hardly out of my corduroys yet—ciphered out a table of proportions and a scale of colours, and evolved a type of what he called ideal beauty. It may be, for what I know, that if the Venus of Milo or the Dresden Madonna were warm, living women, whom you could take round the waist and kiss, and who would kiss you back, or box your ears, they might

pass well enough in a crowd. But I say there's no beauty in them as they are ; I'd as soon have a stone post or a scrap of wall-paper. Any wench in the street that can move, and love and hate, and cry and laugh, has more beauty than they, no matter what her face and figure are. The only legitimate artists are actors and actresses—and their assistants, musicians and literary people."

"You can never persuade me that actors and actresses are artists," said Miss Vivian, who knew nothing about the Venus or the Madonna, but who did not approve of the way they had been spoken of. "Any one who is idle and dissolute enough can learn a piece and speak it on the stage."

Sinclair turned to her with an appearance of enjoying the fun, though his face and voice were serious.

"We are all imitating one another from morning till night," he said, "and putting on the style of people more moral, consistent, and sensible than we are ; and our object in doing it is to get credit we don't deserve. Now an actor or an actress has no such base motive in his or her impersonations ; and they do intelligently and deliberately what the rest of the world does ignorantly and at random. A great actress," he continued, altering the direction of his glance so as to take in Madeleine, who had forgotten her dinner, and was following his words with sympathetic movements of her own lips and glowing eyes, "draws the fire and opportunity of ten lifetimes into the compass of one hour, and shows us what we all might be if our blood was always up, and there were no time wasted. That's the kind of artist I'd like to be."

Madeleine gave a long sigh of intense approval.

"Perhaps you have appeared before the footlights, among your other adventures?" suggested Mrs. Roland.

"I've done some acting, after a fashion," returned Sinclair, nodding his head. "But in real life there is great want of a stage manager ; and

you're apt to miss your cues and bungle your points. While I was going round the world I saw a great many fine dramatic chances spoiled."

"Why did you go round the world, Mr. Sinclair?" Lady Maurice inquired, smiling.

"The end and cause of all motion is the hope of bettering ourselves ; when we are at our best, and know it, we shall sit still like Brahma. They made it too hot, or too cold, for me in England. But a shorter trip might have done as well. Paris is as good a foreign place as any."

"I have been in Paris," observed Madeleine, to the futile distress of her aunt ; "I used to live there when papa had me. Next year I mean to go there again."

"Yes," said Sinclair, chuckling quietly and shaking his shoulders, "Paris was very jolly. I met some nice people there, and heard some curious things. I remember an old lady there called Madame Samoire. She had once been a celebrity in the new philosophic world, and cultivated all sorts of heretical opinions about society and religion. But some dozen or fifteen years ago they got her into trouble. She was left in charge of a niece of hers, a very pretty girl, and saw no harm in letting her make the acquaintance of a young Englishman, who had captivated her heart—Madame Samoire's I mean—by talking communism with her. But one day she woke up and found that the young Englishman had disappeared, and so had the niece. That cured her of the new philosophy. She is a strict Roman Catholic and monarchist now."

Miss Vivian was a rather keen-witted old personage, and something in this anecdote, or in the way Sinclair glanced at her while telling it, made her feel uneasy. She had never heard of a Madame Samoire that she could remember ; nevertheless she suspected something.

"A good many English people are to be found in Paris, Mr. Sinclair,

who have good reasons for not living in England," she remarked.

"So there are," Sinclair admitted genially. "I knew a fellow there—a younger son of Lord Somebody-or-other—who made some unpleasant mistake here, and was packed out of the country to live on an allowance. He married a French girl—not one of the nobility I believe—and had a child, whom the family at home consented to take off his hands. That fellow was always plotting how he might get his hands on the property through his child. He was very amusing."

"Wasn't the property entailed?" inquired Sir Stanhope.

"The elder brother had no children—so far as was known: and the gist of the plot lay in getting my friend's child into the missing heir's place. If I had been making up a story, Miss Vivian, I should have identified that elder brother with the young Englishman who ran away with the French girl; which would make the ramifications of the plot much more intricate and interesting—wouldn't it?"

"I know nothing about it, Mr. Sinclair," replied the old lady steadily; "and if you'll permit me to say so, I think the less young people hear of that kind of stories the better."

"Oh! I should be very sorry to interfere with the well-being of any young people," rejoined Sinclair, bestowing upon Miss Vivian a look of cordial good-nature: though Kate Roland, who glanced at his face a moment afterwards, fancied she detected in it an expression of roguish intelligence which puzzled her.

Whatever may have been the meaning of it, the conversation lost its spontaneous character from this point, and hobbled along in the discontinuous, dot-and-go-one fashion that conversations sometimes affect; and nothing important was struck out up to the time of the ladies' retirement. Then Sir Stanhope, taking a decanter of wine in each hand, came and took his place at the end of the table where Sinclair was sitting.

"You don't drink anything," said he. "Port or claret?"

"I can take my three bottles upon occasion," the other replied, filling his glass. "But such occasions don't come every day. Drunkenness is not pleasant—in one's self. Mrs. Roland is a clever woman."

"She's one of the best women above ground," said Maurice emphatically.

"When a man thinks that, he generally contemplates something more."

"Oh, she's not a marrying woman, and I'm not a marrying man, as far as that goes."

"If you mean to set an example of the virtues to your vassals, you ought to count in matrimony."

Maurice emptied his glass gravely. "I sha'n't count in it yet a while," said he. "My mother has a scheme of uniting my fortunes to those of that black-haired little heiress, I believe. But that is seven years off, at the least. It's absurd to talk about such a remote possibility."

"There's no doubt about her being an heiress, is there?" demanded Sinclair, apparently smothering a yawn.

"Oh, no. At least I don't know of any. Lord Castlemere's will was read. Now I think of it, there was some talk about some other claim; but it appears to have come to nothing."

"Her father will expect a share, I suppose—if she has a father living."

"He's been bought off, as I understand. But tell me about yourself, old fellow. Your travels have made you reticent. How about your concerns at home?"

"I am under obligations to my parent. The *causa teterrima belli* has married some other fellow. If the poor devil were here, I would embrace him and drink his health."

"Come, Sinclair! You don't expect me to believe that you are glad to have lost fifteen thousand a year—I say nothing about the lady. I'm afraid you are hard hit."

"So I am, to the world in general. But to you I have no secrets. Of

course I want money, and I mean to have it. But I want to get it for myself; this custom of inheritance is the greatest humbug of civilisation. If you are going to make love to a woman, where do you look for the fun of the thing? Evidently to the trouble you will be at to make her return your passion, and to the doubt whether you will succeed. It's the same in other things. If your woman loves you without asking, or was made so that she couldn't help loving you, you don't care twopence whether she loves you or not. If I had my fortune ready made, I should lose several things. I should lose the uncertainty as to whether I might not turn up some morning with nothing to eat—which is the only decent sauce for one's victuals that has been invented yet. I should lose the fun of making other men stand and deliver—which is about what making money means, as far as I can see. I should lose the pleasure of feeling that the money I spent was worth something, which is the only way to get any excitement out of extravagance. To put it epigrammatically—if you were to leave me a thousand pounds as a legacy, I would chuck it into the fire; but if I saw you put it in your pocket, I would have it out, if I had to cut your throat first. Look here, Stanhope—there is a certain personage mentioned in the Bible for whom I feel a particular sympathy and regard; and he describes himself as going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it—or words to that effect. On the other hand, there is a sweet, respectable phrase current, 'to settle in life'; which would mean, as far as I'm concerned, to stop living altogether. I want to get everything, but I mean to keep nothing. Of course you know I'm a fool Stanhope," said Sinclair, suddenly altering his tone from humorous mockery to frank simplicity, and putting his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder. "I talk to you as I should talk to no other man, because you are the only man who

really understands me, or who cares a fig whether I am alive or dead. Either that, or your port is damnably potent!"

"My dear fellow," said Maurice, considerably moved, "there is no man alive who has a better heart than you have; and if you ever should want anything that I can do for you, you know I'll do it. What are your intentions at present?"

"I have a sort of roving commission from a London company to look into the condition of some mines in this neighbourhood. You know—don't you?—that I rather went in for geology once; it has been a pet idea of mine for a long while to find gold. I'm certain that gold will be found wholesale somewhere, before many years are over; though whether on this side of the world or the other I won't undertake to say. Meanwhile, you may expect to see me turn up here at odd moments for some time to come."

"Make my house your head-quarters, whenever you can manage it," said the baronet hospitably. "Not that I can offer you any particular attractions, except a little fishing and riding and that sort of thing. But I'd like you to know Kate Roland: her character is very like yours, in a feminine way, and you ought to be great friends."

"Well, I'd rather be the friend of a woman than her enemy, as a general thing," answered Sinclair laughing. "But I don't think she is persuaded of my merits so far. I make much better progress with your little intended with the black eyes. That young lady will lead somebody a dance one of these days, if I'm not mistaken. She means to be an actress."

"That will never come to anything," said Maurice, shaking his head sagaciously. "Her mother was an actress, and the little thing may have inherited a touch of the disease; but it'll soon die out. She's her father's child as well, and though he happened to be a scamp, he had Vivian blood in him, and the Vivians know the value of property and position."

"Who was her mother?" Sinclair inquired.

"I don't know; only I've heard she was astonishingly good-looking. Madeleine used to wear a locket that had a miniature in it, which I believe was supposed to be a portrait of her mother. But I haven't seen it since she got back from America; probably she lost it there."

"I should say she featured her mother's family more than her father's," observed Sinclair.

"Children's faces change a good deal between ten and twenty. Aren't you going to take any more wine? Then suppose we join the ladies."

They went up stairs, and entered the drawing-room just as Kate Roland was defending Mr. Sinclair against a rather atrabilarious onslaught from Miss Vivian. Lady Maurice was listening to the discussion with an amused serenity of expression; and of Madeleine nothing was visible but her slender black legs, as she sat buried in a chair in a remote corner of the room, with a huge volume of Shakespeare held upright on her knees before her.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH AN HEIRESS, A BEAUTY, AND A GENIUS FINDS A DIFFICULTY IN DISPOSING OF HERSELF, AND IS IN DANGER OF THROWING HERSELF AWAY.

BUT time will not stand still, children will not be children always, and the conscientious historian is bound to remember that a judicious selection from the materials at his disposal is apt to meet with quite as much favour at his reader's hand, as a day to day journal of events could hope to secure. The present writer, accordingly, finds himself constrained to pass somewhat rapidly over the occurrences of the next few years; and he does so with the less reluctance, inasmuch as these years were for the most part barren of any important matter. Certain it is, at all events, that nothing happened

during this time to impair the validity of Miss Madeleine Vivian's title to the inheritance of Castlemere. The young lady herself grew up and matured rapidly; and few who had seen the quaint, angular child, would have recognised her in the supple, graceful figure, the dusky marble face, and flashing eyes of later years. Quite the average amount of attention had, of course, been given to Madeleine's education; but the education which made her what she was, she had really given herself. Independence was one of her cardinal points, and it was held by most of her friends to make dead against her; and so, in the case of most girls, it might have done. But by and by it began to be seen that Madeleine was a girl of an altogether peculiar kind, possessing within herself a great many resources and adjustments which, in the case of the majority of young people, have to be supplied from outside. Whether she understood herself, intellectually, better than any one else could understand her; or whether some happy instinctive chance always led her to choose what was most fitted to her needs, at all events she throve admirably under her own administration, and when she allowed herself to adopt foreign advice and contributions, she did so in a way of her own, so that the effect they had upon her was other than the advisers had anticipated. And although, in the matter of accomplishments, she underwent adornment enough to have deprived an ordinary spirit of all spontaneity and unconsciousness, Madeleine remained with all bloom and individuality of her nature unimpaired. The culture was there, but it had sunk deep beneath the surface, leaving the outside fresh and pure; and it made itself felt indirectly and unobtrusively, as only that culture which has been profoundly assimilated will do. The fact must have been that her nature was so powerful in degree as well as singular in kind, as to be able to consume a vast amount of nutriment without

heaviness, but, on the contrary, with joyful increase of essential vitality. Abounding power, indeed, she had, albeit of a strictly feminine sort; as will sufficiently appear in the following history.

Her visible performances during this intermediary stage of her life were not, however, remarkable. She was seen, after her coming-out, where most young Englishwomen of like fortune and position were seen, and she seemed to do pretty much as they did. Many marriageable men made her acquaintance; but though her aspect was admired and her mind respected, she was not exactly a social favourite. Probably few people were able or inclined to make the mental effort necessary to comprehend her. A woman of great parts needs to show and use but a very small portion of the armament at her disposal in order to fulfil all the requirements of society, and her acquaintances, though they may be obscurely aware that there is a good deal of unexplained reserve in the background, do not feel it incumbent upon themselves to invite it forth. Society must sail on even keel over a sea which must be smooth, though it flow above dead men's bones and all grotesque and tragic horrors. If any one casts a demure glance of curiosity into those pregnant depths, he must not allow what he sees there to disconcert the urbane composure of his visage. If he himself, whether by chance or of purpose, sink beneath the surface, no boat must be lowered, nor any rope thrown over, for his rescue. The decorous passengers must still pace the dapper decks as unconsciously as before, and the look-out must still report all well, and fair weather present and to come. There is no doubt a certain fascination in this gay and solemn humbug. It implies a kind of bastard stoicism, which, for the sake of a glossy external serenity, suppresses everything that bleeds and breathes and speaks the startling language of humanity.

There were two opposing tendencies

in Madeleine's character, whose opposition kept her quiet for the time; and until one finally overcame the other, or they found some way to work together, it might have been evident to a discerning eye that she would never accomplish anything. One was a conservative and conventional tendency, the other original and revolutionary. She saw with perfect clearness the vast advantages which were at her disposal, if she would only take her latter self by the throat and strangle it; and, on the other hand, she divined unerringly the certain perils and possible disaster which threatened that self, if she gave way to its promptings. Indeed, strict prudence scarcely admitted the choice to be a debatable one. To accept an assured place and rank amidst the greatest and wealthiest aristocracy in the world; and to attempt a dubious career upon the stage, where there was everything to lose, and only, at best, an actress's fame to win—surely no well-balanced mind could hesitate here!

Of course not. But then, after all, for a girl like Madeleine, the choice was not so much between one kind of life and another, as between life and death—the death, that is to say, of all that could give her life reality and significance in her own eyes. If she became a leader of society, she would simply be doing what any self-possessed fool could do; and all that unfathomed well of force and genius, whereof her inmost soul spoke to her, must be closed over and ignored. Doubtless to close it over might be the prudent course; but it was at least a question whether it were a possible one. The well might develop the characteristics of a volcano. But again, what if the force and genius should turn out, upon experiment, to be an illusion? The history of human errors unquestionably contained the record of many a not less hapless discovery, made too late. How could she tell that other girls had not felt the same impulses that she felt, and

had had the sense to say nothing about them?

Moreover, Madeleine had a strong impression of duty. She was not free: obligations had been laid upon her which she was bound—under certain conscientious penalties at least—to render account of. The stewardship of a great property had been intrusted to her by one who certainly did not contemplate her going on the stage, and who would probably have disposed of his possessions otherwise, could he have foreseen that contingency. It was therefore open to her to defend herself against herself by the plea of self-sacrifice—never a weak plea with a woman of her temperament. As to surrendering the property in exchange for the stage, that was an idea that did not recommend itself to her. She had a vigorous sense of possession—an instinct for standing up for her rights. She would of course give away all she possessed for love, but not a farthing, if she could help it, upon any sort of compulsion; and love had as yet required of her no such surrender.

Now, these inward conflicts of hers, though society knew nothing of them, were not entirely hidden from the more intimate of her acquaintances; and they took sides—some one side, some the other. Madeleine had, from an early period, insisted upon taking lessons in elocution and kindred branches from a distinguished French professor of those accomplishments, and this step had aroused the vehement opposition of her relatives, as well as of Lady Maurice and Sir Stanhope, though Lady Maurice was less dogmatic than her son upon the subject, being a person of deeper experience and more tolerant temper; but Aunt Maria and Uncle Clanroy were quite uncompromising in their disapproval. The major's wife, strange to say, rather showed a tendency to support the elocutionary party; but it may be doubted whether this lady's motive in so doing was wholly controlled by elocutionary considerations.

Two thorough-going aiders and abettors, however, Madeleine had; one of them was Kate Roland, the other, Bryan Sinclair. Only, while Kate's advocacy was open and declared, Bryan's was avowed unreservedly to Madeleine alone.

This fact may suggest the suspicion that the relations between Madeleine and Bryan were not of an entirely commonplace character. But before investigating that matter it will be necessary to touch upon another thing or two. It may be remembered that a scheme was on foot to bring about an alliance between the families of Vivian and Maurice in the persons of their latest descendants; the only drawbacks being the faint one of Madeleine's possible failure to inherit, and the still less important one of the not impossible indifference towards each other of the immediate parties to the contract. Before the time of Madeleine's growth into womanly proportions, Sir Stanhope had in fact been so far indifferent as not to conceal his willingness to postpone any serious consideration of the affair to an indeterminate future; and Madeleine of course had not troubled her head at all on the subject. But later on the complexion of things changed very considerably. Lady Maurice could not help seeing, in Madeleine's dramatic predilections, a new reason for observing caution with regard to the contemplated connexion. But Sir Stanhope, much as he deprecated the said predilections, had found himself constrained not only to abandon his indifference towards the heiress of Castlemere, but to go to the other extreme of feeling. In plain words, he had fallen suddenly and vehemently in love with her; and the passion, wholly free as it was from any lower form of interestedness, did no small credit to his manhood and to his perceptions. For, as has been already intimated, Madeleine was not a lady for whom any chance comer would have had either the capacity or the audacity to profess an affection.

But even the physical part of her possessed at this time an inexhaustible fascination for those who were able to appreciate it. Her figure seemed rather tall, partly owing to her gait and bearing, which were at once flexible and dignified. Her bust was small, but exquisitely moulded; below her waist the full arch of her hips swept down with an elastic curve to the knee, and thence tapered to the ankle of her slender foot. Her arms were slender and long, but finely rounded, like the arms of Eastern women; long also were the wrists and narrow oval hands. Her walk was at times indolent and leisurely, at times swift and full of repressed power and purpose; but always distinguished by a peculiar gliding undulation. Every movement expressed an inherent and faultless, yet unconscious grace; she was fertile in refined but telling gestures, yet was so reticent of them that each one conveyed a meaning or illustrated it. It was only impossible to her to be awkward or physically unintelligent. But hers was not a merely animal gracefulness. You felt that she was *grande dame*. The distinction is a great though an impalpable one.

The poise of her head upon her neck yielded to the beholder the same kind of pleasure that is afforded by the contemplation of the slender but sufficient support which a Grecian column gives to its pediment. The great mass of her hair had softness without glossiness; its dense black was repeated in her eyes, which were heavy-lidded, and did not reveal their full size and power except under the influence of emotion, when they kindled and expanded. They were set unusually far apart in the head, and had a slight upward slant at the outer corners. The eyebrows were very long and fine, and nearly met above the nose. Her forehead was wide and seemed low, owing to the way the hair grew upon it; but the arch of the head was high and capacious. The nose was slightly

aquiline, and larger than is usual among women of western blood; the nostrils being full and finely shaped, and expanding readily under the influence of excitement or anger. The line of the cheek, somewhat prominent beneath the eyes, curved inward thence, but again came forward to join the salient contour of the chin. Her mouth, which was rather large, with delicately cut lips, had an inexhaustible variety of movement, sometimes curving into perfect beauty, sometimes straightening almost into a red line; the teeth were evenly formed, and of a mellow whiteness. It was a face of the widest range of expression; in grave moods it looked profoundly solemn, and much older than it was; a face of a type dating back to the earlier days of human history; but always with a fund in it of unconquerable youth. The smile came over it like the light of a special providence, illuminating the brow and eyes, narrowing the charming space between the mouth and the nose, and sending the smooth chin forward; and when Madeleine lifted this chin, by way of sobering herself as it were, the effect was indescribably winning and lovely. Her voice, when raised, was deep and sonorous, and her utterance was always rather measured than rapid, and distinct as a bell.

Here, then, was excuse enough for falling in love, even had there been nothing else. But there was a great deal besides; for he who won her confidence and good will, found more wealth and novelty of feminine human nature in an hour of Madeleine than in a lifetime of ordinary women. To such fortunate people she was a new and immeasurable experience, and therefore had for them, in addition to her native charm, the value attaching to a private discovery (as they supposed) of their own. No higher indirect compliment can be paid to a woman than this; for it indicates that her attractions are so refined and rare that no man believes any one except himself to possess the

delicacy and cultivation of mind requisite to their appreciation.

Now Madeleine, though very kindly disposed towards Sir Stanhope, was not in love with him; but he would not despair, because, in the first place, he saw that her mind was so much exercised on the subject of her future career, that it was no wonder if the voice of her heart was temporarily hushed; and because, secondly, she was not, so far as he was aware, in love with any one else. On the one hand, he was embarrassed by some modifications which had taken place in the conditions of their intercourse. He had been compelled during the last year or two to spend the greater part of his time in London, owing to the pressure of some interests which seemed superior to those of the ideal country-gentleman's life which he had originally proposed to himself; to tell the truth, he had been induced by Sinclair to concern himself in some of the mining projects which that restless gentleman had promoted; and the meetings of the directors in the city could not dispense with his presence. Madeleine, meanwhile, had finally come to an open disagreement with her Aunt Maria; and leaving that unpersuadable personage in London, she had betaken herself for the nonce to Devonshire, where she would have remained with no other companion than the professional lady in reduced circumstances, who, in exchange for the comforts of a home, would be willing to confer the advantages of her company and conversation, had not Kate Roland unexpectedly offered to fill the post in question. Kate had always maintained that Madeleine should be allowed to follow her own judgment as to her own life; and had supplemented this opinion by one still more bold, namely, that it was on the stage that Madeleine's true vocation was to be found. And since Kate was a woman given to backing-up her opinions by acts, it followed that when she saw Madeleine in need, she

abandoned her comfortable existence with Lady Maurice, and went to her. A better companion Madeleine could not have found; and she made Kate the repository of all her secrets—except one. She even told her about her adventure in the New England cave, and her fanciful expectation of some day meeting once more the brown-haired boy in the deerskin shirt and leggings who had so hospitably entreated her on that alarming night.

"And when you do meet him—what then?" Kate inquired, looking up with a laugh.

Madeleine shook her head.

"Nothing. If I had stayed with him in the cave, we might have lived very happily together for the rest of our lives, perhaps. But now, of course, he is nothing but a dream; and really, I hope I shall never meet him. He is a hero to me now in a way no other man can ever be. If I should see him, it would not be so well."

"Oh, come, Madey, don't talk nonsense to me, my dear. You are not going to get through life without falling in love and marrying. At least, I shall be disappointed in you if you do."

"I didn't mean that," said Madeleine, and paused.

"Look here, Madey—you won't mind my speaking, will you—Stanhope's awfully in love with you. I wish you'd marry him. I'm sure you couldn't find an honester man."

"He didn't approve of my—"

"You can make that the condition; you marry him on condition that he enters into all your plans. He'll do it quick enough. I want to see you well married. I think you'd be safer."

"I think I shall never do anything wise," said Madeleine, gazing out of the window. After a pause she added, "I see some one coming—ah! it is Mr. Sinclair."

"Do you want him here? I don't like him—I don't trust him, at least. He's very entertaining, but I don't

believe he'll ever do any one any good."

"There is something great in him," said Madeleine slowly.

"There's something about him—I don't deny that. I remember he impressed me a good deal when I first saw him; he seemed a man who could do anything. As for his simplicity and ingenuousness, they never imposed on me much; but one can allow for that, if the man is really strong enough to make up for it. But the only way you can judge of a man like that is by what he does; and Sinclair hasn't done anything in particular that I can see, except raise a great fuss about mines that don't turn out anything,—and bewitch that poor fellow Tom Berne, who used to be a very nice respectable man before he came."

"Bewitched him?"

"Well, don't be a basilisk, my dear! All I know is, Tom was a perfectly steady man, and a good husband and father, up to the very day Sinclair first came here; and since then he has been full of drink and idleness, and he's followed Sinclair about like a spaniel. I believe he would commit a murder or jump into the sea if Sinclair were to tell him to do it. That's the most remarkable thing I know about Sinclair, after all. I shouldn't like him to have that power over me!"

Madeleine rose erect from her chair, and stood abstracted, with her fingers resting against her temples and her eyes dwelling on vacancy.

"When one is bewitched—does one know it?" she said at length; but as if questioning herself rather than her companion.

"Why, he hasn't bewitched you, too, has he?" said Kate, with her quick laugh.

"There's no truth in it; may not one man have more power than another without witchcraft?" Having said this, Madeleine resumed her seat. After a while she said, "If Stanhope wishes me to marry him he must make me. But he does not wish it so much as that."

"Dear me! must he come and tie you up with ropes and drag you before a suborned priest, and read the marriage service with a pistol at your head? Those things can't be done nowadays, my dear. And I don't think I should want them if they could."

"No. I mean, if I loved any one, I would do anything. He could do anything with me."

"What? make you give up going on the stage too?" demanded Kate, laughing.

"Yes, anything!"

"Dear me! Then I wish you'd fall in love with Stanhope as quick as possible, for I'm sure he'd never wish you to do anything you oughtn't to do; other people might."

"It is a year before I have my property," said Madeleine, smiling.

"Now, my dear, you know he'd take you without a shilling. Other people might not."

"What other people do you mean?" inquired Madeleine, turning her face and looking at her friend.

Kate Roland was a very fearless woman, but in answering this question she found it necessary to take a long breath and summon all her courage. For though she knew that Madeleine loved her, and though their intimacy was sincere and cordial, yet there was always something in Madeleine's eyes that told of reserves which would not be unveiled; and Madeleine was not the sort of woman you would select to take a liberty with. Nevertheless, Kate's keen and sensible eyes had discerned some things of late which had given her uneasiness; and as she was the only person in the world who had the opportunity of counselling Madeleine at all, she felt bound not to flinch from the opportunity when it came. So she said—

"Well, I'll tell you. I know you'll be angry, but I can't help it. I was thinking of Mr. Sinclair. I don't know anything about it; you haven't told me, and of course he hasn't. I feel sure he'd make you unhappy. He

may care for you—I don't suppose he could help it—but he cares for other things too, and he might come to care for them more. He said something to Stanhope once that Stanhope thought was very fine, and I thought was at least very true. He said, 'I wish to get everything, but I mean to keep nothing.' That's the man exactly. Stanhope is infatuated with him—almost as much as poor Tom Berne is; and I might be infatuated with him too, only I'm determined I won't allow it. I don't care whether you call it witchcraft, or what you call it; you know I care for you very much, and I'd rather harm should happen to me than to you. I think you ought to send Mr. Sinclair away. He'll do you no good. He wants to get you, perhaps, and all that belongs to you; but he won't want to keep you. You can manage yourself now, if you will. If you wait any longer it may be too late. There, I've made my speech. I sha'n't say any more till I'm asked."

Madeleine had listened to the speech with, at any rate, attention. Some of the words and sentences had made marks, as it were, on her face. Her eyes had glowed and darkened again. Her nostrils had expanded, and her hands, folded in her lap, had strained together with fingers interlaced; her bosom rose and fell in deep undulations. But by the time Kate had done speaking, she had nearly composed herself; and then the first thing she did was to smile.

"Even if I felt towards Mr. Sinclair as you suspect," she said, "I should not see anything terrible in it. To love a man is the greatest thing a woman can do. The man who can make her love him has given her the most precious gift that can be given. It would not matter much, after that, what happened. He might take away her life—he might desert her; but she would have loved him. Whoever will make me love him, may kill me afterwards, if he will."

Kate Roland believed herself, not without reason, to know something

of what love was; but she was not prepared for this position on her friend's part, and could not immediately reply. Before she could collect her thoughts, Mr. Sinclair was announced, and in he walked.

"You don't look glad to see me," he said to Kate after he had shaken hands with her.

"I generally manage to look as I feel, Mr. Sinclair," she replied.

"I wish you liked me better," said he, not laughing at the rebuff, but accepting it with a sort of cordial seriousness that was one of his most puzzling characteristics. "However, as it is," he added, sitting down, so that he faced the two ladies, and folding his arms over his great chest, "as it is, I have good news for you."

"What? has the mine begun to pay?"

"Better than that. You have no share in the mine: and if it were to pay, you would lose the satisfaction of saying 'I told you so!' It isn't the mine."

"I'm not going to guess again."

Sinclair chuckled.

"Because you know what you want it to be, and you are afraid of being disappointed. But you would have been right. It is that. I'm going away."

Kate, following the impulse of the moment, looked at Madeleine, regretting the instant after that she had done so. But Madeleine, who had not yet spoken a word, sat like marble. Her eyes, which had been fixed on Sinclair since his entrance, did not swerve from him now, nor did their expression alter, so far as Kate could see.

"Where are you going?" the latter asked, half mechanically.

"Oh, far enough. To America. And be gone a year."

"What are you going there for?" pursued Kate, feeling it strange that she should be carrying on the conversation alone, but fearing to force Madeleine to take part in it.

"That I can't reveal, even to you

two ladies," returned Sinclair. "It is a secret which the whole world will know before long; but not a soul till I am ready."

"Is this your farewell call?" said Madeleine, in so unconstrained a tone that Kate first felt sure that all her suspicions had been wrong; and afterwards, upon reflection, was more inclined than ever to think that they had been right.

"No; I shall come to do that to-morrow," Sinclair answered. He got up from his chair and walked about the room. "I came in to-day—well, to put you in a mood to part with me in peace to-morrow, Mrs. Roland. As for you, Madeleine, I believe you will be sorry to have me go. Though why you should be better disposed towards me than Mrs. Roland, is something I never shall know. Well, till to-morrow then."

"We shall be having tea soon, if you care to stay," said Madeleine, rising and coming towards him. Kate still remained seated. Her colour was high, and her hands trembled a little; she felt as if some calamity were in the air, which she could not avert. Nothing disturbed her more than Madeleine's composure.

Sinclair was standing at this moment before one of the windows which looked out towards the sea, and from which the ruined tower on the seaward front of the castle could be seen. Madeleine, after approaching within a few feet of him, paused.

"No, I can't stay now," he said. "By the way, do you know when the moon rises?"

Madeleine looked at him in silence. He returned her look.

"Now I think of it," he said after a moment, "it is at half-past twelve. Half-past twelve. I remember once standing on that broken buttress of the tower, and seeing the moon rise out of the sea. I wonder when I shall do that again! Next year, perhaps, at this time. What was I going to say? Well, never mind: I shall remember to-morrow. Good-bye for the pre-

sent—" he shook hands with Madeleine, and then came forwards to Kate, and shook hands with her also. "Good-bye, Mrs. Roland. Let your memories of me be as indulgent as possible. After all, I'm a human being, and whatever there is in me, good or bad, must be in human nature."

"I haven't had time to think or say anything—" began Kate.

Sinclair nodded.

"But you'll be all ready for me to-morrow," he said; and then he left the room.

Whether or not the moon rose at half-past twelve that night will never be known; but, be that as it may, there can be no doubt that, if she had done so, and the sky had been clear, her light would have fallen on Madeleine Vivian and Bryan Sinclair, as they sat on a fallen cornice-stone, near the brink of the cliff that rose above the swirling river. They talked together in low tones.

"There's no other way," Bryan was saying, "unless you would come with me."

"You have not asked me to do that."

"Do you mean that you would?"

"You have not asked me."

"Good heavens! what a girl. Well, you do know how to love. Madely, you and I will have a grand life of it when I come back. Yes, when I come back. I'm not given to stick at trifles, but I'll be hanged if I'll take you to California."

"And you are sure—" She stopped.

"Sure to come back? As sure as I'm alive to come."

"Yes; but are you sure you will find me as you left me?"

"I am sure you won't forget me, if that's what you mean."

"Do not be too sure. You have made me something different from what I was before. I don't know what I may do, Bryan. Now that I know what love is, why may I not love the first clown I meet, after you are gone? Oh, my love! But I would kill him—

or myself! Oh, my love—my love! Bryan, how dare you leave me?"

"Kiss me. You can kiss no other man as you kiss me, Madey. You can love no man as you love me. It is my hand that has you by the heart. A hundred women before you have loved me. You are the only woman I ever loved. When I cease to love you, it will be because no love is left in me for any living creature. You satisfy me. I know, as well as I know that my arms are round you, that no woman in the world is your equal. We are matched."

"It seems to me that to hate you and to love you are the same. I don't know which I do. I know you are not good."

"Well—I can't stand this! Now I am going."

"I think—I hope—I hate you!"

"Hate me like this! Good-bye!"

When Sinclair had left Madeleine and the town, he walked rapidly down the slope and across the meadows until he came to a lane which bordered the Castlemere land, and formed a line of communication between the interior and the high-road. He walked with his arms swinging forcibly beside him, and his head bent down; and once, when he stumbled upon a stone in the path, he gave vent to a savage oath. At last he came to the point where the lane joined the road; and there, in the centre of the open space, a man

was standing with a valise in his hand and a parcel under his arm. Sinclair came close up to him.

"Now, Tom Berne, have you done all I told you?"

"Yes."

"Look at me, Tom; I'm not in a mood to be played with. 'Yes'—what?"

"Yes, master."

"Have you given your wife that fifty pounds?"

"Yes, master."

"Did she have any suspicion where you were going?"

"No, master."

"Have you drunk anything to-day? One drop?"

"No, master."

"You scoundrel! down on your knees and swear it—down, I say!"

The man dropped on his knees, lifted up his right hand, and swore.

"Very well, Tom Berne," said the other, laughing in a slow, inward way; "now you may get up. I have no objection to your getting as drunk as you please, when I have no occasion for your services. But if ever I find you drunk when I do want you—my poor Tom, what a bad day that will be for you! Now get up, you dog; and go on before me!"

Tom set off at a round pace along the road, and his master followed him, with his head again sunk upon his breast.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HATFIELD.

II.

WE must now take up the broken thread of Elizabeth's education.

When Grindal died in January, 1548, the Princess, then in her fifteenth year, sent for Ascham himself from Cambridge. He commenced his tutorship of the Princess at Sir Anthony Denny's in Cheston, but part of the period, probably the main part, till his resignation in 1549, nearly two years, was spent at Hatfield. The following extracts from a letter written after his return to Cambridge, describe the progress of his illustrious pupil:—

ASCHAM TO STURM.

“Never was the nobility of England more lettered than at present. . . .

“Numberless honourable ladies of the present time surpass the daughters of Sir Thomas More, in every kind of learning. But amongst them all my illustrious mistress the lady Elizabeth shines like a star, excelling them all more by the splendour of her virtues and her learning than by the glory of her royal birth. . . .

“The lady Elizabeth has accomplished her sixteenth year, and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion, and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No comprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment; she also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration she greatly prefers a simple elegance to show and splendour, so despising ‘the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold’ that in the whole manner of her life, she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phaedra.

“She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy; from these two authors indeed her knowledge of the Latin language has been most exclusively obtained.

The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instructions she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the ‘common places’ of Melancthon, and similar works which convey pure doctrine in elegant language. In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill-adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs. On the other hand she approved a style chaste in its propriety and beautiful by perspicuity; and she greatly admired metaphors when not too violent, and antitheses when just and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars her ears became so practised and so nice that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English, prose or verse, which, according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight.”

Again, writing to Sturm in the same year (April 4) he says that he learned every day more from her than she of him. He also mentions in his *Schoolmaster* that, next to Greek and Latin, Elizabeth “loved the Italian above all other.” It was an age of no mean acquirements among women of quality. Nicholas Udal, master of Eton School, notices the great number of noble women at that time in England given to the study of human sciences and of strange tongues, and says, “it was a common thing to see young virgins so nouzled and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake.” White-lock, in his *Liber Familiacus*, mentions singing, dancing, playing on the lute, and other instruments, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French tongues, and “to write fair,” as the curriculum of a young gentleman, A.D. 1560-70.

At Hatfield Ascham formed an

intimacy with John Ashley, and to him many of Ascham's Latin letters are addressed. Preceding Ascham's tract on the *Affairs of Germanie*, is a letter from Ashley to Ascham, from Hatfield, of Oct. 19, 1552, reminding him regretfully of their former intercourse at Hatfield, their united studies, their "free talk mingled always with honest mirth," their "trim conferences of that present world, and too true judgments of the troublous times that followed."

This letter Ascham answered from Spire, acknowledging the most pleasant memory of their friendly fellowship.

At the end of 1549 Ascham abruptly left his appointment, complaining in some of his epistles, that he was "unjustly driven from his tuition of Elizabeth in consequence of a party formed against him in the family of the Princess." In a letter addressed to Cecil from Brussels on March 24, 1553, he speaks bitterly of his court experiences, though with no word of reproach against the Princess. Ascham, though a Protestant, was appointed by Mary her Latin secretary. During her reign he resumed his lessons to Elizabeth, his abrupt departure from whom he had repented, and he especially mentions her wonderful comprehension of the Greek orations of Aeschines and Demosthenes at this time. On Elizabeth's accession she appointed him to the same office of Latin Secretary, which he retained till his death in 1568. In the introduction to the *Schoolmaster* he records how, in 1563, being at Windsor, he went up after dinner to read with the Queen's Majesty in the Greek tongue. Elizabeth's opinion of Ascham—in spite of the weakness attributed to him by Camden for dicing and cock-fighting—is shown in the anecdote that, on hearing the news of his death, she exclaimed she would rather have thrown 10,000*l.* in the sea than have lost her Ascham.

After the episode of Seymour of Sudley, to the end of Edward's reign, Elizabeth lived a quiet life at Hatfield.

In 1550 Edward, as appears by the *Book of Sales*, made over to her the manor and palace of Hatfield (valued with other grants at 44*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* yearly), Elizabeth parting, in exchange, with the manor of Easter in Lincolnshire. At the same time Edward granted Hunsdon to Mary, and thus put his sisters in possession of their favourite residences. Public attention did not then centre on Elizabeth, and we must be content to find a stray note here and there in the tattered record. In September, 1549, we read of her receiving a visit at Hatfield from the ambassador of Venice, and of his being entertained with hunting. The following description of her at the time by John Aylmer, Lady Jane Grey's tutor, and one of Ascham's friends, is interesting:—"The King (Henry VIII.) left her rich gold and jewels, and in seven years after her father's death, she never in all that time looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will. And there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness. Her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noble-men's daughters and wives to be shamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks. And when all the ladies at the coming of the Scots Queen went with their hair frowned, curled, and double curled, she altered nothing, but kept her old maidenly shamefacedness. She never meddled with money but against her will. She was virtuously and virgin-like brought up; honest, discreet, sober and godly women about her; trained up in learning, and that not vulgar and common, but the purest and best, as the tongues, arts, and God's word." Miss Aikin mentions a portrait of her when young, in which the hair is without a single ornament, and the whole dress remarkably simple. We have seen above what Ascham has to say on this point. Edward's court, according to some authorities, was characterised by a strict tone of senti-

ment, though this view is not held by Tytler, who, describes it as "uncommonly gay and splendid," calling in Edward's own journal in proof. The probability is that Elizabeth, though by no means shunning amusement, preferred home pleasures and country exercises to Court diversions.

As to her personal appearance at this period, the following extract from Bohun's *Character of Queen Elizabeth*, informs us that—

"She was a lady of great beauty, of decent stature, and of an excellent shape. In her youth she was adorned with a more than usual maiden modesty; her skin was pure white, and her hair of a yellow colour: her eyes were beautiful and lively, in short her whole body well made, and her face was adorned with a wonderful and sweet beauty and majesty. She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well favoured, but high nosed; of limbs and feature neat; and, which added to the list of those exterior graces, of stately and majestic deportment; participating in this more of her father than her mother, who was of an inferior allay, plausible, or as the French hath it, more debonnaire and affable, virtues which might well suit with majesty, and which descending as hereditary to the daughter, did render her of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of her people, who gave her the name and fame of a most gracious and popular prince."

Puttenham also records at this period, that she affected to go slowly, and "to march with leisure and with a certain granditie; unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heat in the cold mornings."

A MS. printed by the Camden Society throws some light upon the economy of her Hatfield establishment, which, we learn from one of Parry's "confessions" in the Seymour affair, consisted in all of from 120 to 140 persons. It is the year's account, from October 1, 1551, to September 30, 1552, of her treasurer, Parry. From a letter of Tyrwhitt's, of January 28, 1549, it would appear that Parry had at that time been put out of his treasurership for keeping his accounts badly; but we find him re-appointed at this date. Possibly his bad keeping was his suspected good keeping of Elizabeth's secrets. Each

of the twenty-six pages of the account bears the Princess's signature and that of Sir Walter Buckler, at that time her chamberlain. The MS. has one illumination, and five pen and ink drawings in a very high style of (probably) Italian art. The drawings are emblematical figures, thought to allude to the parts of the book in which they are placed. One of them is a figure sitting on a square stone, holding a purse of money in her right hand, and inscribed "Temperance." This is probably an allusion to the Princess, whom, Camden tells us, Edward was wont to call his "sweet sister Temperance," no doubt on account of the modesty of her dress and manners. In another drawing, before the words "sum total," is a figure of Time describing a circle upon a globe, with the trunk of a decayed oak in the background. Another figure represents Grief, "alluding," says one practical commentator, "to the accountant's sorrow at the largeness of his disbursements!"

The value of provisions in store at the commencement of Parry's financial year was 564*l.*; and the total cost of the household for the year was 3,629*l.*, made up as follows:—The bakehouse and pantry, 211*l.*, which is nearly all paid for wheat, bought at from 10*s.* to 26*s.* a quarter. There are two small payments for bread bought. The buttery and cellar, 306*l.*, beer costing 1*l.* the tun. The kinds of wine consumed are sweet wine, Rhenish, Gascoigne, and Rochelle. The "spicerie and chaundrye," or chandlery, 340*l.*; candles are 1*s.* 6*d.*, and wax 10*d.* a lb. The kitchen and larder, 259*l.*, including fresh and sea fish, and the board-wages and clothing of the cooks and turnspits. The "Acatrye," or purchases made of flesh meat, 579*l.*, includes "veals," lamb, muttons, "hogs of bacon," boars, oxen, and "beafs." A mutton costs 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*, a hog of bacon 10*s.*, an ox 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, a "beaf" 10*s.* 6*d.*, a veal 5*s.* The "poultry," 311*l.*, includes barley for the fowls. The "squillerie" (scullery), 94*l.*, represents

principally "coals" (charcoal), at 6s. the load. The sawcerye, 21*l.*, for herbs and sauce. The woodyard, 92*l.*, includes the rushes with which the floors were strewn. The stable, 93*l.*, for oats, hay, horse-bread, and litter. Three geldings are bought at an average price of 6*l.* Wages, 322*l.*, the liveries of velvet coats for thirteen gentlemen, 26*l.*, the yeomen's liveries 78*l.*, and alms 8*l.* Under the head of "The Chamber of Robes—New Year's gifts, rewards to officers, musicians, servants, &c.," appear a great variety of entries, amounting to 842*l.* The modest sum of 127*l.* is all that is specially charged against "her grace" for dress, so that Elizabeth's love of finery finds no confirmation from this account, while it completely confirms what we have already quoted from Aylmer. Literature is also very modestly represented; John Spithonius and Edmund Allin receiving 2*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* for books, among which are two Bibles. Music was better patronized; John Baptist receives 34*s.* for lute strings for her grace, besides several rewards, and rewards are given at various times to Lord Russell's minstrels—minstrels or players were then kept by most great noblemen; the Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Dorset and Oxford, are specially mentioned as having sets of players—"the violans," Farmor who played on the lute, and More the harper—William More, afterwards Mary's court harper—and the King's Majesty's "drummer and phiphe." There is a payment of 30*s.* to Mr. Heywood—probably John Heywood, the distinguished dramatic author, actor, and player on the virginals, who had a "company of children"—and 4*l.* 19*s.* to "Sebastian who has charge of the children, with the carriage of the players' garments." These companies of children, of St. Paul's, of Windsor, and of Westminster, were frequently sent for to the great houses to act plays and masques. The entry therefore shows that Elizabeth once in that year diverted herself with their performance. She also pays to Beamonde, the King's ser-

vant, "for his boys which played before her grace," 10*s.* This was Robert Beamonde, who, like Heywood, was player on the virginals to Queen Mary. At the time of these accounts, the companies of players were not allowed to perform without leave of the council; express permission must therefore have been obtained by Elizabeth.

Rewards to servants bringing presents assume rather formidable proportions, as at that time, the value of the present brought was often given to the bringer. Christening gifts are also mentioned in several instances, Elizabeth frequently bestowing the honour of standing godmother. New Year's gifts are received from the King, Mr. Eglanby, Lady Cheke, Lady Oxford, (wife of John Vere the sixteenth earl, Lord Great Chamberlain to Mary, and afterwards an attendant on Elizabeth at her entry into London on her accession), Marquis of Winchester (Great Master of the Household, and one of the executors of Henry, then Treasurer, in which office he was continued by Mary and Elizabeth), "Chancellor of the Augmentations," and the Lord Privy Seal. Presents are also received from Mr. Chamberlain, Oliver Rowthe, Mr. Walton, Lady Pope (wife of Sir Thomas Pope), Lady Arundel, Catherine Grey (wife of Henry, Earl of Arundel, of Edward's council, of Mary's, and, it is said by Strype, of Elizabeth's also), Mr. Brocket, Master Lee, and Mr. Levett. Her grace sends New Year's gifts of gilt plate of the value of 32*l.*, bought from Thomas Croccke; the scholars of Cambridge receive a present of 5*l.*, and "a poor scholar of Oxford," 30*s.*

From the debit side of Parry's account, it appears that sales were made of hides, wool, wood, hay, fish, wine, and other provisions; the King buying for St. James's and Durham Place beer, Gascoigne wine, wax, Paris candles, "muttons," cods, lings, salmons, eels and salt, coals (charcoal), and wood. These transactions with the King are curious. Sheep, Hatfield might easily supply; beer, we

can understand, could be brewed nowhere so well as in an old Benedictine residence, and the great Hatfield Wood accounts for the fuel; but the dealings in the remaining articles can only be explained through the possession by Elizabeth of a grant of monopoly in them; though from such grant, if made, the King would be certain to exempt himself.

Nothing further remains to be mentioned as to the Princess during Edward's life, except two letters written from Hatfield to him, which are very interesting as showing the warm and deep attachment existing between them, but which we have not space to quote. They may be read in Ellis's *Letters*, series 1, vol. 2, pp. 145, 146.

The accession of Mary brought a sad change in the quiet which Elizabeth had enjoyed at Hatfield during the preceding reign. Northumberland's attempt to secure the throne for Lady Jane Grey threw the realm into commotion. On the approach of the King's death, he had sent both for Mary and Elizabeth, under pretext that the King wished to see them, but with the view of getting them into his power. Mary retreated to Framlingham in Suffolk, but the kingdom rallied to her, and she received Northumberland's submission and pretended adhesion. At this early crisis we find Elizabeth equal to the emergency. Rejecting all overtures from the Grey party, she came up from the country on 29th July, 1553, to Somerset Place, "well accompanied with gentlemen and others, right strongly." The numbers have been variously given at 500 and 1,000, but no doubt, whatever the numbers, the forefathers of the stout Herts yeomanry were fully represented, and on the morrow she went through Cheapside to meet Mary, on her triumphal progress from Suffolk. On the 3rd of August she followed next after the Queen on her entry into London, and at the coronation in the next month, again followed next after

the royal chariot, sharing her own carriage with Anne of Cleves.

In spite of this fair beginning, however, the clouds soon gathered over Elizabeth's head. We have not space to dwell upon the momentous and exciting events of the next two years—the Courtenay incident, the Wyatt rebellion, Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower, her release, and seclusion at Richmond Palace, at Ricot, Ashridge, and Woodstock. One of her lesser griefs at this period was the temporary loss of Mrs. Ashley, who, with three other of her attendants, was put into the Tower, apparently on suspicion of Reformist sympathies. Poor Mrs. Ashley had good cause to know the Tower, for in 1556 she was again confined there on suspicion of privacy to Throckmorton's plot.

After a year's imprisonment at Woodstock, two events concurred to alleviate Elizabeth's position. The one was the death of Gardiner, her inveterate enemy; the other was Mary's abandonment of hope of issue. In the summer of 1555 she had strongly entertained this hope—the baby clothes made for the expected occasion are still preserved at Ashridge—and Elizabeth, as dangerous to the child's succession had been summoned from Woodstock to Hampton Court. Mary's expectations being disappointed, however, she began to show symptoms of reconciliation, and in June, 1555, permitted her sister to retire to Hatfield again, recommending to her Sir Thomas Pope, in whose charge she had been before, "as a person," says Nichols, "with whom the Princess was well acquainted, and whose humanity, prudence, and other qualifications, were all calculated to make her new situation perfectly agreeable." Margaret Grey, cousin of Lady Jane, was then placed by the Queen in the Hatfield household.

Pope was an Oxfordshire man, and an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More's. His rise to position and fortune had been rapid. He was, says Whitelocke, the son of a poor and mean man in Deddington or Den-

ington, near Banbury, and, from a boy, scribe to Mr. John Crook, one of Wolsey's clerks. On the suppression of the monasteries, Lord Awdley applied to Mr. Crook for a "ready and expert clerk" and Pope was recommended by Crook, "being then his household servant in livery, which was the first true step of all his following good fortune." In 1533, he was made Clerk of the Briefs in the Star Chamber, and afterwards Clerk of the Crown. Three years later he was knighted, and made Treasurer of the Court of Augmentations, an office of considerable profit, and one which ranked with the principal offices of state. Five years later he was created a baron, and made Keeper of the Jewels. During Edward's reign he was out of court favour, but on Mary's accession regained it, being appointed one of her Privy Council, and employed on commissions of consequence, among them that of the suppression of heretics, which employment seems to have favoured his fortunes as much as his previous engagement in the suppression of the monasteries had done, for it is broadly hinted that he retired from it "none the poorer."

The most striking mark, however, that he received of Mary's confidence was his appointment as guardian to the Princess Elizabeth; and his ability is shown by the fact that, while he gave every satisfaction to his royal mistress, his discharge of his duties was such that his princely ward had every reason to congratulate herself on the selection. The council placed much confidence in his penetration and address, and greatly depended upon his skilful management of the Princess at this critical period. This, as we have said, was not the first time she had been in Pope's charge.

After her accession Pope retired into private life, and devoted himself mainly to the founding of Trinity College, Oxford, a project in which he was engaged for many years, till his death in 1559. He was a rich man, possessing more than thirty manors. His

favourite house was Tittenhanger, Herts, the country seat of the Abbots of St. Albans, and he was more than once chosen sheriff of that county.

Burnet describes the four years Elizabeth spent under Pope at Hatfield as by far the most agreeable part of her time during that turbulent period. Pope, says Warton, "behaved to her with the utmost tenderness and respect, rather as an indulgent and affectionate guardian than as an officious or rigorous governor." One instance of this is, that though strict orders had been given that mass alone should be used in the family, Pope connived at her having many Protestant servants. Strype, indeed, says that Pope and Sir John Gage (previously associated with him as guardian) were spies upon her, but this is hardly to be understood in the ordinary sense. The guardianship of a prudent adviser and friend like Pope was no less a guarantee for Elizabeth than for the Queen and Council; and such facts as can be gleaned with regard to her life at this time go to prove, in Warton's words, that she lived in splendour and affluence, that she was often admitted to the diversions of the Court, and that her situation was by no means one of oppression and imprisonment. Tradition assigns to Elizabeth, as her apartments at Hatfield, two small chambers in the west tower, some twelve feet by ten in size. It may have been her fancy to occupy these rooms, but to conclude that she had no choice but to do so, and was a prisoner in them, would be to discard all direct evidence as to her position.

Circumspect she had to be, and was. Her post of safety, if not of honour, was her private station, and her constant aim appears to have been to avoid all entanglement in the intrigues surging round the throne. Her position was indeed one of great difficulty and danger. We have seen in the case of Seymour of Sudeley a bold attempt to make her the tool of an ambitious man, and about a year after

her settlement under Pope at Hatfield, a somewhat similar plot was formed. One of Wyatt's adherents, Thomas Ashton, sent over from France a man named Clerbury, who pretended to be the Duke of Devonshire. He and other conspirators made use of Elizabeth's name, and propagated scandalous imputations on her honour. Clerbury went so far as to proclaim Elizabeth queen, and "her beloved bedfellow, Lord Edward Courtney, king." The Council wrote to Pope on the subject, in terms which manifest their confidence in him; while Mary's letter to Elizabeth, and Elizabeth's reply of August 2, 1556, express their disbelief and detestation of the reports.

Not only had these gross attacks to be parried, but honourable overtures had also to be met. There were few foreign princes then marriageable who were not at one time or another proposed for her husband. In the same year, 1556, the Savoy match was proposed to her, with the reluctant sanction of the Queen, and against her wishes. Philip was the originator of it, his policy being to get Elizabeth out of the country. Mary's protection of Elizabeth in this matter caused a warmer feeling to spring up between the sisters. Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, also sent an ambassador to negotiate a marriage between her and his eldest son, Prince Eric. These offers only drew forth firm expressions of her determination never to marry. To the first she said "that she would not change her condition, though she were offered the greatest prince in all Europe;" to the second, "she could not but declare that, if left to her own free will, she would always prefer a single condition of life."

With reference to the Savoy match, she paid a visit to the court, and from Henry Machin's curious diary, we get a description of her mode of travelling between Hatfield and London. He says:—

"The 28th day of November (1556) came rydyng through Smythfeld and Old Balee and through Fletstreet unto Somerset place my

good lade Elisabeth's grace the quen's syster, with a grett compene of velvett cottes and cheynes, her grace's gentyllmen; and after a grett compene of her men all in red cottes gardyd with a brod gard of black velvett, and cuttes; and ther her grace dyd loge at her place; ther her grace tared [] days till the 3 day of Dessemer or her grace dyd remowyffe."

She had been invited to pass the whole winter in London, but returned to Hatfield after a stay of a week, probably on account of her refusal of the Savoy match. The diary continues:—

"The 3 day of Desember cam rydyng from her plasse my lade Elisabeth's grace, from Somersett place downe Fletstreet, and through Old Bayle, and through Smyth-field with a grett compene; and her servandes alle in red gardyd with velvett; and so her grace toke her way toward Bysshope Atfeld plasse."

The pleasures of solitude and retirement, says Nichols, were now becoming habitual to her, and she principally employed herself in playing on the lute and virginalls, embroidering with gold and silver, reading Greek and translating Latin. She was much interested in Pope's project of founding Trinity College, and often conversed with him upon it. Pope writes: "The Princess Elizabeth, her grace, whom I serve here, often asketh me about the course I have devised for my scholars, and that part of my statutes respecting studies I have shown to her, which she likes well. She is not only gracious, but most learned, as ye right well know." Two students of the college, expelled for breach of discipline, came to Hatfield, and were lucky enough to obtain her grace's intercession for them with Pope, and to obtain their re-admission.

Pope's endeavours to diversify the somewhat monotonous life of his ward, and her own sober turn of mind at this period, are illustrated by an incident recorded in a document quoted by Nichols in his *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*:—

"In Shrovetide, 1556, Sir Thomas Popemade for the Ladie Elizabeth, all at his owne costes, a greate and riche maskinge in the greate halle at Hatfelde; wher the pageaunts were marvellously furnished. There were ther

twelve minstrels antickly disguised; with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles, and ladies of honor, apparalled in crimsin satten, embrothred uppon with wrethes of golde and garnished with bordures of hanging perle. And the devise of a castell of clothe of gold, sett with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harneis turneyed. At night the cupboard in the halle was of twelve stages mainlie furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessul, and a banket of seventie dishes, and after a voidee of spices and subtleties with thirty spyse plates, all at the chardgis of Sir Thomas Pope. And the next day the play of Holophernes. But the queen percase mysliked these folliries, as by her letters to Sir Thomas Pope hit did appear, and so their disguisings were ceased."

Why Mary had become so strait-laced with regard to innocent diversions does not appear. She was at all events no longer the Mary who had herself taken part in a "mummary" given to the French ambassador at Greenwich by her father.

In the spring of 1557, Queen Mary paid a visit to Hatfield, in return for the one paid by Elizabeth to the court at Somerset Place in the preceding November. The entertainments provided give a curious illustration of the times. The next morning after mass, we read, the Queen and the Princess were treated to a grand exhibition of bear-baiting, with which their highnesses were "right well entertained." Supper was served in the great chamber, which was adorned for the Queen's reception with a sumptuous suit of tapestry called "the hanging of Antioch." After the supper a play was represented by the "children of Paul's." After the play one of the children, Maxmilian Poincs, who had a "divine voice," sang, the Princess herself accompanying him at the virginals. We have seen that this was not the first visit the children of Paul's had paid to Hatfield.

A few months later the Queen, who does not seem to have objected to this second entertainment, returned Elizabeth's hospitality with a splendid banquet and pageant at Richmond Palace, of which Pope, had the devising.

He also planned another "show" for Elizabeth's amusement, at Enfield Chase. The Princess was escorted from Hatfield thither to hunt the hart by a retinue of twelve ladies, clothed in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twenty young men in green, all on horseback. At the entrance to the Chase she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows, one of whom presented her a silver-headed arrow, winged with peacock's feathers. The sport ended, she was offered the privilege of cutting the buck's throat.

But the rural air of Hatfield, the quiet life, the books, the lute and virginals, and the college projects of Pope, were soon to be exchanged for the fierce and enduring struggles of statesmanship; the acting of the children of Paul's for the realities of a turbulent time, and the seclusion of a station made as private as the circumstances would permit, for "the fierce light which beats about a throne." Elizabeth's associations with Hatfield were strong and enduring. There, in the noble hall, in the garden attached to the palace, which still bears her name, and is still kept in her fashion, or between the sweet English hedgerows which wound about the manor, and beneath the immemorial oaks which were the pride of the adjoining park, she had been the early companion of her brother, had listened with no dull ear to Ascham's instructions, and had thought out and acted up to a line of conduct which gave assurance of the greatness to come. Therefore for Hatfield must her "memory be green."

It was towards the close of a calm autumn day, on the 17th of November, 1558, that Elizabeth, according to a custom not unusual with her, had taken out her Greek Testament with her, and was sitting reading it under the shade of an oak tree in the park, which still survives, the wreck of a wreck, as a place of pilgrimage for those who reverence as they ought the

memory of the great and wise Queen with whose name it has ever since been connected. It was growing dusk, and she had just closed her book, when she was aware of the sound of horses' feet, and looking up, saw a horseman galloping up the avenue of oaks which then led from the London Road. As he approached she recognized him as De Feria, the Spanish Ambassador, who, alighting from his horse, told her that Mary was dying. It is recorded that on hearing the tidings she fell on her knees, and, drawing a long breath, exclaimed, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes!" which words were commemorated on her gold coinage to the end of her reign. Hard upon De Feria's steps rode the courtiers, certain of Mary's recognition of Elizabeth as her successor, anxious to ingratiate themselves with the rising power, and careless of the slight to the waning one. The road from London to Hatfield was alive with their trains. The villagers could never before have had such sight-seeing, and the old George Inn must have fairly succumbed under the press of business. This easy transfer of loyalty painfully impressed Elizabeth, who, when afterwards called upon to name her successor, said "that she would not follow the example of her sister and send such visitors to her successor as came to see her at Hatfield."

Mary died on November 17th. By Saturday night, the 19th, the Privy Council and statesmen of all parties had collected at Hatfield, and Elizabeth held her first Privy Council, at which Sir William Cecil was appointed her principal secretary. Her treasurer, Parry, was made a privy councillor, and appointed controller of her household. Sir Thomas Gresham, who had accompanied Cecil, was instructed to raise an immediate loan, and set out for Antwerp on that errand.

If a building can have the "crowded hour of glorious triumph," that hour for Hatfield Palace fell on the next day, Sunday, the 20th. It had received Elizabeth as an infant, had

sheltered her youth, and now parted with her at the call of a nation. There, in the great hall, Elizabeth held her first reception. The oaths of allegiance were sworn, says Mr. Froude, the promises of faithful service, were duly offered and graciously accepted. The Queen then addressed the assembly, saying that she desired to have the assistance of God's grace to be the minister of His heavenly will in the office now committed to her; that she meant to direct all her actions by good advice and counsel, and for counsel and advice should accept those of her nobility, and such others as the rest in consultation should think meet to appoint. The lords, all but Lord Pembroke, Lord Clinton, Sir William Howard, and Sir Ralph Sadler, then withdrew; Parry was admitted as comptroller, and Cecil took the oath as secretary, her words to him on this occasion being preserved by Harrington in his *Nugæ Antiquæ*.

"I give you this charge, that you shall be of my Privy Council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State, and that, without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best; and, if you shall know anything necessary to declare to me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein. And therefore herewith I charge you."

It is a noteworthy coincidence that Hatfield, which has been destined for so long a period to be connected with the name of Cecil, should have been the scene of the new Queen's public recognition of Sir William's services to her in the past, and her expectations of him in the future. Unfortunately but little evidence exists as to the connection of Cecil with Elizabeth before her accession to the throne. That a frequent correspondence was carried on between them from the time of Henry's death is not to be doubted. Some of this correspondence was through Parry, Elizabeth's trusted Master of the

Household, and some few of Parry's letters are extant, but of the autographic correspondence there is now no relic. Such letters were no doubt dangerous property to hold in such a shifting time, and would be destroyed as soon as read. That Elizabeth was in the habit of writing to Cecil is shown by the following extract from one of Parry's letters to Cecil, dated "From Hatfield, this present Sunday"—probably in September, 1551:—

"I had forgot to say to you that her Grace commanded me to say to you, for the excuse of her hand, that it is not now as good as she trusts it shall be; her Grace's unhealth hath made it weaker, and so unsteady, and that is the cause." Parry also writes from Ashridge on September 22, 1550, that "her Grace hath been long troubled with rheums, but is now meetly well again, and shortly ye shall hear from her Grace."

Soon after assuming the Protectorship, Somerset appointed Cecil one of his secretaries, and the letters from Parry to Cecil which remain show that Elizabeth was guided by his advice in her correspondence with the Protector, and also as regards her estates, of which Cecil was surveyor. On September 25, 1549, Parry writes to Cecil, giving an account of the doings at Hatfield, saying that the ambassador of Venice had been to see the Princess on the Duke's behalf, and that she wished Cecil to mention what had passed to Somerset, and to advise her forthwith as to whether she should herself write to the Protector direct. "Herein," he adds, "she desires you to use her trust as in the rest."

Next year Parry again writes to Cecil from Hatfield, inclosing letters from Elizabeth to the Lord Protector, urging him to take such opportunity therein, by his wisdom, as that she may hear by letter again from Somerset; adding, "Her Grace commanded me to write this, Write my commendations in your letters to Mr. Cecil, that I am well

assured, though I send not daily to him, that he doth not, for all that, daily forget me; say, indeed, I assure myself thereof." This letter contains one of the only two allusions to be found to any personal interviews of Elizabeth and her future minister. "I desire Christ give you perfect health," says Parry, "and send you one day's leisure to see her Grace."

Of Mary's reign there is only one letter, from Sir Thomas Benger, afterwards her Master of the Revels, apparently then joined with Parry in his office, dated Hatfield, October 24, 1556, relating to Elizabeth's private affairs.

We may conclude from these fragments, however, aided by the light of the coming events, that Cecil was in frequent communication with his future Queen by letter, and occasionally by personal visits. The extent to which she was then indebted to his wise counsels we cannot know; but we cannot doubt that she had now learned to rely upon him, and that he was prepared to receive the trust. The confirmation is the first appointment she made as Queen. At Hatfield she had proved his worth, and at the Court the confidence was well repaid by him, and by his son, Hatfield's future owner.

"We may ascribe to Cecil's counsels," says Mr. Green, "somewhat of the wise patience with which Elizabeth waited for the coming crown;" years of the utmost value to her, during which she formed her steady purpose "to restore English independence and English order," a purpose in which she and Cecil were at one. At the hour of Mary's death, all eyes instinctively turned to him. "I am told for certain," writes the Spanish ambassador, De Feria, to Philip, "that Cecil, who was secretary to King Edward, will be her secretary also. He is a man of intellectual power and moral worth, but a heretic." It is not our province here to recount the splendid witness to Elizabeth's consummate knowledge of character

which the results of this choice gave. The two names are inseparable, and one would scarcely have an historic meaning without the other.

Two days after the proclamation in the hall of Hatfield Palace, the Queen and court removed to London. Her subsequent visits to Hatfield were few. She had other and larger palaces at her disposal, besides inferior residences, and her generosity in bestowing the favour of her company upon her nobility is well known. Three years after her accession she re-visited Hatfield, when on a progress; and in the *Revels Book*, 1561, is entered a payment for entertainments played before her there. Seven years afterwards, in July, 1568, she stayed there a day during one of her progresses, and in the autumn of 1571 passed nearly a month there. In 1575, she received Fytton, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, there. The following is his relation of the interview. The oak mentioned can be no other than the historical one :—

“At Hatfield after your lordship was gone thens I wayted one evenyng her Matie walkyng forth into the parke and after she and my lord of Leycester had talked a good whyle with Mr. Agard her highnes walked over the great dale in the parke and sate hir downe under an ooke and my lord of Leycester leanyng to the oke by hir. She called me to hir and graciously smylyng began to jest with me.”

She then questioned him on Irish affairs, Leicester also interposing questions, which he answered as warily as he could, knowing that he sailed “between Silla and Charibdis.”

Finally, in her summer progress in

1576, she paid her last visit to the home of her youth, staying there a few days on her way from Hertford Castle to St. Alban's.

Her former tutor, Dr. Cox, Elizabeth made Bishop of Ely. Ascham's after connection with her has already been mentioned. Castiglione, her Italian master, received a pension. John Ashley was made Master of the Jewel House, in which office his energetic wife would appear to have assisted him, as there is an official record of her receiving jewels on one occasion. Ascham says that in 1563, the Queen being at Windsor, he dined there with Ashley and others in Cecil's chamber. There is no note extant, however, of Elizabeth's connection with her old governess after her accession. Sir Thomas Parry, appointed one of her Privy Council, was afterwards made Master of the Court of Wards, and died in 1561. The ancient “cofferar” had not failed to look after his own chest. He possessed an estate at Hampstead Marshall, in Berkshire, and built a magnificent house there. According to Lodge, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The death of Elizabeth put an end for many years to the connection of Hatfield with the history of England. Her successor exchanged it with Cecil for Theobalds, a place on the borders of Epping Forest, with better hunting, and nearer to London. It was perhaps fitting that the old home of the Tudors should be transferred to the family who for the better part of a century had been their most faithful subjects.

R. T. GUNTON.

RATIONAL DRESS REFORM.

BEARING in mind the determination of the world, as far as possible, to misunderstand every new idea presented to it, it may be as well to preface the remarks put down here by stating distinctly that I neither wish to wear men's clothes myself, nor to see other women do so. One of the most curious circumstances connected with the subject of reform in dress is this : As soon as any one says some considerable change is advisable, the world at large—either from excess of imaginative power or the want of it—exclaims aloud that that person wishes women to wear men's clothes. "Bloomerism" still lurks in many a memory. Therefore I begin by saying that I can imagine nothing more unsuitable, ugly, and in every way objectionable, than that the dress of European men should be adopted by women ; and, having said this, it is to be hoped that any one reading this article will dismiss men's costume from their thoughts for the present as a subject having nothing to do with the matter in hand.

In order to justify an attempt to change the present style of women's dress, it would not be a difficult task to show that the clothing now in vogue, instead of fulfilling its original purpose and being a useful servant, has become a species of tyrant or idol, subjecting the human form to an inconvenient, unsightly, and tormenting control, and indeed standing almost in the same relation to reason that superstition may be said to do to religion. A curious sort of conventionality is thoughtlessly and blindly followed, and no one seems to think they have the slightest responsibility in the matter, however strange and incongruous the result may be. For instance, let us take the universal

practice of going to parties with the upper part of the body uncovered in all weathers, provided it is after six or seven P.M. Certainly there are people to be found who say it is done for a defence against the extreme heat of our climate even in winter ; but it is questionable whether they would not hesitate greatly before appearing at breakfast with so little clothing on the hottest day in summer. Then, again, no one sees anything objectionable in a leg being shown up to the knee in getting into a carriage or crossing a street, provided it is only covered by a stocking, while any more complete covering is thought most indecent. One reason why we have arrived at this stage is probably because we have ceased to consider what the form is like which we are trying to clothe. When once this is lost sight of a standard of beauty is set up, which, as far as beauty in the abstract goes, may or may not be a true one ; but it is not beauty as far as human beings are concerned, since it bears no resemblance to them. The form which poets and artists think of is what we see in art galleries, statues of Venus and others, which indeed we all occasionally go and admire, as a statue or painting of some mythological being with which we have no personal concern. But the form to be clothed is very different. This is to be seen in the shop windows ; in shape at the top like an hour-glass, and with a bell stuck on in place of legs ; or even like a gigantic wine bottle. Surely to go on perpetuating such a monstrosity till health itself is endangered is to proclaim ourselves beneath contempt. And that health is not only endangered but irreparably injured by such a course, is so unquestion-

able and true, that it does not seem necessary to go much into the medical and anatomical view of the subject. Those anxious for information would easily obtain it by asking any doctor a few questions, or reading some of those books which treat on the matter, such as *Fashion in Deformity*, by Professor Flower. Rather let us agree to begin, slowly it may be, and without any too sudden change, which is always difficult, to make our clothing suitable to ourselves and to the lives we lead. Strangely enough the people who are most opposed to any alteration are not, as might be expected, the young and smart-looking women, but those who adopt what is sometimes called the "sensible woman style of dress." This is usually of no particular cut or colour; it is chiefly worn by those who take no great pride in their personal appearance, and who, if they are ever spoken to about the need of reform, are apt to say, "I see no necessity for change; my clothes could hurt no one—look how loose they are!" Restrained by politeness one makes no reply; but the thought arises in the mind, "True; and a remarkably ugly object you are! We do not want a continued fussing over a style of dress which from its perverted shape never to the end of time can or will be made at once healthy and—there is no English word for it—*chic*. For this reason it will never attract young women; and by all the laws of nature young women will ever be the guides in dress; so that what people should turn their attention to, and try to bring about, is a new departure in dress. Here and there, for instance, a person will be found who can wear a tight-fitting dress-bodice without stays or (what often produces the same effect) padding. But speaking generally, quite tight-fitting dress-bodices without stays look untidy and like pin-cushions. If, then, we keep in mind these positive facts, that so far from a small waist being a beauty, if such a thing could exist naturally,

it would be a great deformity; and that in proportion to the width of their shoulders, women are larger in the waist than men—thus following an obvious natural law—we shall begin to realise that our clothes are planned upon a mistaken idea. Without a waist, and with a skirt completely hiding the outline of the legs, the figure becomes one long straight piece from shoulders to feet, a thing in itself too ugly to be long endured. This is clearly why we have adopted the plan of making a waist, and as much variety of shape as possible in the way of humps and excrescences, in the clothing of the upper part of our bodies. In warm climates the skirt was originally either very short or very thin, so that the legs were permitted to be seen; but in colder climates, and with the advance of civilisation, this could not be, so we have arrived at the present plan of concealing all sign of legs, which causes the attention of women to be almost morbidly directed to the body alone. If some form of dress were devised, with a covering or skirt for each leg, and a lightly draped skirt over, reaching to about the knees, or even a little below them, and allowing the legs to appear slightly, we should have a costume which, being in accordance with nature, the rest of the lines of the body would resume their proper proportions, and deformities of the sort to which we now are so accustomed, would at once strike us as hideous and out of drawing.

There is not space here to go into the theory maintained by some that clinging skirts, such as are depicted on bas-reliefs and Christmas cards, are the most truly lovely. Of course they are Greek, and that to some minds is an argument which admits of no reply. But we are not Greek. We are English. They had their climate and habits, and we have *our* climate and habits, than which nothing could well be more dissimilar; and as may be expected, without modifications which rob them of all meaning and

beauty, Greek fashions are perfectly unfit for England or English ways. Such skirts are extremely dirty for walking, as the heel must rub against them at every step; they are distinctly injurious to health from the waste of nerve power caused by the constant friction round the ankles; and, as must always be the case where only skirts are worn, if the wearer attempts to do more than walk quietly along a road, they appear not only ludicrous but almost indecent. The harm this does to our young girls seems to have escaped public attention; yet now that our daughters are being properly educated, and much on the same lines as our sons, it is likely to have a very serious effect on their health if they cannot also have the counter-acting influence of really stirring interesting games. In their present clothes this is neither possible nor desirable. That there is something wrong in the physical education of girls is obvious, else why should they suffer from colds, headaches, and chilblains to an extent unheard of among boys? Neither among animals, nor the young of savage tribes, do we see any such difference between the sexes in point of health, and it seems rather a disgrace to us women not to exert ourselves more heartily to put this matter right.

Most people must have remarked in reading the accounts of fires in theatres that one of the first things recorded as happening is that "several women fainted," as soon as the crowd began to rush. Did they faint? One rather doubts it. What seems much more probable is that some one behind trod on their dress, and that then, pushed on by those beside them, they fell in a manner exactly like a faint. Almost straight, but rather backwards, they would go down where they stood, without being able to help themselves, and others falling over them, would make the matter at once hopeless; for dressed as they are women certainly do not give themselves much chance of escape when any sud-

den danger arises, since they have reduced all physical movement to a minimum, with at the same time the maximum of fatigue, and are thus notable examples of "how not to do it."

One of the customs of the present day is to take it for granted that women's dress is beautiful and men's hideous. Without laying down a dogmatic opinion, this axiom would appear hardly proved. The majority take it to mean simply that petticoats are pretty, and trousers ugly. If this be true, it follows that the dress of a charwoman is more pleasing than that of a working man; but if this is felt to be doubtful, then may it not be that the thing which is really pleasing is not the cut of the clothes so much as the charm of rich and suitable materials with varied and well assorted colours? So far from this being necessarily lost in a different kind of dress it might be materially heightened, as instead of "good taste misplaced," we should have good taste crowning a costume where, with no muscle cramped, and no horrible deformity slowly but surely undermining the health, the true curves of the human form, which are no less admirable and harmonious than those of other created beings, might be seen with advantage. A very pertinent question has been lately asked more than once in connection with this idea, to the effect why it should be supposed that the male form came perfect from the hands of the Creator, while that of the female needs constant tinkering and screwing into shape to make it presentable? Exactly so; but the form women choose to call theirs never came from the hands of any Creator. Nature repudiates it, and true art denounces it, so no wonder it requires propping up.

Some ladies say that unless they wear stays they could not wear enough clothes to keep the legs warm from the drag and pressure round the waist. This is only because they have their clothes made in one loose piece. With

a separate skirt for each leg they would be as warm with one undergarment as with four or five on the old principle. Of course they may object to a costume recently introduced on this plan on the score of beauty, but they must remember it is in their own power to remedy this. A form of dress which in deference to a mistaken public opinion has to simulate a perfectly different one, is at a great disadvantage. If generally acknowledged and adopted, there would be no difficulty in making it as pretty as any dress can be.

A great deal might be said on the subject of head gear, but it seems almost vain. Many people must have wondered why every woman from seventeen to twenty thinks it advisable to go about with her head adorned with imitations of flowers? Why has an out-of-doors head-dress been selected, which though varying a good deal in shape, is careful never to cover or protect the head nor shade the eyes? and why may a young woman wear a hat, while one past middle age who wishes for more protection to the eyes than is afforded by a spotted veil, is thought extremely odd? It is also worthy of notice that the chimney-pot hat denounced by men as injurious and uncomfortable is the one and only article of male attire thought fit and suitable to be adopted by women in its pristine and unmodified form. It is however a mere waste of time to inveigh against bits of dress, such as boots, stays, bonnets and so on. The foot for example was meant to appear joined to an ankle and leg; and seen so, it looks a shapely and perfect thing in its way; but on our system of ignoring all idea of legs the feet are apparently attached to nothing particular, and may as well be one shape as another. We therefore soon begin to try if we cannot contrive something more fanciful, and in all conscience we have succeeded fairly well in this matter, though at what amount of suffering and injury to health one may leave the medical world to de-

clare, since here at least they give forth no uncertain sound. Now that women are being gradually allowed to take their place in Society as rational beings, and are no longer looked upon as mere toys and slaves; and now that their livelihood is becoming more and more to be considered their own affair, the question of dress assumes proportions which it did not use to have. Physically rather weaker than men we undoubtedly are, but why exaggerate this weakness by literally so tying ourselves up in clothing that the muscles in some parts of the body dwindle till they become useless? When the brain deteriorates from want of oxygen in the blood—brought about by the reduced breathing power inseparable from clothing so tight that the walls of the chest being unable to expand—the lungs cannot properly do their work of aerating the blood. This makes the work of those who have to labour with their hands fourfold more exhausting than it need otherwise be; and at the same time from its unready and unfit appearance, such unsuitable clothing cannot fail to prevent, nay positively prevents, them from obtaining much easier and lighter work than that which they actually have to do. And that this is no fancy, a very little observation of those employed in active work will prove to most. Observe simply the extra fatigue which is ensured to every woman, in merely carrying a tray up stairs, from the skirt of the dress. Ask young women who are studying to pass examinations whether they do not find loose clothes a *sine quâ non* while poring over their books, and then realize the harm we are doing ourselves and the race by habitually lowering our powers of life and energy in such a manner. As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether any persons have ever been found who would say that their stays were at all tight; and indeed by a muscular contraction, they can apparently prove that they are not so by moving them about on themselves, and thus pro-

bably believe what they say. That they are in error all the same, they can easily assure themselves by first measuring round the waist outside the stays; then, taking them off, let them measure while they take a deep breath, with the tape merely laid on the body as if measuring for the quantity of braid to go round a dress, and mark the result. The injury done by stays is so entirely internal that it is not strange that the maladies caused by wearing them should be attributed to every reason under the sun except the true one, which is, briefly,—that all the internal organs being by them displaced, are doing their work imperfectly, and under the least advantageous conditions; and are therefore exactly in the state most favourable to the development of disease, whether hereditary or otherwise.

The well-worn saying that ornament preceded dress is doubtless true, and many people at present draw the inference that because women's dress appears designed for ornament rather than convenience, women must be immeasurably lower in the intellectual scale than men whose dress has not this fault. There perhaps they judge hastily. For one thing; it affords to many men quite as keen a delight to see their wives and daughters decked out in absurd costumes, trailing yards of material on the floor after them about a room (and possibly a mat or two accidentally caught up on the way), or tottering feebly along a street on high heels, as it ever afforded any woman to wear such things. Hence it is that we do not have the help from men in the matter of dress reform which reason would lead us to expect; and then the question arises whether they are after all so much in advance as at first appears. Possibly they are not aware of the daily and hourly discomfort inflicted by the garments they admire so much, as even women often say they consider their dresses quite comfortable for walking! However, as it is well

known that those born blind know little about the charm of colour, so those who have never tried a divided skirt, or freedom of lung power, may not be aware of the drag they are subject to, and may believe the fatigue they feel to be inseparable from the act of walking, which is a very comprehensible error. On this subject, as has been said before, we have one sure guide only—and that is to keep steadily before our mind the creature for which we are devising clothes. Once lose sight of this and we open the door for every kind of comical deformity possible—for one is as good and no worse than another. We have no anchor to hold us back, no object to attain, not even any actual standard of beauty, so we stray about helplessly among shapes and materials put forward from time to time as some dressmaker or manufacturer happens to rise temporarily above the rest. Commerce is injured, health destroyed, happiness of children sensibly curtailed, morality certainly not improved, and one finally asks, "For whose good?" This question must be left to others to answer. Some of those optimists who see 'good in everything may possibly see some even here; but there are many who can see nothing but a useless martyrdom to an intellectual apathy which refuses to see, or hear, or put out a little finger to help itself.

If ever anything is to be done to raise us out of this quagmire of mistakes and folly it will certainly not be by the majority looking—*not* at what in their heart of hearts they honestly wish and believe but—at the difficulties in the way, saying, People will never do this, that, or the other; or even uttering the more terrible watchword, "The men won't like it." In the first place, "people," as a noun of multitude, think very much alike; and in the second place those who believe that the aims of the "Rational Dress Society" are likely in their most extended sense to benefit the community, should join the Society openly,

whether they choose to actually be among the first to change their dress or not, and they will be surprised to find how many there are ready to go with them when once they see that they have not to go alone. And as for men not liking it! Where is our common sense? Where is our self-respect? Why, men have admired the queer and scanty garments of the beginning of this century, they have admired the huge and outrageous crinolines of twenty years ago, and the ludicrous tied-in dresses of later days. No doubt even the Turk thinks there is nothing so admirable as the clothes of his woman-kind; and whatever women wear it is very certain men will go on admiring it still. Unconscious as their admiration may be, it is none the less real, for it is the women they admire,

and the clothes for their sakes, but never the women for the sake of the clothes. No one ever saw men in rows in front of shop windows admiring the dresses on stands, but every one sees beautiful women gazed at with admiration and delight wherever they go; and so far from such changes as are here advocated taking beauty out of the world, it would, as far as men are concerned, be doing them good service by giving them something worthy admiration in a graceful natural walk and carriage; in the general harmony of appearance that accompanies health and strength, and in the true beauty of nature which makes a real flower so incomparably more beautiful than an artificial one.

F. W. HARBERTON.

ON MORAL DUTY TOWARDS ANIMALS.

I WONDER whether it is possible to write a not very dry paper on "moral duty towards animals." The title is the result of considerable reflection, and seems to me to indicate a subject which merits and will repay discussion. It implies something different from that which is contained in the phrase "cruelty to animals." This latter phrase carries with it the condemnation without argument of all that can properly be comprehended in its terms. Cruelty is something bad in itself; it is obviously not synonymous with the infliction of pain. To extract a tooth may give pain, but is often the very reverse of cruel. When the teeth of an unfortunate rich Jew in the days of King John were removed by some tyrannical baron, one each day, till a heavy ransom had been paid, then the process became cruelty. Consequently the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals carries a title, the legitimacy and nobility of which no one will venture to dispute. Cruelty should be prevented, just because it is cruelty; but the Society would be unwise if it undertook the impossible task of banishing all endurance of artificial pain from the animal world.

The extent to which this task, impossible in its completeness, ought to be attempted, depends very much on the views which we are led to form upon the general subject included in the title which I have prefixed to this article. So far as I can judge, many persons who join in the controversy which has been raging in England now for several years on the question of the vivisection of animals for scientific purposes, and the legislative restraint of the practice, have not sufficiently considered what are the principles upon which our duties towards the animals rest, and what are the consequences which legitimately

flow from those principles. This view of the subject certainly deserves discussion; and it will be some help towards it, if the ground of our duties can be simply stated, and if an attempt be made to classify the various cases in which pain is practically inflicted upon animals. If we see clearly the ground of our duties, and the distinction between one case of pain and another, we shall probably be able to arrive at a sound conclusion as to the cases in which legal interference should take place and the extent to which it can be wisely carried.

Now our moral duty towards animals may be taken to rest either upon divine charter, or upon the conclusions of natural reason formed upon a candid study of all the conditions of the problem. It does not make any practical difference which of these grounds we choose to take. The conclusion is the same whichever way we consider the subject. Some minds will be perfectly satisfied with the assurance that when men and animals were created by divine fiat upon the earth's surface, dominion was assigned to man "over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Those who rest upon this primæval charter will see in the actual condition of things which the history of the earth's inhabitants presents, the working out of an original law imposed by divine will and providence. But those who are dissatisfied with a theological view, or who at all events desire to discuss the matter upon other principles, will find themselves compelled to adopt as the result of observation and reasoning the conclusion which it may be that the theologian obtains *per saltum*. For no man, I imagine, will admit that the beasts, and birds, and fishes, and reptiles have the same title to the earth that he and his kind

have. The most liberal philosopher will draw a line of some kind and by some means between his humbler neighbours and himself; he may say indeed, so far as words are concerned, that all creatures are evolved by the same law, and that there is a struggle for existence in which each creature must do the best he can for himself, and so forth; but he knows perfectly well that whatever may or may not have been the case in past times, into the discussion of which speculation and hypothesis may freely enter, certainly in this actual present time there is no question of competition between himself and other animals, and that all is absolutely subject to man's sovereign dominion. Whatever be a man's theology or philosophy, he practically admits animals into partnership so far, and only so far, as is convenient to himself; he would consider it a mark of insanity if any one should act towards animals upon any other principle than this.

It may be said that this is merely the assertion that "might is right." In a certain sense it is so; and in such sense the identification of might with right is not an immoral principle. When is the principle immoral? When a majority tyrannises over a minority; when a large and powerful country infringes upon the liberties of a neighbouring state, which has done it no harm, and whose liberties are no menace to itself; when a man uses the superior physical strength of his sex to ill-use a woman. In these and a hundred other cases might is made the instrument of wrong; but there are cases in which the possession of power is a clear indication that that power was intended to be exercised, and in which the exertion of it is the carrying into effect of an eternal law—as in physics the central body of a system, having might on its side, dominates the whole, and compels the surrounding bodies to circulate in an orderly manner conformably with what may be called its will.

It seems to me that the possession of supreme might in the case of man

is the evidence and guarantee of supreme right. A thoughtful philosophy, apart from theological considerations, will come to this conclusion. I find it impossible to devise any other hypothesis upon which the world could be carried on. Any partnership between man and animals, which allowed the smallest share of management to the latter branch of the firm, would infallibly lead to bankruptcy and ruin.

For in truth, the intellectual and moral elements of man's nature alike render partnership impossible. The most liberal allowance of intellectual and moral qualities to animals—and I for one am disposed to be very liberal in this allowance—will not bring them to a point from which can be argued their right to any share of the world, comparable with that which belongs to man. There was a time when this was otherwise. Man is on the most favourable computation a comparatively late arrival; incalculable ages passed without his presence; during these ages a struggle for existence of some kind doubtless existed; probably the creatures who then lived enjoyed life, but the earth would have been an uncomfortable home for man; a radical reform was necessary before he could enjoy life. At length man appeared, and his appearance was the signal for an absolute revolution in the condition and government of the world; the real king had come at last; every other creature was bound to submit to this erect god-like being; the mere struggle for existence had come to an end; henceforth the survival would, almost without exception, be that of the creatures whom man in his wisdom should judge fittest to survive. The republic of beasts had ceased; the monarchy of man had begun.

Having arrived at this point, let us look at the relation in which civilised man stands to animals, and at some of the complications which civilisation introduces. Man has a giant's power but he must not use it as a giant. His supremacy over the animals will

nevertheless infallibly lead to a certain amount of inconvenience to them, and to the infliction of a certain amount of pain. There is a subsidiary question, I may here remark, with regard to pain, which is very important, but with which I do not intend, and am not competent, to deal, namely, what is the capacity of various animals for the experience of pain? Undoubtedly, Shakespeare's eloquent dictum concerning "the poor beetle that we tread upon," and which he tells us "in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great as when a giant dies," is the utterance of a poet and not of a naturalist. There can be no question that the capacity of suffering is no fixed quantity, and probably it varies pretty regularly from the lowest to the highest scale of animal life. This part of the subject, however, I put entirely on one side, and in what follows I shall have in view animals which undoubtedly can feel very acutely, though even in their case it would be unspeakably erroneous to confound the feelings of the most sensitive with those which are possible for ourselves. With this understanding, I proceed to a classification of the cases in which animals can be made to suffer pain by the action of mankind. The following six heads appear to me to include almost all possible cases.

1. *Wanton Cruelty*.—I suppose that this kind of cruelty belongs chiefly to boys, many of whom seem to take a strange pleasure in the suffering of an animal under persecution. Under this head I should include all manifestly cruel sports; the cruelty may perhaps not be in the strict sense of the word wanton; it is rather a necessary accident of a sport which in itself is regarded as pleasurable and exciting; still if the cruelty forms an essential part of the pastime, and if it is regarded with pleasure, it is difficult to draw any line between it and that which is strictly wanton. Instances of cruelty, however, are to be found, which can be explained neither by the carelessness of boyhood, nor by reference to the excitement of sport; for

example, I heard only the other day of a man contriving to seize the tongue of a kitten with his teeth, and tearing it out by sheer force. Deeds of this kind seem to defy explanation, and to indicate a depravity of nature, the existence of which it is painful to be compelled to believe.

No one, I presume, will doubt that cruelty, which can properly be described as wanton, should be put down as far as possible by law. This should be done, not merely in the interest of animals, but quite as much in the interest of man. To put it down is to remove a mischievous social influence; moreover to be compelled to see the exercise of wanton cruelty towards animals is a source of suffering to all right-minded persons, who have a legitimate claim to protection at the hands of the legislature.

2. *Cruelty arising from Carelessness or Ignorance*.—Probably not a little suffering may be set down to this account. As when animals are conveyed long distances, whether by railway or steamboat, without proper arrangements; when horses are unnecessarily restrained by bearing-reins, or are worked while lame or suffering from a collarworn shoulder; or when in any way the wants and habits of a domestic animal are not sufficiently studied.

Under this head should be included, speaking generally, cases of over-driving and over-loading, and all cruelty which is inflicted upon draught animals in the performance of their work; though of course it is possible that the element of wanton cruelty may sometimes enter into such cases as these.

In cruelty which comes under this head the law may very properly interfere, and in fact it would appear from a table which I shall presently produce, that it is in the improper treatment of horses that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals finds its chief occupation; but the spirit in which the law interferes in such cases, is, I think, different from that which characterises it in the case

of wanton cruelty. The thought of law is not likely to prevent a boy from indulging in a propensity to worry cats; but the fact of horses being under the protection of the law, and the knowledge that their interests are more or less in the hands of the police, are favourable influences on the minds of horse owners and drivers; and it may be believed that in a large number of instances, the enactments in favour of animals produce that prevention which is proverbially better than cure. In the case of some persons having charge of animals it may even come to pass that they will feel thankful for being enlightened on their duties, and will heartily endeavour to discharge them as the law directs.

3. *Painful Operations for the Comfort or Convenience of Man.*—The suffering arising under this head is manifestly of an entirely different kind from that which has been considered hitherto. It is not fair to treat it, as if it were a matter of caprice or a mere pandering to human luxury. Such a practice as that of crimping live cod may possibly be so described; but with regard to the treatment of domestic animals it may be argued that the very possibility of keeping them in a domestic condition and making them serviceable to man, depends upon treatment to which no doubt the animal would not willingly submit. But there are two points connected with the condition of domestic animals which must be borne in mind by those who would form a right judgment in this matter. First, it must be remembered that the general life of a domestic animal is one of very great comfort—according to the animal's own standard probably one of almost perfect happiness. Therefore a painful operation, once in a lifetime, or a *mauvais quart d'heure* now and then, occasioned by the conditions of civilisation, is, after all, not much to pay in return for all the care and kindness received. Secondly, it must still more distinctly be remembered that domestic animals would not exist at all, except upon the condition of contributing to the family prosperity.

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Man is master of the situation; sheep and cattle can only exist by his permission; and he has a right, subject of course to reasonable limitations, to lay down the terms of the social contract between domestic animals and himself.

If we do not admit some such principle as that which I have just enunciated, we incur a difficulty which goes beyond the question of the right of inflicting painful operations. For upon what principle is a horse made to work? Presumably the horse would live like a gentleman and do no work at all, if he could see his way to this line of life. But we make him work; and not only so, we submit him to compulsory education, and frequently education of a severe kind; we consider that any treatment is justifiable, which is found necessary to subdue a horse's will, to curb his temper, to make him "handy to ride and drive." Does the horse like it? Does the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfere? To both questions, No; and the reason is that it is assumed that the horse must be, and ought to be, made to work, and that he would not be permitted to exist except upon the condition of hard labour.

It is obvious that whatever is painful, whether in the way of surgical operation or otherwise, ought to be made as little painful as possible; but in cases such as those with which I am now dealing, it is doubtful whether any legal interference could be advantageously introduced.

4. *Painful Treatment for which no Plea of Necessity can be offered.*—I do not know how extensive the application of this description may be; but there are certainly some dealings with animals which come under it. There is a well-known practice with regard to horses, having the effect of producing an unnatural friskiness at the expense of irritating pain; animals, especially calves, are sometimes slaughtered in the manner which is regarded as best, with reference not to their own feelings, but to some supposed requirement of customers; eels used to be skinned alive. Hence I think I am

not wrong in assigning a place to the treatment of animals, whether wild or domestic, which is the cause of suffering, and for which no reasonable plea of necessity can be offered. So far as law can deal with this class of cruelty it is desirable that it should do so.

5. *Pain connected with Sport.*—This is a difficult part of the subject. In dealing with it I think I ought to say that I have never been a sportsman, and therefore have no special temptation to regard the question from what may be called a party point of view. When I happen to see the hounds, my sympathies are always with the fox. Nevertheless I think it is quite clear that the instinct of sport is so deeply rooted in the natures of the mass of mankind, that to regard the chase or shooting in the light of a cruel amusement would be almost universally deemed ridiculous. As a matter of speculation, I think it may be fairly argued that the love of sport is the remnant of an instinct implanted for good purposes in man as in many of the beasts, not to speak of fishes and insects; that it is unnecessary to man in a state of civilisation, and that in all probability it will fade away by degrees and finally vanish; that it is, in fact, a relic of the wild epoch of man's nature, and will one day be regarded as strange and barbarous—much as we regard the skin dresses and the painted flesh and the combative habits of our distant ancestors. Yet while the love of sport remains, I cannot regard it as altogether unreasonable that men of science should refer to the toleration of pain connected with field sports as an argument for caution and fairness in dealing with pain connected with physiological studies. One grand battue at the Duke of Omnium's, or one season's cub-hunting by the Barsetshire hounds involves as much suffering as a whole year's scientific experiments upon live animals in all the schools and laboratories in England.

There are some amusements involving the destruction and possible suffering of animals which cannot be

classed as field sports, though they may perhaps be described as sport. The chief example is pigeon shooting—not, I think, a noble or elevating occupation. Possibly public taste may one day be so far educated, as to cause it to follow in the way in which bull baiting and cock fighting have already gone.

The principal remark, however, which I have to make on the subject of all sports, whether field sports or otherwise, which are now tolerated, is that I see no course open to the law but to leave them alone. It is conceivable that there may be incidental cruelties introduced which the law might properly restrain—and the law may even now do so for anything that I know to the contrary—but, speaking generally, it would clearly be impossible for the law to interfere with advantage in a matter in which interference would be opposed to the feelings of nine-tenths of the population. So far as fox hunting is concerned, I have heard it maintained that the fox enjoys the run as much as the hounds, horses, or men; but I cannot say that the fox ever told me so himself.

Hence I draw the conclusion, that while it is not wonderful that the physiologist should contrast with some feeling of dissatisfaction his own subjection to law with the freedom of the fox-hunter, it must be borne in mind that the cases are not quite *in pari materie*, and that the abstinence of the law from dealing with the impossible case of field sports ought not to preclude dealing with the case of science, should such dealing on careful consideration be regarded as necessary.

6. *Pain caused by Scientific Experiments.*—I now come to the last and most important head of classification—the most important, because it is that which gives rise to most controversy, and in dealing with which by law there is most difficulty. Opinion seems to vary between those who would not allow the vaccination of a mouse, and those who would put no restriction upon the vivisection of an elephant. It is not the intention of this paper to argue out the whole question

of vivisection ; but I wish to suggest that our duty towards animals under this sixth head requires to be considered very much apart from the other five which have been previously enumerated. I have already admitted that the physiologist may with a certain amount of plausibility point to the freedom granted to a fox-hunter, and compare it invidiously with the restrictions to which he is himself in bondage ; but it is, I think, as certain as anything can well be, that on the one hand the legislature will never interfere with fox hunting, and on the other it will not retreat from the main position which it has taken up after due inquiry with respect to scientific dealing with living animals. The clamour for the total prohibition of vivisection, and the movement for the total abrogation of the law by which vivisection is now regulated, seem to me to be equally unlikely to realise their desired results. That which is required is something between these two extremes ; and if the present law does not hit the happy medium it would be well to reconsider it, with a view not to its abrogation, but to its amendment.

The papers published by Sir James Paget, Professor Owen, and Dr. Wilks in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* seem to me to make out a good case for reconsideration. An English professor engaged in important investigations ought not to be obliged to discontinue them or conduct them abroad ; and it is not satisfactory to find such language as this on record, "I have not been engaged in other investigations, for the simple reason that with the present restrictions, and in the difficulty in obtaining a license, I regard it as almost hopeless to attempt any useful work of the kind in this country."

As I have said, however, it is not my intention to discuss the whole question of vivisection, though of course vivisection has been in my mind through the whole of this paper. I confess that I am quite unable to understand how thoughtful persons can bring themselves to believe, that

our moral duty towards animals forbids us altogether to inflict pain upon them for the purposes of physiological study ; on the other hand it seems impossible to deny that the power of inflicting pain may be abused, and that the animals—domestic animals especially—have a claim to some guarantee that they shall not be treated cruelly or made the subjects of unnecessary suffering. And with this indication of the necessity of maintaining a *via media* between those who would abrogate the present law, and those who would brace it up to the actual abolition of vivisection, I leave this part of my subject.

I now produce the table promised in a former part of this paper. It is a return made by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ; it gives the number and nature of the convictions obtained by this one agency during December, 1881. I have extracted it from the advertisement column of a newspaper, open to others as much as myself ; therefore I am communicating no recondite facts, but I venture to believe that some of my readers will peruse the return for the first time, and also to express the opinion that the return is worthy of perusal. It shows that there is unfortunately much work for such a Society to do, and also that the Society is doing it vigorously. It is a curious document, as indicating the strange variety of offences which are punishable under the head of Cruelty to Animals :—

Horses—Working in an unfit state	...	159
Horses—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	...	48
Horses—Overdriving and overloading	...	5
Horses—Travelling with dislocated shoulder	...	1
Horses—Starving by withholding food	...	1
Horses—Gingering	...	2
Horses—Infringing Statute by Knackers	...	1
Mules and Donkeys—Working in an unfit state	...	1
Mules and Donkeys—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	...	6
Cattle—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	...	6
Cattle—Travelling when lame	...	1
Cattle—Overstocking (distending udders)	...	4
Calves—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	...	1

Carried over... 236

Brought over	236
Sheep—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	9
Goats—Setting dogs to worry	1
Pigs—Cutting and pulling tails off	2
Pigs—Tying legs tightly	2
Dogs—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	6
Dogs—Starving by withholding food	1
Dogs—Putting wire through feet	3
Cats—Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	3
Cats—Setting dogs to worry	2
Geese—Overcrowding in basket	1
Ducks—Conveying improperly	1
Fowls—Tying legs of	1
Fowls—Setting cocks to fight	2
Fowls—Killing improperly	1
Various—Owners causing above	65
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Total during December, 1881	339
Total from January to November, 1881, inclusive	3,793
<hr/>	
Total during the year 1881	4,132

Fourteen offenders were committed to prison (full costs paid by the Society); 325 offenders paid pecuniary penalties (penalties are not received by the Society); 36 convictions were obtained in metropolitan courts and 303 in provincial courts.

I would ask the reader to examine the above return with reference to the classification which has been attempted in this paper.¹ He will find that by far the largest number of cases are connected with Class 2, carelessness or ignorance; some I fear must be set

¹ The wounding of cattle in Ireland as a penal infliction upon the owners, like some other things connected with that island, seems to defy classification. In December last an appeal was made by the Queen, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on this subject, in the form of a letter to the President, Lord Aberdare. One of the most painful commentaries upon the condition of Ireland is to be found in the reply to this Royal appeal. The secretary of the Dublin branch of the Society writes, "That the vast majority of the people of Ireland view these crimes with horror and detestation, and would gladly avail themselves under ordinary circumstances of any means of suppressing an offence which must affix undeservedly a stigma upon the whole nation; but the circumstances of this country at the present time are not of an ordinary character, and the horror such cruelties excite in the general public is, the Committee believe, overcome (it is hoped only for the present) by the fear of the dangers to which the public might be exposed by either enforcing the law or giving such information as would enable others to do so." The appeal was worthy of a Queen; one can only grieve that it should have been ineffectual.

down under Class 1, wanton cruelty; a few belong to Class 4, painful treatment of domestic animals without adequate cause; some I suppose, though not many, to Class 5, for setting cocks to fight may perhaps be dignified with the name of sport; but there is nothing, as was to be expected, under either Class 3 or Class 6.

When we look at the total for the year 1881, and find that the Society has procured more than four thousand convictions, we can scarcely help feeling strongly that it is well that such a Society exists, and that it is a sad thing that its existence should be necessary. On the whole, however, I am disposed to believe that public opinion upon the subject is sound; even the extravagant views, as they seem to me, of the extreme anti-vivisectionists, are, to say the most, benevolence gone a little mad. Meanwhile we have, if I am not mistaken, as many as eight or nine Acts connected with this subject on the Statute Book, commencing with Mr. Martin's memorable Act passed in 1822. Great reforms have been effected during the last half century; and though all may not be as it should be, and though there may be plenty of work remaining for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, still I think it is impossible for any Englishman, who has travelled in other countries, not to assign to his own a high place with regard to the sense of moral duty towards animals which it has been the effort of this paper to discuss.²

HARVEY CARLISLE.

² The distinction sometimes drawn by Italians between brutes and Christians is illustrated in an amusing manner by the following true story. An English sculptor in Florence, who had exerted himself in forming a local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, lately dismissed a workman from his studio. The man wrote him an indignant letter, which wound up with the statement that the sculptor's conduct was quite intelligible; he took much pains about the brute animals, and *therefore* had no kindly feeling left for Christians.

ADRIFT.

EVER the waterlily rocked
 Upon the rocking stream,
 Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked
 And steered across her dream,
 And ever she sighed, "Why must I stay
 In the river's bend from day to day?
 Oh, were I free to sail away,
 Where the seas with wonder teem!"

"I know that I am fair," she said,
 "I watch it in the wave,
 At anchor here in the river-bed,
 That holds me like a grave.
 What good is the sun's gold light to me—
 Or what good a living thing to be,
 When none draws ever nigh to see
 The beauty that I have!"

The bird in the alder farther flew,
 At the ending of his song;
 The rat plunged in where the rushes grew,
 And paddled his way along;
 The wind in the osiers stirred and sighed
 That the current was swift, and the world was wide—
 And "away! and away!" the ripples cried,
 And the river tide ran strong.

Was she happier when the stars were born,
 And the bird sat mute in the tree?
 When she rocked and swayed, with her cables torn,
 And felt that she was free?
 When the banks slid backward on either hand—
 For the rat had gnawed through her anchor strand,
 And the wind had kissed her away from land,
 And was kissing her out to sea.

The river mouth was broad and black,
With currents countercrossed,
Where the foam churned white in the eddy's track,
And the scattered stars were lost.
No glimpse she saw of either bank,
But a waste of weed that heaved and sank,
Where from gulf to gulf she reeled and shrank,
And from wave to wave she tossed.

The Sun uprose through a glory spread,
And climbed by a cloudy stair,
And "What is the thing, O Sea!" he said,
"Your breakers are tumbling there?"
"That?" said the Sea, "with the muddied face,
And the cup all tattered and reft of grace?
A flower, they say, from some inland place,
That once on a time was fair!"

MAY PROBYN.

TOURGENIEFF'S NOVELS

AS INTERPRETING THE POLITICAL MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

APART from the merits they possess as works of rare art, and beyond any interest they may excite as stories of human passion and suffering, the novels of Tourgenieff afford rich materials to the student of the social and political movements that have successively agitated the civilised society of Russia during the last twenty-five or thirty years. Each of his principal novels is concerned with, and attempts the solution of, the particular question occupying the minds of the intelligent class of his countrymen at the time of its composition. And to this we are justified in attributing no little of the immediate success they have invariably achieved. The publication of a new tale by Tourgenieff is an event in the world of Russian letters; for the reader knows beforehand that in it will be found the statement and examination of some burning problem of contemporary Russian life and politics. It is for this reason that his novels possess a peculiar value to foreigners, who are thus presented with a key to the seemingly abrupt changes that have within the present generation come over Russian society; and much that at first strikes us as rash and contradictory in the tendency of contemporary Russian thought, assumes a different aspect after we have followed the course and development of the ideas on which that life is based, as sketched in his fascinating pages. It is from this point of view that I propose to treat of his novels in the present paper, since it can scarcely be necessary to point out their literary excellences, since they are familiar to many, through the admirable translations of Merimée and others; and though, owing to the wide field which the subject covers, the criticism must neces-

sarily be hasty and imperfect, the attempt to appreciate these novels in their historical bearing ought not to be altogether uninteresting or uninteresting.

Notwithstanding the comparatively short interval of time that separates us from the date when Tourgenieff's first work of any importance, *Stories from a Sportsman's Notebook*, was given to the world, it is not easy to estimate the change which these tales contributed to effect in public opinion. Truths now undisputed, and which, from having become received commonplaces, are scarcely worth stating, were then regarded as bold novelties. The peasant class was then separated by a far more rigid line of demarcation from the so-called higher orders of society than is the case in the present day; and novelists who introduced into their works sketches of serf-life, naturally wrote under the influence of this idea. They either, like Karamsin, gave such an idyllic charm to their pictures, that the reader, touched with the patriarchal relation of the serf to his master, could only infer that any radical change in their mutual position would be an injury and a curse to both; or else, like Gogol, they contented themselves with reproducing the external circumstances of peasant life, and thus exposed the more patent evils of a system which allowed proprietors to live in sluggish ease upon the toil of their enslaved dependants. But by both classes of writers we find the peasant represented as something beneath and different to ourselves. In the one case, he is a kind of pet dog that depends for his existence on the capricious favour of his master; in the other, a poor brute that, through long exposure to cruelty, has lost all sense

of shame or degradation. Tourgenieff was the first to paint the serf as a man—the first to make us feel that beneath his rough sheepskin there beat a human heart, and that the filth, poverty, and ignorance of his lot had not altogether stifled the warm and kindly instincts of our nature. Thus, in the story entitled *The Singers*, we are introduced into a low country alehouse, with its inseparable dirt, heated atmosphere, and uninviting odours of drink; but, instead of dwelling exclusively on the more unpleasing features of the scene, the novelist shows how its rude, boorish frequenters, in spite of the low pleasures to which, for want of anything better, they so readily abandon themselves, are still endowed with higher instincts that require only to be cultured. Two of the company enjoy no little renown in the district for their skill as singers, and in the eager enthusiasm with which the drinkers watch their rival efforts to outdo one another, in the delight with which they listen to the old familiar melodies, and in the strange weird power which these songs of the people exercise over their rude natures, we recognise the humanity common to us all, which no slavery can entirely efface. A similar tone pervades all the stories; and in the sadly touching tale of the deformed, dumb *dvornik*, we see how love, denied its natural modes of manifestation, avenges the wrong done to it by fondly and devotedly lavishing itself on the dog *Moumou*, the one creature in the world that is attached to him, and whose attachment brings out the man's hidden and unsuspected goodness of heart.

And if the better feelings and higher instincts that yearned in vain for a broader sphere of activity were thus cramped by the unnatural position of the serfs, the baneful influences of a system radically opposed to the first laws of humanity were not less marked on the character of their proprietors and masters. The exposure of these influences derives additional force from the

evident care with which the novelist avoids anything bearing the least approach to melodrama or sensationalism. He does not regale us with any of those hideous atrocities and brutal excesses in which the annals of Russian serfdom are unfortunately so rich; he refrains from dwelling on what might be considered exceptional cases of tyrannous cruelty, and does not write as if he had sat down to the composition of these stories with the single purpose of advocating a particular social theory. But it is exactly in this that the real worth of the sportsman's experiences resides. We are compelled to acknowledge, what the Russian public at that time were too disposed to deny—the inseparable, necessary, and inherent evils of serfdom. It is true that Ovsianikoff, a peasant himself, and one who therefore enjoyed full opportunities of judging the real condition of his class, declares that “things are better now, and will be still better in the days of our children;” and no doubt the later phases of serfage were free from many of the violences and infamies that disgraced its earlier stages. But the cynical indifference to the most elementary rights of human beings once in fashion had now given place to a strange mixture of book-talk about “fraternity,” and a practical neglect of the real interests of the poorer classes, who were still held in a state of degrading bondage. In Von Viezin's old play, *The Minor*, Madame Prostocova—or Lady Booby as she might have been christened had she figured in one of Farquhar's comedies—on hearing that her servant Paulina is ill in bed with a low fever, exclaims: “Keep her bed, the beast!—keep her bed! just as if she were a born lady!” The language of Madame Zvierkoff, in one of Tourgenieff's tales, is less brutal, but betokens a like crass ignorance of the rights belonging to the humblest and poorest of men. She complains bitterly of the “black and monstrous ingratitude” of poor Irene, who actu-

ally has the audacious presumption to ask her employer's leave to marry, though "she knows that her mistress has not another chambermaid to take her place, and that it is a rule of the house not to have married servants." And when the weeping girl throws herself at her ladyship's feet and again prays for the sanction, without which no peasant could marry, she at once raises her up and blandly assures her that "we should never demean ourselves so far as to forget what is due to human dignity." Nor is Madame Zvierkoff in any way an exceptional case. It is the same with Pustozvonoff—or Emptyphraser, as his name might be rendered into English—who liked to show himself before his peasants in the national Russian dress, shook hands with them when he began a conversation, and was always crying out: "I am Russian, and you too are Russians; I love everything that is Russian," who read his favourite books of advanced liberal character, but in practice allowed things to go on in their old way, and never effected a single reform in the administration of his estate, or tried to ameliorate the hard and cruel fate of his wretched peasant serfs. This, then, is the lesson which, intentionally or not, Tourgenieff's book teaches us; and it is hard to exaggerate the service it rendered to the advancement of the only possible solution of the serf difficulty—the complete emancipation of the people. Ovsianikoff may console himself with the belief that things are already better, and that the lot of his children will be still happier, but we rise from the perusal of his own story with the conviction that neither to him nor to his descendants was happiness or progress possible so long as an entire class could be bought, sold, or exchanged, according to the caprice or interest of their hereditary proprietors.

The first step in progress has already been made when a nation becomes conscious of the latent force it possesses, and determines, however

vaguely, to free itself from the heavy hindrances that have hitherto impeded its free and natural development. The second great step is, of course, when the people have found wise and competent leaders to give a healthy direction to their efforts, and are thus enabled to secure a general recognition of their wants, and an extinction of the hereditary wrongs from which they suffer. These two stages in the history of popular reform are generally separated one from the other by a long interval of partial successes and repeated failures. The novels of Tourgenieff, from *Roudine* to *Virgin Soil*, are concerned with the first of these periods in contemporary Russian history, and their general tone would lead us to believe that the advent of the second, even if it is to be hoped for, will not be witnessed by the present or succeeding generation. But it may be doubted whether events have justified any such foreboding. Few, no doubt, of the hopes indulged in have been realised, many a proud scheme of national regeneration has fallen through, and the last few years have been saddened by stern measures of repression, directed against the desperate attempts of impatient enthusiasts. But the work of the brave men who, in spite of danger and suspicion, pointed out to their countrymen the end towards which they ought to strive, was not altogether in vain, and they lighten up the failures of the present with a ray of hope, and serve to strengthen our belief in the coming reformation. We need not, therefore, wonder if the larger number of intelligent Russians look back with pride to those "golden days," as Stchedrin calls them, when Belinski in burning words anticipated the glorious future that awaits his country, and when Granovski—the most gifted of the many gifted teachers of whom Moscow University could then boast—called into action the noblest instincts of patriotism. They were days, the glow, and

enthusiasm of which it is difficult for a foreigner to appreciate, which perhaps may seem to contain something ludicrous and bombastic, but to which, in truth, we may apply the words of our own poet:—

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven.”

It was only natural that around the few earnest men, who proved in deeds of self-sacrifice, and not alone in words, the love they bore to their country, and the interest they took in all that tended to the development of her moral strength and power, were grouped a number of progress-ranters, simple theorists who blandly repeated to a gaping circle of admirers the phrases they had learned from books or picked up from college lectures. Nor must we ridicule them for their love of theorising, or judge them by the severer standard of later days. In the natural course of events, the time is long past when they could be accepted as the guides and leaders of liberal thought. But they were useful, even necessary, in their generation; superior to those who had gone before them, inasmuch as they were free from the affected dandyism of an Onegin, or the morbid misanthropy of a Petchorin, and were the legitimate precursors of that calm, unselfish, passionless devotion to truth which inspired a Bazaroff. The age of talkers must precede the age of practical reformers.

To this class of phrasemakers—“minikin Hamlets,” as they are called in another of Tourgenieff’s works—and inactive propagandists, belonged Roudine, the hero of the novel bearing his name. The son of a weak-minded but fond mother, who surrounded him from his infancy with every care and luxury, he soon learned the easy lesson of self-approbation, and regarded himself as the god of the little world in which he moved. His talents were just sufficient to enable him to lay down the law in second-hand phrases of oracular wisdom, on social and political

questions that won the easy admiration of the strong-minded women and conceited prigs who frequented the weekly conversaziones with which his mother varied the monotony of country life. And it must be confessed, that for a time at least, and till their novelty has worn off, there is a kind of charm in the generous zeal with which the young orator pleads for the reform of the more flagrant abuses of his age. But he never seems to think it necessary to do more than advocate the cause of progress in glowing speech, and never concerns himself with anything so vulgar as the realisation of the projected schemes of reform. Not that he is unconscious of the futility of this lip-devotion to truth; he more than once reproaches himself with remaining “an imperfect being”; and when Natasha urges him to work out that which he has so well planned, he confesses that she has shown him the road he ought to tread, but which he has so strangely missed. “You are right,” he says; “I ought to act, and not waste my strength in phrases—empty, useless talk, mere words.” In this very confession he falls into his habitual sin, and seeks to ~~salve~~ over his wounded self-love with words, as if they had a healing power, and formed the end and purpose of life. Nor must we fail to note certain traits which distinguish Roudine from the landed proprietors of the neighbourhood, such as Pegasoff, on whom he looked down as beings of an inferior order. We shall then see that even a very imperfect activity may be less hurtful than Roudine’s barren eloquence. We know that Pegasoff was guilty of taking bribes, did not scruple to toady his superiors, and professed a worldly disbelief in honesty and disinterestedness; but his peasants were not sunk in poverty, and were better cared for than those on Roudine’s estate, of whose existence, except through the reports of the German steward, their master was completely ignorant. For, like all men of his class, Roudine considered himself to be

far above the common tribe; and, as Dobrolouboff, the Russian critic, has well expressed it, "In the days of Roudine, men who believed themselves to be superior to the sphere in which they were fated to move, grew so fast and multiplied with such rapidity that, if the change that came over the national life had not happily put a stop to their growth, there would soon have been no sphere left for them to be superior to." Nor is it only in his public career—if such a term can be applied to Roudine—that this inertness is evident. In the pursuit of his own individual happiness there is the same lack of power; and though he talks himself into love with Natasha, he shrinks from carrying out his eloquent protestations of affection at the critical moment when the brave girl is ready to risk all, and fly with him. Only once is he stirred up to activity, and even then he proves once more the absence of that solidity of character without which the best of our deeds are but irrational impulse. He takes part in the Parisian revolution of 1848, and dies of a wound received whilst defending one of the barricades. As if his own country had no need of the services of her children; and as if there were no cause save the stranger's on which to exercise his energies.

Lavretski, the hero of Tourgenieff's next novel, *A Nobleman's Retreat*—better known as *Une Nichée de Gentilshommes* and *Liza*—might at first sight appear to be nothing more than a second edition of Roudine. But they are distinguished by certain radical differences in the circumstances of their lives, as well as by some leading divergences of character. Lavretski is not of un-mixed noble descent, like Roudine, his father having married a serf-girl, and on one occasion he even boasts that "pure plebeian blood flows in his veins." It is, doubtless, this plebeian descent that provoked his warm protests against the shallow cosmopolitanism of men like Panshene, who

imagined that the sovereign remedy for home evils was to borrow a foreign civilisation, and as much as possible to unrussianise Russia. On the contrary, he believed in the youth and strength of his country, distrusted sudden progress, but rather placed his hope in the continuous development of national life, and viewed with suspicion panaceas which had nothing to recommend them save their foreign patent, and their success when applied to maladies of an entirely different nature to those from which his country was suffering. His father's example alone must have been sufficient to sicken him of all such theorists, nor had he to search far for proofs of the paltry ends achieved by this frothy championship *des droits de l'homme*. Frequent visits to London had made his father a rampant anglo-manist; but this did not hinder him from regarding himself as a Russian patriot, though of his numerous schemes of reform only one, an improvement in the shape and colour of the livery of his lackeys, had been carried into execution. For, in general, these schemes were of so wide and comprehensive a nature, embracing the interests of the whole empire, that they soared far beyond the wants of the narrow circle within which his own estate was comprised. The supervision of his property and the care of his serfs were therefore handed over to his sister; the good patriot not liking to have any personal communication with his peasantry, the odour of whose dress and person had from his youth been his especial abomination. He resolves to make of his son what he called *un homme*, and accordingly gives him a Spartan education under the immediate direction of a Swiss tutor, who, besides the usual programme of the sciences, in accordance with the advice of Rousseau, trains him in carpentry and joining. But when the insurrection of 1825, the logical outcome in act of his fine theories, so signally failed, he became afraid of the possible

consequences of his liberal ideas, burned the elaborate essays he had written under the influence of the French revolution, grew excessively guarded in his speech, ceased to be a freethinker, went regularly to church on Sundays and holidays, and bowed profoundly whenever he met the governor-general, that all-powerful representative of imperial authority in a Russian country district. The ease with which he thus adopted opinions diametrically opposed to those he had all his life so loudly advocated, served to convince his son that such men could never give a healthy, or any other, direction to national life. After the death of his father, therefore, Lavretski entered Moscow University, in spite of his four-and-twenty years, determined by study to prepare himself for the real work of life. In this respect, however much he may lack resolution and energy, he is superior to Roudine. For whilst the latter consistently failed to discover the emptiness of the phrases which formed the beginning and end of his activity, to Lavretski life had already begun to be a disappointment and a burden, because it was so empty and so aimless. It is true that his marriage with the heartless, frivolous Barbara induced him for a while to renounce all work, and in the solitude and quiet of his country home to seek forgetfulness of the past. But once more, that which would have lulled Roudine into sluggish resignation, arouses Lavretski to a consciousness of the humiliation involved in any such passive surrender to fate; and in all around him, in every mood of nature, he finds a fresh stir to activity. It was thus that on the first day of his arrival in the dull country village where he had resolved to bury himself from the world, the tranquil languor of the scenery seemed to typify only too faithfully the dead calm and purposeless stagnation of the days that awaited him. "There was not a breath of air or the least noise to break the calm. The wind had not

strength enough to stir the foliage of the trees; the swallows, as they swept the ground with their wings, silently chased one another, and the heart felt oppressed with the silent persistence of their flight. The sun sank softly in the clear blue sky; the clouds floated slowly in the golden ether, alone seeming to have an aim, and to know whither they were bound. Elsewhere, and at this very moment, the sea of life was tossing with its foaming and tumultuous waves; but here it was calm and motionless as a piece of stagnant water."

The contrast between the movement of the clouds and the inert aimlessness to which Lavretski was condemning himself, is at once highly poetical and unforced, and gives us the keynote to his character. For this knowledge that life must not be purposeless gave him strength to rise superior to a temptation requiring no ordinary courage to resist, and enabled him to forego the rich stores of happiness which his love for the pure and noble-minded Liza promised to secure him. Nay, more, if he would satisfy, in spirit as well as in letter, the higher requirements of duty, he must not only deny himself that love, but he must listen to her counsel, and not refuse her prayer that he would pardon the wife who had done him so cruel a wrong. It was a hard struggle, one which Roudine would have quietly thrust aside, but which Lavretski dared not ignore. And if in the critical moment he partially failed, and for an instant shrank from obeying the inspirations of his better nature, he conquered in the end, and found in Liza's keener and less selfish idea of duty an encouragement to prove himself *un homme* in a far nobler and truer sense than his father had intended. Nor after his forgiveness of Barbara did he repeat the error he had committed when the discovery of his wife's unfaithfulness seemed to have robbed his life of every purpose and every charm;

but, instead of weakly hugging his grief to his heart, he put aside self, and sought consolation for his own woes in ameliorating the ills of others and in improving the lot of his peasants.

If we now pass on to Tourgenieff's next work, *On the Eve*, we shall see in its situations, types, and characters, an advancing change in the life of the nation, even greater than that presented by the story of Lavretski when compared with the dreamy experiences of Roudine. If we remember that it was written immediately after the conclusion of the Crimean war, and that the action of the story is laid in 1853, we shall have no difficulty in understanding the reason of this change. The fall of Sebastopol, however wounding to military pride, had given a healthy shock to the country at large; a new spirit of activity began to animate every class of society; the old dull routine system had been put on its trial and found wanting; something more than abstract principles and negatively virtuous theories of life were felt to be necessary to give stability to national institutions; and Russia, profiting by the experience of the other nations of Europe, became convinced that, to hold her place among the Great Powers, she must abandon her sluggish adherence to an ancient and worn-out system for an honest and practical sympathy with the wants and requirements of a progressive age. In this novel we accordingly escape from simple theorists, who would be out of place in a picture of contemporary life, and in their stead we have Insaroff, the devoted patriot, and Ellen, with her longings for the happiness of others. To do good is their aim, and they are not, like Roudine, content with only talking of it, or, like Lavretski, disheartened and repulsed by difficulties in their way.

The heroine, Ellen, in her childhood has been singularly free from that

fretful domestic oppression which often thwarts the development of a child's individuality. The accidental circumstances of her life further contributed to strengthen a natural independence of character. Her father, Nicholas Artemvitch Stachoff, who looked upon himself as an enlightened philosopher of the sceptical school, but in reality was a dull and prosy mediocrity, had married Anna Vassielievna for her money, and after the marriage spent as little of his time as he could in her society, and became intimate with Augustina, a pretty German widow, who humoured and fooled him to his heart's content. Anna, a sickly sentimental woman, bearing some resemblance to Marie Dmitrievna, in *Liza*, had not spirit enough to resent this neglect, or sufficient dignity to prevent her from bewailing her lot to all her friends and relations, including even her own daughter. In this way, Ellen, notwithstanding her youth, is made a kind of judge between her father and mother, and is led to cultivate a habit of reflection unnatural to her years, but which at a later period, when the critical moment in her life had arrived, enabled her to act with promptitude and decision. She was not slow in seeing through the pompous superciliousness of her father; and the love she felt for her mother was mingled with pity, not altogether free from that contempt to which pity is always akin. This feeling is very happily expressed by the novelist, when he tells us that "she behaved to Anna Vassielievna as she would to an invalid grandmother." But in other respects, the constant spectacle of her mother's weakness and sufferings was beneficial to Ellen. It made her feel for others, and taught her to sympathise with the poor and wretched. In her eleventh year she became acquainted with Kate, a peasant girl, to whom she often gave presents of dress or money. These two would sit for hours together, while Kate related to her friend the story of her life, the

cruelties she had to endure at the hands of an ill-tempered aunt who was constantly beating her, and her resolution to run away one day, and "trust to God for food and health." Kate soon after died, but the friendship could not fail to leave its traces on Ellen's character. It did not make her sentimental, for sentimentality is always inactive, but it inspired her with a longing to relieve the necessities of the poor; and "the sight of a beggar or starving person," we are told, "was a misery and worrying anxiety to her, and disturbed her rest; nor was she content till she had relieved his wants, and enlisted the sympathy of all around her in his favour." Her present life seemed to be trifling, and became unbearable, and she kept aloof from its petty concerns. She longed for a wider sphere of action, and was haunted with a vague desire to do something that should make her necessary to the world. She had not yet succeeded in defining the part she was to play; she did not know what it was that could alone satisfy the yearnings of her nature; and whilst ready and eager for life, lived waitingly and hopefully "on the eve" of an active career. "Oh, if some one," she writes in her journal, "would but tell me, this or that is what you ought to do! To be good—that is not enough: to *do* good—that is the great thing in life!"

At first sight it may seem strange that Ellen does not endeavour to make her influence felt at home. Keenly sensitive to the wide departure of the life that surrounded her from the ideal she had formed to herself, she still does nothing to purify it from its baseness and purposeless frivolity. Her father and mother are to her mere strangers, or at the best distant relations in whom she has little or no interest. With the young, simple-minded Zoe, her companion and governess, she is distant and cold; and though she frequently taunts her cousin Shoubine—a young artist living in the house—with his

light-mindedness and ready abandonment to the passing fancy of the moment, she never tries to influence him for good. This unwillingness to act upon others is, however, in strict keeping with Ellen's character. The trivialities of home-life appeared to her to offer no fit field for action; by coming into contact with them she could only lower and degrade herself, without effecting any good. More than this, her inexperience of the world made her fear collision with the prejudices and habits of others; and this fear was not so much the result of moral cowardice, as of a sensitive dread lest she should be the cause of annoyance or offence. It is this feeling which prompted her to write in her journal of Insaroff:—"Yes, one cannot joke with him; it is no playing matter; and he knows how to defend himself. But why that evil look, those trembling lips, that strange concentrated passion in his eyes? Or must it be so with men like him? Is it impossible to be manly and brave without throwing off much that is tender and gentle? Life—he told me once—is rough and cruel." It is this roughness and this cruelty she would avoid. She had not yet learned that tenderness is often the result of preference for one's own ease to a disinterested fulfilment of duty, and that a practical knowledge of life's work can only be obtained at the sacrifice of the softer feelings of the heart.

Such being the character of Ellen, we can readily understand the little sympathy she would feel for a Shoubine, whom she regarded as a kind of spoiled child, and whose pliant nature and fickle disposition were so radically opposed to her ideal. It was different with Shoubine's friend, Andrew Petrovitch Bersenieff, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom she was brought into almost daily contact. The son of a professor, he was himself devoted to philosophy, and a hard reader; but to these intellectual qualities there was united a spirit of simple modesty and indolent

self-denial. As he once told his friend Shoubine, he did not desire to be number one, but thought that to be number two was man's happiest and best vocation. It is this unselfishness that first arouses Ellen's sympathy and interest, though the somewhat ignoble love of ease on which it is in reality based prevents the hold which he at one moment obtained over her heart from being permanent or complete. His heroism is of a passive nature; he is able to endure much, to make great sacrifices; and to behave nobly when an occasion presents itself. But the occasion must come unsought. He has not sufficient strength either to determine a line of action, or to play an independent part when called upon to act. So it is, that whilst loving Ellen he becomes a mediator between her and Insaroff, promotes their intimacy, watches over Insaroff during his illness, makes no effort to secure Ellen's love, but with a slavish submission to what he idly deems to be his fate, allows the prize to be snatched from his hand. "Let them go, he exclaims; it is all over now! Not without reason my father used to say to me: You and I, my boy, are no aristocrats, pleasure-takers, fortune's pets; nor are we, on the other hand, fortune's martyrs; but we are workers, mere workers. Put on your paper-cap, like a good workman; take your place behind the counter in your dreary warehouse; let the sun shine on others! Our life, too, however hard and dull, is not without its pleasures and rewards!"

Insaroff is strong exactly in those points where Bersenieff is weak. A Bulgarian by birth, he was filled with a passionate love for his country—a love strengthened by the desire to avenge the brutal murder of his mother by a Turkish *aga*, and the not less brutal execution of his father for having slain the assassin; and he lived with but one aim and one object—to secure its freedom from the hideous tyranny of the Turks. He

never thought of separating his personal happiness from the happiness of his country. Such an idea, however natural to the educated and philosophical Bersenieff, could never occur to the simple-minded Bulgarian; in promoting the one he believed that he was best promoting the other. "You love your country dearly?" was a question Ellen put to him in one of their earlier interviews. "What else is there worth loving?" he passionately replied. "What else is there which never changes, of which you never doubt, in which, next to God, you never cease to believe? And when she, your country, has need of you . . . well, well, the veriest boor, the lowest beggar in Bulgaria, not one whit less than I myself, awaits one and the same thing; we have all but one and the same end in view." In these words we see the vast difference between the two men. Insaroff is no cold philosopher, calculating and dreamily wondering whether he shall play the part of "number one" or of "number two"—*that* events must decide; but longing and panting to take part, in the van or the rear of the coming battle, against injustice and wrong. Bersenieff, too, is capable of this; but he would be glad were the sacrifice never demanded of him, and looks forward with shrinking and aversion to the possibility of being engaged in the strife. In her journal, Ellen, with the keenness of a woman's judgment, notes this inferiority in Bersenieff's character:—"Andrew Petrovitch is perhaps more learned, and wiser; this may be; but he is so little when compared with *him*. Whenever *he* speaks of his fatherland, his form becomes fuller, his face wears a strange beauty, and his voice obtains a manlier tone; then, in truth, there is not a man in the whole world to whom he need yield. And he not only talks, but acts, and will act."

In spite of all that the critics have written, each wishing to find in it a solution favourable to his own political

creed, there ought to be no great difficulty in discovering the lesson which this novel is intended to teach. The only one of its characters who does not talk, but acts, is not a Russian, but a Bulgarian; and the contrast is brought out with a force that is almost stern in its pointedness in the scene where the dying Insaroff, the man of action, is visited by Lupoyaroff, the empty talker and parrot-like expounder of the politics of young Russia. "Insaroff was tired out with this unexpected visit, and lay down on the sofa. And that, he muttered bitterly as he looked up at Ellen, is our rising generation, our young Russia! They give themselves grand airs, and talk wonderfully well, but it is all talk, and there it ends." We can then easily understand why, after Insaroff's death, Ellen feels that she has no country but his, and determines to remain faithful to the cause to which he had devoted his life. "Return to Russia, she writes; Why? What is there to do in Russia?" And the very last sentence of the book forms a sad but just commentary on Ellen's question. Urban Ivanovitch, her great-uncle, has received a letter from Shoubine, in which his correspondent repeats the question he had once asked him, "whether the time would ever come when there should be men amongst us;" and "as he read these lines Urban Ivanovitch played with his fingers, and with a puzzled glance looked out of the window of his room." But does not the title imply that, even whilst the puzzled Urban was playing with his fingers as he tried to solve the destinies of the Russian people, he and his generation were living "on the eve" of a new and more active era, when men should arise who both knew in what the malady of their country consisted, and would be endowed with sufficient strength and boldness to apply those remedies that can alone bring healing to her wounds?

Happily for Russia, the Lupoyaroffs, who so strongly moved the scorn of

Insaroff, were rapidly losing the little influence they had ever possessed at the very time when, judging imperfectly and from a foreigner's point of view, he imagined them to be the true representatives of the new generation. They had shown themselves to be useless; for though they talked with the knowledge of men who had read much, and travelled more, of art, constitutional government, personal liberty, parliaments, and open courts of justice, they still were aristocratically ignorant of the life and wants of the peasants they owned, did not raise a finger to relieve the people from the gross superstitions in which they were sunk, and employed every obstructive tactic to delay and thwart the emancipation of the serfs. Men of a higher type and a different mould were ready to take their place. Æsthetic disputes were for a season put aside, and, instead of spending their time in idle dreams of a fair future, the rubbish of the past was carted away, and the ground cleared, that the foundations of a solid and durable reform might be laid. It is to these two classes, the Conservatives and Radicals of modern Russia, that we are introduced in Tourgenieff's greatest and most famous novel, *Fathers and Children*, which, on its first appearance, gave rise to such bitter controversy, and was in certain quarters roundly condemned as a spiteful and calumnious caricature of the rising generation. But in reality there is no reason to be angry; and the most zealous adherent of positive principles may without fear accept Bazaroff, the hero, as an unexaggerated type, who, in spite of the author's uneasy suspicions and distrust of certain phases in contemporary life, wins our sympathy, because he contains within himself those mental and moral qualities by which alone can be inaugurated a new and fairer epoch in Russian civilisation. ✓

The characters of the novel naturally fall into two groups, and nearly

the whole book is made up of scenes in which the representatives of the old and the new school are brought into collision. To the former belong Nicholas Petrovitch Kirsanoff and his brother Paul Petrovitch; to the latter, Arcadie, the son of Nicholas, and Bazaroff, the son of an old army surgeon. It is worthy of remark that, as in his *Stories from a Sportsman's Notebook*, Tourgenieff did not fill in his picture of country life with portraits of landlords exceptionally cruel or coarse, but rather selected the best types of their class; so now he does not fail to attribute to the two "fathers," among the qualities inherited from their social position, many traits of a pleasing and even praiseworthy kind. But in both cases the conclusion we are forced to draw is one and the same. We feel that these men have outlived their age; neither in sympathies, feelings, nor ideas do they belong to the present; and in their unwilling concessions to the spirit of progress, tacitly acknowledge that they have neither interest nor part in the work of the new generation. Nothing is allowed to disturb the monotony of their lives; and if, under some strong external pressure, they are momentarily roused from their inactive lethargy, the result of their spasmodic activity is barren and unproductive. "Every one knows me to be a Liberal and a lover of progress, complacently urges Paul Petrovitch; and why am I so? Because I honour the aristocracy. Where there is no feeling of self-respect, and this feeling is most highly developed among the aristocracy, there can be no durable foundation for *le bien public*." Perfectly satisfied with the profession of Liberal principles—and what more had any one a right to demand?—the good Paul and his brother, as they lounge in their easy chairs, pass the years of their life, which indeed go by pleasantly enough, since, as the novelist maliciously observes, "nowhere does time fly so quickly as in Russia!" And

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certainly in those old days, so near us in date, so far removed in the radical changes that separate us from them, the years were quickly slept through in a slumber of unbroken content.

It is with pleasure that we turn from these form-worshippers and word-idolaters to Bazaroff, the self-reliant and self-concentred realist. We must not, as I have already hinted, be surprised if the portrait that Tourgenieff gives of the poor army surgeon's son be here and there touched with repulsive colours. The character is too antagonistic to the poetical and delicately romantic genius of the painter to admit of its being sketched with strict impartiality. To this feeling of instinctive antipathy we should perhaps attribute his silence as to the youth and early education of Bazaroff, and the process by which he became a negationist. To have given fully and accurately the history of this period in the life of his hero, the writer must more than feel sympathy for Bazaroff; he must have gone through the same experiences, and the man who has once looked on the world with the eyes of a Bazaroff will remain to the end of his life a materialist. We have thus the results alone of his education laid before us; we are made acquainted only with the objective side of his nature; we hear what he says and see how he acts; but are left in ignorance as to the moving spring of his speech and conduct. But Tourgenieff has not been content with suppressing the influences by which Bazaroff's character was moulded; he has purposely exposed him to the antipathy of many of his readers by making him rough and unpolished in his speech, rude in his manners, and in dress and bearing offensively indifferent to the requirements of the world. Many who might be disposed to forgive his dangerous opinions can never be brought to pardon his violations of etiquette. In the novel itself, the origin of the

dislike of the fastidious Paul Petrovitch for Bazaroff is the undisguised contempt shown by the latter for the customs of good society. These qualities, I need scarcely remark, are gratuitously assigned, since a man may be the rankest of materialists and yet exemplary in his toilet and punctiliously scrupulous in his observance of the drawing-room code.

Though little prone to parade his plebeian descent, Bazaroff never conceals it, and even regards his humble birth with a pride equal to that which the haughtiest noble takes in his aristocratic origin.

"My grandfather ploughed his own land," he tells Paul Petrovitch. And it is precisely because Bazaroff was not a *baritch*—the son of a noble—that he enjoyed the trust and confidence of the peasantry, and was enabled to practise in his dealings with them a frankness that would have been taken in ill part from one of gentler birth. Paul Petrovitch cannot understand that it is possible for a man to sympathise with the people and still profess contempt for the degrading superstitions of their creed.

"No, no, he angrily exclaims, on one occasion, I will not believe that you, gentlemen, really know the Russian people, that you are the representatives of their wants, their longings. The Russian people are not such as you imagine. They honour tradition, they are patriarchal, they cannot live without faith.

"I will not dispute that, interrupted Bazaroff; I am even ready to grant that on this point you are right.

"And if I am right?

"Still that proves nothing.

"How does it prove nothing? stammered out the astonished Paul Petrovitch. Then, you go against the people?"

"And what if we do? The peasant believes that when it thunders the prophet Elijah is riding through the sky in his chariot. Am I to agree with him? And, besides, though he is a Russian, am I not one also?

"No, you are not a Russian after all that you have said! I cannot acknowledge you to be a Russian!

"My grandfather ploughed his own land, answered Bazaroff haughtily. Ask any of your peasants in which of us two he sees a fellow-countryman. Why, you do not even know how to speak to him!

"And you speak to him and at the same time despise him.

"Why not, if he deserves contempt?"

In these last words we have the whole explanation of Bazaroff's real character. He is the stern uncompromising foe of all shams and of everything bearing the taint of pretence. He never affects to be different to, or better than, what he really is; and if unintelligible to men like Paul Petrovitch, the rule of whose lives is based on decorous prudery, the genuineness of his speech and conduct is readily understood by those whose lowly position prevents them from being corrupted by the false shows of society. "He belongs to us and is one of ourselves," exclaims an old serf. We never find Bazaroff neglecting the business of the moment, but he ploddingly devotes himself to the modest task of ameliorating, as best he can, the miseries of those around him. The sphere of his labours may be humbler than would have suited the wide-reaching grasp of a Roudine, but it gains in completeness by being thus restricted.

As we might expect, this enmity to display affects not only the practical life of Bazaroff, but is equally evident in his relations to nature, poetry, and art. Nothing is valuable in his eyes unless it brings some tangible and calculable good. He acknowledges only that which he can touch with his hands, see with his eyes, taste with his tongue; in a word, what is cognisable to one or other of the senses. The rest of our feelings he attributes to the action of our nervous system, to be conquered and repressed rather than cultivated or encouraged.

It is therefore impossible for him to find pleasure in mere views of nature, in the harmony of music, the colouring of the painter, the rhyme of the poet, or the charm of woman's beauty. For him there is no ideal beyond the real; aspirations towards something purer than earth can of itself afford, are to him romantic and sentimental; he never looks beyond the human, or busies himself with those dreams of the spiritual wherein so many find their best consolation. "The one important thing, says he, is that two and two make four; all the rest is vain and empty." Here we have Bazaroff's prosaic view of the world and of human life. "Nature, he continues, is not a temple, but a workshop in which man is the workman." This forms the practical side of his creed. Worship of nature is an idle superstition; poetical delineations of nature are condemned as sentimental; the circle of his studies is limited to the real and positive, discarding all that lies beyond the province of experience and proof. Hence also the realism which characterises his political opinions and speculations. To none of those fine-sounding phrases which Paul Petrovitch was pleased to parade before him could he attach any solid tangible signification. "Aristocracy, liberalism, progress, principles! exclaims he, what a host of foreign and useless words! A Russian has no need of them, and should not accept them as a gift." And in speaking thus, Bazaroff is only protesting against that monkey imitation of Western Europe which so long impeded all national development in Russia, and could achieve nothing better than the reproduction of foreign manners and institutions on a soil unsuited to their growth.

Although, as I have said, Tourgenieff is pointedly silent as to the youth and education of Bazaroff, we can have no doubt as to some of the controlling influences that induced him to become a negationist. "At the pre-

sent time, he explains, the most useful thing is denial, and so we deny." He saw around him a crowd of noisy professors and pretentious preachers of liberalism, flaunting the borrowed robes of French freethinkers, but in whose voice the ring of insincerity and in whose step the strut and gait of men playing a part could easily be detected. The barrenness of their utterances was emphasised by the ready glibness with which they aired the theories they neither cared nor tried to put into practice. What wonder, then, if he turned from these idle theorists in contempt, and in his hatred of mere words he set-to to "clearing the ground" of antiquated prejudices and worn-out creeds? The task of construction might be left to others, but the first and most pressing need was to find the solid rock on which to raise a building more durable than that which was already toppling about their ears. The system of serfdom had struck too deeply into the social life of Russia to permit of its destruction without at the same time uprooting the most cherished institutions of the past. He consequently called himself, and is called by his friends, a Nihilist. The name has unfortunately acquired a terrible and evil meaning since Tourgenieff's novel was written. But we should be doing a manifest injustice to Bazaroff, were we for a moment to confound him with those who during the last few years have usurped the title to themselves, and by rendering it a synonym for assassin have made it an offence to every honest man. We have only to turn to the novel to discover in what sense it was originally applied to Bazaroff and his party:—

"And this M. Bazaroff, what is he in reality? asked Paul Petrovitch slowly.

"What is Bazaroff?

"Arcadie smiled. Shall I tell you, uncle, what he really is?

"If you please, nephew.

"He is a nihilist.

"What? exclaimed Nicholas Petro-

vitch, whilst his brother raised his knife with a piece of butter on the end of the blade, and sat motionless.

"He is a nihilist, repeated Arcadie.

"A nihilist, stammered Nicholas Petrovitch; that is from the Latin *nihil*, nothing, as far as I can judge. Then this word must signify a man who—who—believes in nothing.

"Say rather, who respects nothing, interrupted Paul Petrovitch, returning to his butter.

"Who looks at everything from a critical point of view, observed Arcadie.

"And is not that the same thing? asked Paul Petrovitch.

"No, not exactly. A nihilist is a man who bows before no authority, however honoured it may be, and accepts of no principle unproved.

"And do you think that is right? interrupted Paul Petrovitch.

"That depends on the individual, uncle; one man is the better for it, another very much the worse."

From this short scene we perceive that in calling his friend a nihilist Arcadie employed a term which he believed to convey no reproach, even if it did for the moment shock so confirmed a conservative as Paul Petrovitch. But it may be doubted whether the name after all is happily applied. Bazaroff, to be a nihilist in Tourgenieff's signification of the word, should profess exclusively negational and abolitionary doctrines, whereas he is represented in the novel as endowed with positive qualities and as advocating positive principles. Call him a Positivist, and he is intelligible; baptise him a Nihilist, and he is inconsistent and contradictory; for his nihilism is confined to criticising the institutions of his country. Moreover, absolute denial is scarcely ever to be found in an individual; it never can be the characteristic of a whole generation. In those identical points where Bazaroff seems to be most negative, he is really positive. Does he deny art? By that denial he affirms the inferiority of art to nature.

Does he deny the existence of love when it is bound by guarantees and conditions? By that denial he affirms the purity of love, inasmuch as the union of two ideas so opposed as love and bargaining is unseemly and degrading. Does he deny that nature is a temple? By that denial he affirms work in nature's workshop to be man's highest mission and function. Nor must we charge him with the follies and extravagances of those who profess to be his followers. There will always be Sietinkoffs and Kouschkines, who echo the cry of the hour, but who, no matter what character they assume—sentimentalist, misanthrope, or philosopher—the wise man will never confound with the real workers.

When we thus systematically catalogue the traits in Bazaroff's character, it may seem impossible, I do not say to love, but even to tolerate or respect him. But, in truth, the more we study his nature, the better acquainted we become with the stern sincerity of his life, the less strong does our aversion to him grow. He may displease and irritate us, we may wish that he were less cold and calculating, but we can never despise him. "If," as M. Paesareff has well said, "Bazaroffism be a malady, it is the malady of our days, so widely spread, that in spite of all our palliatives or amputations we must learn to endure it as best we can. We may call it a good or an evil, as we like—but stay its progress we cannot, for it pervades the very air we breathe." Nor must we forget that Bazaroff, like most men, is better than his creed. Those tenderer instincts which he theoretically decries and ridicules in others are none the less strong within his own heart, nor has he by any schooling been able entirely to suppress them. The severity of the struggle against what he believes to be a weakness only serves to proclaim the strength and loftiness of his character. Of this we have a striking illustration in his affection for his aged parents. He inveighs against what he calls "pam-

pering the old people," and spends as little of his time as possible at home, seizing any pretext to stay with one or another of his friends, since only thus can he pursue his studies without perpetual interruption. "At home it is impossible to do anything," he explains to Arcadie; "here at least you can shut yourself up and work. My father, it is true, tells me his room is at my service, but never likes me to be out of his sight. And I am ashamed to close the door on the old man. And it is the same with my mother. I hear her groaning and sighing in the next room, and then I have to leave off and go to her, and . . . how refuse her?" There is a kindliness of feeling in these words that belies the cold sternness of his scientific rules of life. And the half-shame with which he thus yields to the influence of our common nature is altogether abandoned when, brought face to face with death, he first feels the real strength of that love he had sought to deny. He reminds his weeping father and mother that now is the moment to prove the power of the faith which they have all their lives professed; and when they hesitatingly beseech him to avail himself of the last consolations of religion, he consents, if by so doing he "can only please them."

And so Bazaroff dies, imperfectly grasping, and only so far as his own peasant home is concerned, the true nature of the work required of her children by Russia—failing to comprehend it in its full and wide significance. It was a great thing to reject the idle sentimentalism of the talkers, but his hatred of cant at times gave an unreflecting harshness to his zeal for denial. "The Russian *moujik*," he on one occasion declares, "is like the mysterious stranger we meet with in the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe. Who understands him? He does not even understand himself." And the poor *moujik* is unceremoniously banished from the world of politics and sent back to his predestined sphere of ignorance,

neglect, and bondage. But the difficulty so conveniently shirked as being insoluble, still remains in all its puzzling force. For it is precisely the *moujik*, with his unknown wants, his untried capacities, and his unredressed wrongs, that must form the chief and principal figure in the future political and social programme of Russia. The wide chasm that separates him from the intellectual and titled classes must be bridged over; the tie that should bind the different ranks of society together in one mutual work of progress and civilisation must be recognised; and all attempts at reform will prove barren, unless founded on the great truth that it is in the people, rather than in the artificial refinement of the upper classes, that Russia must look for the real strength and power of a nation. It was this belief which inspired Insaroff with the firm assurance that the work to which he devoted his life must in the end triumph over all hindrances and difficulties, since, to quote once more his words, "the veriest boor, the lowest beggar, has but one and the same end in view with myself."

This, it seems to me, is the lesson we should draw from Tourgenieff's *Fathers and Children*; and if we need any justification for so interpreting his work, we have only to turn to his latest novels, *Smoke*, and *Virgin Soil*, in which he continues his war against Bazaroff and his party. In both there is much to irritate and annoy; the attack is in many places unnecessarily vehement; and it may be questioned whether Bazaroff himself could be more negative or more destructive. One of the characters in *Smoke*, Potoogine, who plays the part of a Greek chorus, and into whose mouth are put the author's own sentiments, in a violent diatribe against modern Russia declares that, "if the nation were suddenly to disappear from the face of the earth, and if at the same time everything which this nation has invented were to disappear from this palace"—that is,

the Crystal Palace in London—"our good little mother, orthodox Russia, might depart to the infernal regions without loosening a single nail, without deranging a single pin; all would remain peaceably in its place; because our three most important productions, the *samovar*, the peasant's shoes, and the knout, were not even invented by ourselves." There are, indeed, passages in the work that would almost lead us to infer that it is not of Russian progress only, but of progress in general, that Tourgenieff despairs, believing apparently that all our efforts are in vain, that we can make no step forward, and that all our boasted triumphs of civilisation are but illusions and cheats. "Smoke, smoke! Litvienoff repeated many times; and forthwith everything seemed to him to be nothing but smoke: his own life, Russian life, everything human, especially everything Russian! He called to mind all that had passed under his eyes during the last few years, not without thunder and great tumult; Smoke, he muttered, smoke! He called to mind the disorderly discussions, the noise in Goubareff's rooms, the disputes of other people, high and low, progressive and retrograde, old and young. Smoke, he repeated, smoke and vapour! He remembered the famous picnic, the remarks and speeches of great statesmen, and even everything that Potoogine had extolled—and it was all smoke and nothing more!"

But these and similar passages cannot be accepted as fairly interpreting the creed of Tourgenieff. They are evidently written under the influence of a feeling to which all of us at one moment or another are too inclined to abandon ourselves. Rather, let us turn to the healthier utterances of this same Litvienoff as, returning from abroad after a long absence, he notes the changes that have been effected in the political and social position of his country. "The new had not yet struck root, and the old had lost all its strength; incompetency jostled side by side with falsehood and insincerity; life was shaken to the foundation; the firm soil had become a treacherous marsh; and only the one mighty word, Liberty, brooded like the Spirit of God on the face of the troubled waters." In these last words is summed up that sure and certain faith, in whose name men march fearlessly forward, and which no sarcasms of a Potoogine can destroy or even impair. The gift of liberty to millions of enslaved serfs was but the first concession to the modern spirit of progress, the first tardy recognition of the belief to which the leaders of the Russian people have remained faithful through long years of repression and persecution—the belief that their country is destined to play a dominant and worthy part in the new phase of civilisation on which we are now only entering.

CHARLES EDWARD TURNER.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAFALGAR.

THOUGH from the vigour of the narrative and the beauty of its style deservedly one of the most popular works in the English language, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, in its account of Trafalgar is, in many important particulars, so inaccurate, from his having adopted authorities which were but of equivocal value, that it is desirable to correct these errors while there yet remain amongst us survivors of the battle to attest the accuracy of our corrections.

Thus, for instance, he states—and his statement has become an article of universal belief, especially amongst his countrymen—that when Nelson's ever memorable signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," appeared at the mast-head of the *Victory*, it was received with three cheers by every ship in the fleet, and excited, both among officers and men, the most unbounded enthusiasm. "The shout with which it was received throughout the fleet," says Captain Blackwood of the *Euryalus*, "was truly sublime." This statement is purely and simply a fable. No such ebullition ever took place, for owing to the lightness, or rather the utter absence of any wind, and the mill-pond smoothness of the sea, at such an immense distance were the ships scattered from each other, and for so short a time was the signal flying, that *only a few of them ever saw it*. Moving under the heaviest canvas they could carry, at the rate of only two knots an hour, so far apart were the lee and weather columns of the squadron, that the battle in fact was fought and won by twelve or fourteen ships out of the twenty-seven, before the remainder could reach the scene of action, Lord Collingwood in the

Royal Sovereign being engaged in the thickest of the fight while the rear of the column was still six miles distant. To this cause is attributable the fact that out of his whole combined force, twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, Nelson's famous signal is mentioned in the logs of only six of the squadron, the *Spartiate*, *Revenge*, *Defiance*, and *Polyphemus*, and the two signal-repeating frigates, *Naiad* and *Euryalus*, and even of that small number by one, and *one only*, with any exhibition of enthusiasm. "At 11.35," says the log of the *Polyphemus*, "the *Victory* made the general telegraph signal, 'England expects that every man will do his duty,' which, being told to the ship's company, was answered by three cheers, and returned by the *Dreadnought* on our starboard beam." This is the one solitary expression of enthusiasm to be found throughout the flotilla, the entry in the logs of the other five ships simply recording the appearance of the signal in the baldest, driest, most unheroic manner. That it was hoisted, and that they saw it, is all that they relate concerning it. Of enthusiasm and boundless heroism throughout the fleet there was undoubtedly no lack, but it certainly did not display itself in the form described by Southey, as is proved by those who were themselves present at the battle.

"Lord Nelson's 'England expects, &c., was sublime," says the late Admiral Sir Hercules Robinson, then a midshipman of the *Euryalus*, in his pleasant *brochure* entitled *Sea Drift*, "but then here is the historical lie, 'It was received throughout the fleet with shouts of acclamation and excited unbounded enthusiasm.' Why,

it was noted in the signal book and the logs, and that was all about it; we certainly *never heard one word about it in our ship till we heard of our alleged transports on our return to England.*" Much to the same negative effect is the account which the late Captain Pasco, Nelson's Flag Lieutenant, gives of Nelson's communication of the signal itself to him on the morning of the battle. "His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pasco, I want to say to the fleet, England confides that every man will do his duty;' and he added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to add, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute "expects" for "confides" the signal will soon be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary, and "confides" must be spelt.' His lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pasco; make it directly.' When it had been answered *by a few ships in the van*, he ordered me to make the signal for close action, and to keep it up; accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top gallant mast-head, and there it remained until shot away." (*Nelson's Despatches and Letters*, by Sir Harris Nicolas.)

Similarly in his account of the manner in which, as he alleges, the man who had shot Nelson was himself soon after in his turn shot down, Southey, relying on the apocryphal authority of Messrs. Clarke and MacArthur's *Memoirs of Lord Nelson*, has done great injustice to the late Lieutenant Pollard, who, as his signal midshipman, helped to hoist Lord Nelson's famous "England expects," &c., and afterwards, though then but a lad of eighteen, single-handed and alone, heroically avenged his great commander's death, a deed which, it has been justly said, will live in history as long as Trafalgar is remembered. In this account, which is one

of the most graphic passages of his book, Southey declares that on seeing their beloved admiral fall, the crew of the *Victory* so vigorously replied to the fire of the enemy that it was not long before only two Frenchmen were left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of these was the man who had given the fatal wound; he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire, and easily recognised him because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only three persons left on the *Victory's* poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master,—as he cried out, "That's he! that's he!" and pointed at the other who was coming forward to fire—received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same moment, and the man dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

Of this elaborate and circumstantial statement, it is alike painful and humiliating to declare that there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end. It is merely a sensational romance. The man who shot Lord Nelson was *not* easily recognised; he was never recognised at all. How could he be? Beyond the fact that the fatal ball was fired from the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*, and that *all* the men there stationed were subsequently killed, nothing was ever known of the individual marksman. No such encounter as Southey describes ever took place between him and the two young midshipmen of the *Victory*, nor did they, or either of them, repairing thither, ever find him lying dead in the mizen-top of the

Redoubtable with one ball through his head and another through his breast. They could not possibly have done so, for some twenty minutes before she surrendered the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable* went by the board, and when she was taken possession of by the captors she was floating "a log upon the main" in the waters of the Atlantic.

Aggrieved by Southey's ascribing to another a participation in the glory which all the navy knew belonged exclusively to himself, and which in the praise and imperishable fame it brought him was the only reward he ever received, Lieutenant Pollard, on my making him aware of the injustice he had done him, gave me the following correction of Southey's mis-statements:—

"On the appearance of your letter in the *Times* containing the extract from Southey's *Life of Lord Nelson*, which I had never before seen, I had two letters sent me from two of the very few surviving officers of the *Victory* (Captain Carslake, who was mate, and Mr. Goble, who was acting secretary after poor Scott's death), expressing their surprise at another claiming to be a participator with me in avenging Lord Nelson's death, and confirming, by the accompanying paper attested by their joint signatures, my statement that I was *alone* concerned in that achievement. It is true my old friend Collingwood came on the poop after I had for some time discovered the men in the tops of the *Redoubtable*. They were in a crouching posture, and rose breast-high to fire. I pointed them out to Collingwood as I took my aim; he took up a musket, fired *once*, and then left the poop, and I concluded returned to his own station on the quarter-deck. I remained firing at the top

till not a man was seen; the last one I discovered coming down the mizen rigging, and from my fire he fell also. I did not, as Southey asserts, ever go on board the *Redoubtable* after the action, and therefore could not have seen the man lying in the mizen-top with one ball in his head and the other through his breast. King, the quarter-master, was killed while in the act of handing me a parcel of ball cartridges, long after Collingwood left the poop. I was on the poop from the time the men were beat to quarters till late in the evening. I was the first officer struck there, as a splinter hit my right arm; a musket ball next passed through my spy-glass, about a foot from the hand in which I held it, and a second shattered the watch in my pocket. At the conclusion of the action I was the only officer left alive of all who had originally been stationed on the poop; of 120 men who formed the complement of our upper deck the enemy shortly after the commencement of the battle killed or wounded all but about twenty. On the poop I remained till the action was over, and assisted in rigging the jury-mast. Then I was ushered into the ward-room, where Sir Thomas Hardy and other officers were assembled, and complimented by them on avenging Lord Nelson's death, which fact was afterwards stated in the *Gazette*.

As Southey's work is of such high authority and such universal circulation, it is but just and reasonable to suggest that in all its future editions these facts stated in his own vindication by Lieutenant Pollard, should appear *in extenso*, that it may not transmit to posterity the wrong it now does him by ascribing to him divided honours in an achievement which indisputably belonged to him *alone*. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

CHARLES R. HYATT.

JAMES AND JOHN STUART MILL: TRADITIONAL AND PERSONAL MEMORIALS.

“Who does i’ the wars more than his captain
can,
Becomes his captain’s captain.”
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 1.

“THE united careers of the two Mills,” remarks Dr. Bain, who has just published a *Biography* of James, and a *Criticism* of John Mill, “covered exactly a century.” On the 6th of April, 1773, James Mill was born, and on the 7th of May, 1873, John Mill died. As many years before the outbreak of the French Revolution the former came into the world as, from the time that the latter left it, the years will probably be before the outbreak of a no less needed than, at length, imminent European Revolution. Very cursory must here be my notes and reflections on their “united careers.” But there was a certain degree of romance in the earlier life of the elder Mill, and in the connection of his mother’s family with the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745; and there was very much of romance—very much, that is, of enthusiastic and self-devoted feeling—in John Stuart Mill’s affection for the lady who for twenty long years was but his friend, and but for seven short years his wife. Family traditions enable me to correct and amplify what Dr. Bain records of the earlier life of the *Historian of British India* and *Analyst of the Human Mind*; and personal circumstances, and particularly a recent visit to Avignon, enable me also to amplify, and it may be to correct, what Dr. Bain says of the single passion of the great Logician’s and Political Economist’s life. What I have to say also, or rather to suggest, in the way of philosophical criticism, will be founded

on my personal discussions and correspondence with Mr. J. S. Mill. But I shall sandwich my philosophy with biography. I shall introduce my criticism, or rather suggestion of a criticism, with a brief account of what seems of most interest in the earlier life of James Mill; and conclude with a brief description of the Provençal Tomb of John Stuart Mill and his wife, and of the Cottage he lived in near it, for the years between her death and his own.

I.

To say that Rousseau, “Ossian” Macpherson, and Voltaire were in the full tide of their vogue must here sufficiently indicate the rapidly advancing revolutionary movements of the great world when James Mill was born, in April, 1773, into the little world of the Forfarshire parish of Logie Pert. His father, a shoemaker, while working at his trade in Edinburgh, before settling in what would appear to have been his native parish, met and married a girl of the same county, who had gone to service in the capital, and was then but seventeen years old. This girl, Isabel Fenton, was the daughter of a farmer, said to have been, before the Rebellion of 1745, a proprietor. “Isabel, at all events, looked upon herself as one that had fallen from a better estate. Her pride took the form of haughty superiority to the other cottagers’ wives, and also entered into her determination to rear her eldest son to some higher destiny. She could do “fine work,” but was not so much in her element in the common drudgery of her lot. A saying of hers to her husband is still remembered—‘If you give

me porridge I'll die, but give me tea and I'll live.' . . . She was the object of no small spite among the villagers from her presumption in bringing up her eldest son to be a gentleman. . . . But it was the fancy of those that knew her that *she* was the source of her son's intellectual energy."

Of more, however, I fancy, than her son's "intellectual energy," she and the stock of which she came were the source. Dr. Bain may be right, from his point of view, in speaking of Forfarshire as the chief part of the Lowlands "that was so *infatuated* as to take the field for the Pretender." But the theory of heredity may, perhaps, support one in questioning whether the strain of chivalric self-devotion visible in James Mill, and conspicuous in John Stuart Mill, would have shown itself as it did in either of them had their maternal ancestors *not* been capable of the "infatuation" of rising for Prince Charlie. Isabel Fenton's father joined the regiment of Lord Ogilvie. The adjutant of this regiment was Captain James Stuart, the younger brother of Stuart of Inchbreck,¹ in the adjoining county of Kincardine. Accompanying Captain Stuart went several of his brother's tenants, and particularly the Burnesses. Thus, in the same insurgent regiment, serving side by side, were the ancestors of insurgents of a higher order—nay, revolutionists—Burns and the two Mills. After the defeat of the Prince at Culloden, Captain Stuart had many hairbreadth escapes from the Duke of Cumberland's troopers, and, with a price set on his head, had to trust to the fidelity of the tenants of his brother and the neighbouring proprietors, while for months he lay concealed or wandered about in various disguises, and latterly in woman's

clothes, till he got a ship to France. As the old ballad runs—

"Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long.

Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
For the night it is dark, and the redcoat is gone."

Entering the French Army, and serving with distinction in the Seven Years' War, in which he had the satisfaction of seeing the "Butcher" Cumberland surrender with 40,000 men, Captain Stuart was created a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and died at St. Omer in 1776.² Doubtless this and other such *Waverley* stories of her father's regiment would be known to "the proud" Isabel Fenton and told to her son.

"The excellent and able minister of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Peters, Mill's friend all through," introduced him to his (Dr. Peters's) brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart of Inchbreck, nephew of the Chevalier James Stuart just mentioned, and Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. While at the Montrose Academy, "then one of the most renowned burgh schools of Scotland," Mill appears to have made long walking excursions, one as far as Aberdeen, with his class-fellow, Joseph Hume; and it is said that, on the Aberdeen excursion, having climbed the famous castle rock of Dunnottar, "Mill had to hold Hume by the collar while he was venturing down the precipices." By Mr. Stuart, James Mill was afterwards introduced as tutor to the children of his relative, Mr. Burnet of Elrick, "one of the heads of the family that gave birth to Bishop Burnet." According to the story often told by a daughter of Mr.

¹ A branch of the Family of the Earl of Castle Stuart, and lineally and legitimately descended, through the Dukes of Albany, from Robert II. See *A Genealogical and Historical Account of the Family of Castle Stuart*, by the Hon. and Rev. Godfrey Stuart.

² See the *Memoir* prefixed to *Essays chiefly on Scottish Antiquities*, by John Stuart of Inchbreck. Captain Stuart kept a diary of the campaign in a pocket-book—still preserved. It extends from the 18th October, 1745, to the 21st April, 1746, and is printed under the title, *March of the Highland Army in the years 1745—46*, in the *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, vol. i. pp. 275—345.

Stuart, and cousin of these Burnets, this tutorship ended rather abruptly. After dinner, one day, in the town-house of the Burnets—now, I believe, 50, Schoolhill, and overlooking the old Grammar School, where Byron was a class-fellow of her brothers'—Elrick (in those days, lairds were always called, like lords, by the names of their places) made a haughty motion with his thumb to the tutor to leave the table. "Jimmie Mill," as he was always called by the lady referred to, with the proud spirit of his mother, resented this so much that he not only left the room but left the house, and went immediately to tell his friend, Professor Stuart, in the old College, once a Monastery of the Franciscans or Grey Friars. And Mr. Stuart—a man not unlike, I fancy, Scott's Antiquary—though he said to him jokingly, quoting the old proverb, "Ye maun jouk, Jimmie, man, and lat the jaw gang ower!" had yet enough generosity of feeling to approve rather than blame the conduct of his *protégé*; and he now introduced, or, if an introduction had already been given, again recommended "Jimmie Mill" to his friend and neighbour in the country, Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn.¹

Mill's tutorship in this family (whether it preceded or followed the Burnet tutorship appears uncertain) enabled him, in 1790, to matriculate at the University of Edinburgh, where the Fettercairn family resided in winter. His pupil was their only daughter. "She had reached an interesting age, and made a lasting impression on his mind. He spoke of her in later years with some warmth,

¹ Dr. Bain gives a very imperfect version of this story. He prefers another of Mill's dismissal from a tutorship at the Marquis of Tweeddale's in consequence of his having drunk the health at table of one of the Marquis's daughters, his pupil. But considering the sobriety of Mill's character; still more, his social rank as a village shoemaker's son; and the high state kept up, and strict distinctions observed, in the households of "persons of quality" in the end of the last century, and particularly in Scotland, such a story seems to me hardly credible.

putting it in the form of her great kindness to him." But on a greater than Mill Miss Stuart made a "lasting impression." She was Sir Walter Scott's first love. While James Mill was supporting himself at the University by giving lessons to Miss Stuart, with feelings which the poor tutor dared not look, still less utter; Walter Scott, two years older, and about to be, or already called to the Bar, was getting into the dangerous habit of seeing her home on Sunday from the Greyfriars' Church. In youth, this passion kept him from all lower loves; and in age, he is found copying verses of hers. But this romantic attachment of a great genius—this passionate love as pure in youth as it was tender in age—the object of it reciprocated after the discerning fashion of Dante's Beatrice, and Petrarch's Laura, Byron's Miss Chaworth, and so many more, and married, at one-and-twenty, the wealthy, but otherwise undistinguished, son of a banker.²

In 1797—the year, by the way, of Miss Stuart's marriage—Mill finished his Divinity course. Among the prescribed discourses he then delivered it may be noted that there was an "exegesis" in Latin on the question, "*Num sit Dei cognitio naturalis?*" And on the 4th October, 1798, the Presbytery, of which his friend, the Rev. Dr. Peters, was Moderator, "Did and hereby Do License him, the said Mr. James Mill, to Preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Imagine James Mill preaching the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour! He failed, however, to obtain a church. And his defeat in the attempt to become minister of the pleasant village of Craig near Montrose, is said to have been "the

² See Lockhart (he refers to her, however, only as the daughter of a northern baronet), *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 162—165, 215, 231—244. Scott's rival was a son of Sir William Forbes, and as Mrs. Forbes she became the mother of the distinguished Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh. See the *Life of Forbes*, in which her portrait is given along with her husband's.

immediate cause of his going to London." To London, any way, he went in the beginning of 1802; and it should seem that he made the journey in the company of Sir John Stuart. He was now in the thirtieth year of his age. Whatever there was of romance in his life was past. He married in 1805. But "there was disappointment on both sides; the union was never happy." They had, however, nine children—the first, named after Sir John Stuart at his own special request; the second after his daughter, Wilhelmina Forbes.

In the year of the birth of John Stuart Mill, 1806, his father commenced the *History of British India*. The publication of this work, in 1818, led to his being appointed at the India House, in 1819, Assistant to the Examiner of Indian Correspondence, at a salary of 800*l.* a year. But for this, he might possibly have been either Professor of Greek, or Professor of Moral Philosophy, at Edinburgh; and not only would his own career have been somewhat, but his son's exceedingly, altered. As it was, his bitter struggle to make ends meet by literary work was now, at forty-six years of age, over; and his salary rose to 2,000*l.* a year as Chief Examiner. His *Analysis of the Human Mind*, begun in 1822, was published in 1829. But, amid all his official, philosophical, and political work, "he cherished," says Dr. Bain, "the associations and the companions of his early days." He loved Scotch songs. He delighted in the birds that fed in his garden. He cherished flowers, and enjoyed rural surroundings. And he could speak of his early struggles, in general terms, with much feeling." He can never, therefore, have forgotten the little cottage by the North Water Bridge, and the old Scottish Manse of Logie, with the burn brightly tinkling through the green in front amid scents of thyme, sweetbriar, and broom. With some of those to whom it is only a tradition of nearly a hundred years

ago, the Manse of Logie still abides in memory as an ideal scene of godliness, peacefulness, and well-doing, while there raged afar the storms of the French Revolution.

Not only as the author of the *History of British India*, of an *Analysis of the Human Mind*, of several minor works, and a multitude of essays and articles of all kinds; but as "a born leader, a king of men," at a very critical period of English history; a man of whom Dr. Bain does not exaggerate the calibre when he says that "had Mill not appeared on the stage at the opportune moment, the whole cast of political thinking at the time of the Reform-settlement must have been very inferior in point of sobriety and ballast to what it was"—James Mill must be long remembered with esteem and gratitude. But it is his own biographer and eulogist who writes also as follows: "It was said of the famous Swedish chemist Bergmann that he had made many discoveries, but his greatest was the discovery of Scheele. In like manner it will be said of James Mill that his greatest contribution to human progress was his son, whom he educated to be his fellow-worker and successor." No apology can, therefore, be needed for devoting the couple of pages, all that is here at my disposal for remarks on their "united careers," not indeed even to the most cursory criticism, but to suggestions as to the true starting-point of a criticism of the philosophical system of the son.

II.

It was at Athens that I first met John Stuart Mill. "Greece," says Dr. Bain, "was the home of his affections in the ancient world." I found him amusing himself reading the *Comedies* of Aristophanes, and arranging the trophies of the only "sport" he cared for, the hunting of—plants. I was introduced to him, I believe, by our fellow-countryman, Mr. Finlay,

the historian of *Greece from the Roman Conquest*, a work, no unworthy complement of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The chief object of the introduction was that I might give him a fuller account of the circumstances of the recent death, he so greatly lamented, of Mr. Buckle at Damascus. Continuing our travels, we met several times afterwards at Constantinople, at Broussa, in a memorable excursion to the snowy summit of the Bithynian Olympus, and finally at Vienna. And various were the subjects discussed at these various places.

But I had just come from months of discussion with Mr. Buckle in Arabia, Palestine, and Syria. Of these discussions the central subject had been Mr. Buckle's peculiar theory about Moral Forces. A true theory of Moral Forces, could, as I believed, be arrived at only through a general investigation of the whole subject of Causation. Already, before I met Mr. Buckle, it had appeared to me that such an investigation should start from the results of physical research and its great generalisation, the new principle of the Conservation of Force.¹ And hence, the question I chiefly urged on Mr. Mill in these Eastern discussions was the bearing of this principle of Conservation, not only on fundamental physical conceptions, but, through the principle of Coexistence which it suggested, on the whole system of received philosophical doctrines.²

On returning to London, these dis-

¹ I had already endeavoured to show the bearing of this principle on our fundamental conceptions of Matter; that it was utterly opposed to the conception still defended by Professor Challis, of Cambridge, the conception of Atoms, as little, hard, *self-existent* bodies; and that it required a new conception of Atoms, as *coexistents*. See *Reports of the British Association*, 1859, "Physical and Mathematical Section," p. 58; and a series of papers on *The Science of Motion* in the *Philosophical Magazine*, 1861.

² See my letter on *The Principle of the Conservation of Force*, and Mr. Mill's "*System of Logic*," *Nature*, vol. i. p. 583.

cussions were renewed—Mr. Mill, with his characteristic kindness to young men, entering into a long correspondence with me on the subject. For the method I followed of proceeding from Physics to Metaphysics met, I need not say, with his entire approval. He was then working at his *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*, which was "the chief part of his occupation for the two years" after his travels in Greece and Asia Minor. And, as Dr. Bain says, "He was much exercised upon the whole subject of indestructibility of Force. His reading of Spencer, Tyndall, and others landed Mill in a host of difficulties which," Dr. Bain says, "he did what he could to clear up."

About this time I found, on reading Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysics*, which I had not hitherto perused, that he, as the result of a long course of metaphysical research, had arrived at conclusions similar to some of those which had been suggested to me by the results of physical research—namely, that, in giving expression to his ideas, he had been led to use a phrase almost identical with that in which I had formulated my New Principle. "Hence," says Ferrier, in closing a train of argument, "it may be truly said that *Every Existence is a Coexistence*." So I brought this at once under the notice of Mr. Mill, hoping thereby to strengthen my arguments for that new principle of Coexistence which was, with me, the development of the principle of Conservation—*Every Existence has a determined and determining Coexistence*.

Dr. Bain says that, soon after apparently, Mr. Mill "wrote him a long criticism of Ferrier's *Institutes*. 'I thought,' said Mr. Mill, 'Ferrier's book quite *sui generis* when I first read it, and I think so more than ever after reading it again.'" But it is to be regretted that Dr. Bain does not give us fuller extracts from this "long criticism of Ferrier." He tells us only that Mr. Mill thought "his system one of pure scepticism, very skilfully clothed

in dogmatic language." But this makes one desirous to know how, and why?—giving one a sensation, indeed, of unsatisfied curiosity like that suffered by the Yankee, who, having promised to ask a stranger no further questions than this last one, "How he lost his leg?" was answered, "It was bit off!"

But however similar two doctrines may appear to be in some of their formulas, if their origins have been different, different also will certainly be their essential characters. Whether the theory of Coexistence developed by Ferrier from a metaphysical basis be "a system of pure scepticism" or not; a theory of Coexistence, developed from a physical basis, will, I believe, be found the reverse of such a system. The principle of Coexistence, developed from the principle of Conservation, finds its fuller expression in a new general theory of Causation. In this theory, Causes are distinguished as physical, metaphysical, and ethical; defined, not as forces, but as relations; and correlated as complementary expressions of that conception of *mutual determination* which is implied in Coexistence. And what I would suggest as to the criticism of Mill's whole philosophical system is, that the true starting-point of such a criticism is a general theory of Causation based on that very principle of Conservation which, according to Dr. Bain, "landed," and, as I venture to think, rightly landed, "Mill in a host of difficulties."

For, on our general theory of Causation, whatever it may be, depends our metaphysical theory of the External World; our theological theory of God; and our ethical theory of the Moral Standard. But the theory of Causation, developed from that principle of Coexistence which is derived from the principle of Conservation, implies a Law of Thought, and leads to a Law of History. And hence, on this general theory of Causation, indirectly, at least, depends the view we take of the Association-psychology; our theory

of what is required for the completion of Logic as a science; and our whole conception of Political Economy.

III.

Those travels in Greece and Asia Minor, in the course of which I had my first discussions with Mr. Mill, were undertaken by him some four years after his retirement from official life, in consequence of the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, and after the crushing calamity by which his happy release from official work was in a few months followed—the death of his wife. We parted at the *Erzherzog Karl*, Vienna, to meet again at Blackheath, London—I, in the meantime, going northward to Kissingen; he, westward to Avignon. The way in which he spoke of his "irreparable loss," and of "the Cottage which he had bought as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and where he lived during a great portion of every year," made a deep impression on me. From that time forth I had a great desire to see Avignon. That desire did not become less strong when the tomb of his wife contained also the mortal remains of John Stuart Mill himself. At length, on my way back, last November, from a third series of Eastern travels, I was enabled to satisfy this long-cherished desire. And with some notes of this byway pilgrimage I would now amplify Dr. Bain's meagre narrative.

On the left bank of the Rhone, here dividing Provence from Languedoc; opposite the stately towers of Villeneuve, formerly a frontier-fortress of France; surrounded—save on the side towards the Rhone where precipices make other defence unnecessary—by fine walls of the middle of the fourteenth century; with its old Fortress-palace of the Popes, surprising one with the simplicity of its lofty and massive grandeur, considering how

effeminate was the luxury, how licentious the profligacy of its priestly owners; with a Cathedral, the chapel of this colossal Castle, founded on the rock, and chiefly of the eleventh century; with numerous other churches, and that especially of St. Claire, in which Petrarch first saw Laura; and with its grandly ribbed bridge of St. Benezet of the twelfth century—the famous *Pont d'Avignon* celebrated in nursery rhymes wherever the French language is spoken¹ — Avignon, more vividly, perhaps, than any other town, recalls the Feudal Period, and particularly that magnificent century of the first clear beginnings of the upbreak of the Catholico-Feudal System—the fourteenth. The last Crusade belongs to the end of the previous century. Another was now impossible. Boniface VIII. was the last of the great Popes, the heirs of Gregory VII. The papal court at Avignon became a most edifying scandal in the beginning, and Wickliffe made the first English translation of the Bible towards the end, of the century. It was the century of the first rise of the Ottoman Power, and its first conquests in Europe—the fruits of that Fourth Crusade, which had been, in fact, a great European Civil War. It was the century of Bannockburn (1314); of Cressy (1346); and of Poitiers (1356). It was the century of the battle of Tarifa (1340), and the first use of cannons; of the first use, in the West, of the mariner's compass, and thus the preparation for the discovery of the New World. It was

¹ Sur le Pont d'Avignon
On y danse, on y danse!
Sur le Pont d'Avignon
On y danse, tout en rond!
Les Messieurs font comme ça, et les Dames
font comme ça!
Sur le Pont d'Avignon, &c.

Why on the Bridge of Avignon of all places in the world? The reason seems clear when one sees the Bridge which has for centuries extended to but the middle of the rushing Rhone. It thus became probably a feat of boastful childish daring to dance on the grand old ruin.

the century, in the far north of Scotland, of Barbour, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with his epic of *The Bruce*; and of the more honoured, but less worthy, predecessors of Blind Harry the Minstrel, with his lay of *The Wallace*. It was the century of Cimabue and Giotto; the century of the first germs of the Renaissance; the century of Dante, of Boccaccio, and of Petrarch.

Avignon, during the whole of this fourteenth century (1309-1418), was the seat of the Popes or Antipopes; and, for some twenty years (1327-1348) of that dissolute period, it was the impure scene of the pure passion of Petrarch and Laura. Biographical details have a scientific interest only in their general psychological or historical relations. I would fain, therefore, contrast what Petrarch wrote of his Madonna with what Mill wrote of his Wife. (They lie buried at no great distance from each other.) One would thus, I think, see finely illustrated the immense change wrought by these 500 years, both in the Ideal of Womanhood, and in the whole conception of Human Life. For this, however, I have here no space. And I must conclude my historical description of the place of Mill's tomb with but the remark that the tortures of the Inquisition Chamber of the Papal Palace at Avignon were avenged, in October, 1791, by the massacre of the Tower of the Icehouse (*glacière*); that there was, at that time, "a very good twice-a-week paper in Edinburgh, *The Courant*, which regularly reported the proceedings in France;" and that James Mill was then preparing for his second session at the University, and keenly interested in the progress of the French Revolution.

Sixty-seven years later, Avignon became sacred to his son as the scene of the death of his wife, after seven years of marriage succeeding twenty of friendship, and sacred as the place of her tomb. Thus he writes in his *Autobiography*:—"The final revision

of the *Liberty* was to have been a work of the winter after my retirement, which we had arranged to pass in the South of Europe. That hope and every other were frustrated by the most unexpected and bitter calamity of her death—at Avignon, on our way to Montpellier, from a sudden attack of pulmonary congestion.” In a letter to a friend, written at Avignon, he says: “The medical men here could do nothing for her, and before the physician at Nice, who saved her life once before, could arrive, all was over.”

Through the narrow and now dull enough streets of Petrarch’s “Babylon,” one reaches the Porte St. Lazare. Then one turns to the right outside the walls, and after a while one comes to a road to the left that brings one, by a dark avenue of pines, to the cypress-planted Cemetery. I wandered about for some time among the tombs of the Catholics. Very curiously illustrative of the theory of the origin of Religion in worship of the Dead were these tombs. For all of them were more or less of chapels, though most of them, of course, too small to be more than dolls’ chapels. Archæologically interesting, however, as they might be, they were æsthetically tawdry, for the most part, to the last degree. Getting a little tired of my search for the tomb I had come specially to see, I at last asked my way, and was directed to the Cemetery of the Protestants, who are numerous and wealthy at Avignon, and found it divided from the rest by a high cypress hedge. And this was the style of that noble tomb. Within a square of low iron railing a border of flowers in profuse November bloom; within this, a narrow gravel walk; and then, a plain, entirely undecorated, but massive table-tomb of the purest white marble. The name of John Stuart Mill is on one end, and along one side, with the dates of his birth and death, but no word more. And on the flat upper surface is this inscription—

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“To the beloved memory of
HARRIET MILL,
the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of
JOHN STUART MILL.

Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, and the example in goodness, as she was the sole earthly comfort of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survive her, at Avignon, November 3rd, 1858.”

I do not know when I ever read anything that, by virtue of the intense and noble feeling expressed, made a deeper impression on me than this epitaph—reading it, as I did, on the white marble tomb, amid the autumnal air, and in the sunset glow suffused on the cypress-planted Provençal Cemetery. Dr. Bain remarks on the “wordiness of the composition,” and would apparently have preferred what he might have judged a more “polished elegy.” He has also much to say of Mr. Mill’s “extraordinary hallucination as to the personal qualities of his wife,” and his “outraging of all reasonable credibility” with respect to her. But Dr. Bain admits that “Mill was not such an egotist as to be captivated by the mere echo of his own opinions.” Those, he thinks, who would account for Mrs. Mill’s ascendancy by her giving back to him all his views in her own form, “in all probability, misconceive the whole situation. . . . The ways of inducing him to exert his powers in talk, which was a standing pleasure of his life, cannot be summed up under either agreement or opposition. It supposed independent resources on the part of his fellow-talker, and a good mutual understanding as to the proper conditions of the problem at issue.” This certainly implies, for a woman, quite exceptional sympathies and faculties “on the part of Mill’s fellow-talker.”

Mill himself said, "What was abstract and purely scientific was generally mine; the properly human element came from her; in all that concerned the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society and progress I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgment." Dr. Bain admits that, in such statements, "we are enabled to form a probable estimate of what his wife really was to him." And such admissions, I think, are alone enough to convict of exaggeration such phrases as "extraordinary hallucination," &c.

A comparison of what Petrarch wrote of his Madonna with what Mill wrote of his Wife, would, as I have hinted, have shown great changes in these 500 years. But in one thing these 500 years have not brought change—nor these 5,000 years—in the need of the human heart for uttermost union, oneness with, life in, another. This, amid the meannesses, the basenesses, of the vast majority of mankind, this is that haven which so many long for, so few ever attain. In the Arthurian Romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the culminating epoch of the Feudal Period, this "*solitude à deux éternellement enchantée*," is symbolised in the life of Merlin and Viviana, after he has yielded to her the Secret of Entombment. In the Romances of Petrarch's century the story has already undergone degradation, and it is anything but such a divine union that is now symbolised in the triumph of Viviana. Nor was such a union realised by Petrarch. Mill was more fortunate. "When I was happy," he said, "I never went after any one; those that wanted me might come to me." Significant words! And it is probable that the vanishing of Supernatural Ideals

will only make the need of intense and single-hearted human sympathy more felt, and draw those between whom there are any bonds of union more close in, it may be, an even exaggerated self-devotion and altruistic laudation.

Asking my way to the "*campagne*" of "*feu M. Mill l'Anglais*," I easily found it some ten minutes' walk further on along the highway. Lying back some distance from the road, in an oblong plot, with gardens, paddock, &c., lined with trees, stands the "Cottage he had bought, as close as possible to the place where she is buried"—a square, double-roofed house, with lines of three windows on each side. Here it was that he lived and worked "during a great portion of every year" of the fifteen between her death and his. For people don't die after "irreparable losses." What chiefly makes life tragic is its infinite capacity of suffering *without* dying. But of how he lived and worked during this time, I can here say nothing of what I had intended. I have already overrun my allotted space. This only can I here add: "Mill," says Dr. Bain, "disliked Grote's being buried in the Abbey, but of course attended the funeral" (1871); and as he and Dr. Bain walked out together, his remark was, "In no very long time I shall be laid in the ground with a very different ceremonial from that." Two years later this prediction was fulfilled. On the night of his death, when he was informed that he would not recover, he calmly said, "My work is done." He was buried in the tomb in which he had laid his wife. And, as Dr. Bain finely says, "no calculus can integrate the innumerable pulses of knowledge and of thought that he has made to vibrate in the minds of his generation."

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

THE STORY OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

TOLD BY OUR GRANDCHILDREN.

A HUNDRED feet below the bed of the Channel lies the gigantic ruin of one of the greatest triumphs of human skill and labour, and at the same time, of the greatest mistake of which a record can be found in the whole history of our nation. The position of the Channel Tunnel is clearly defined to the present generation by the noble memorial buildings to George Walsh, the saviour of his country, at Dover, and by the well-known Jardin Sousmarin at the French end of the subway.

At this distance of time it is difficult to realise how the cupidity of a small body of financiers can ever have prevailed over the prudence and good sense of the British nation to such an extent as to obtain for them permission to destroy the impassable barrier which Nature had placed between England and her enemies, and yet it is now a matter of history that but for the coolness and bravery of one of the humblest subjects of Queen Victoria, we should have been compelled to struggle for existence with an invading army, and what the result of such a struggle might have been, it is not pleasant to contemplate.

The construction of a submarine roadway between England and France had long been a dream of engineering enthusiasts, but it was not till the year 1880 that the matter was definitely taken in hand by a company of capitalists under the guidance of Sir Edward Watkin, a railway potentate who enjoyed a great reputation until the pronounced financial failure of his pet scheme, the great Channel Tunnel. Indeed, it may be safely asserted that but for the tremendous energy of this gentleman, the tunnel would not have been constructed till much later, at any rate, and perhaps never at all.

It must not be supposed, because the projectors of this stupendous and

dangerous scheme were ultimately successful in carrying out their plans, that they were free to do so without opposition. On the contrary, the scheme had many hostile critics, especially among military men, naturally more cognisant of the contingent risks than the general public, which was, in fact, singularly apathetic with regard to this important undertaking. One of the strongest and most distinguished opponents of the Submarine Continental Railway Company was Lord Sydenham, then Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he it was who pointed out the possibility of what actually did take place a few years later on. It is well to consider briefly the various arguments, *pro* and *con*, which were put forward when the question of a Channel Tunnel first began to interest the mind of the public to any great extent. Sir Edward Watkin claimed for it, that it would greatly facilitate communication and commerce with France, and that many more people would travel from one country to the other, especially as there would be no more "sea-sickness," and this would cement and increase the friendly feeling between the two nations. (With regard to "sea-sickness," we must remember that phosphene had not then been invented, and that many people were really deterred from travelling by the malady in question.) To this his opponents replied that communication with France was already sufficiently easy, that the railway could only reduce the time occupied from an hour and a quarter or so to about forty minutes, and that the stifling and unhealthy atmosphere of the submarine passage, which, of course, could not be provided with air-shafts, would be found to be an even greater inconvenience than sea-sickness. So far, in fact, from more people being induced to travel, they believed that very few

persons would be found willing to risk so unpleasant a journey. Sir Edward claimed that the scheme was favourably regarded by many important personages on *both* sides of the Channel, and was met with the not unnatural retort, that the approval of Frenchmen and other interested foreigners told rather against the advantage of the tunnel from an English point of view than otherwise, seeing that by it a road for invasion would be opened into our country, on which no hostile force had ever succeeded in getting a footing, in spite of numerous attempts. True, a new road would also be opened into France, but where so many already existed that could not count for much. The supporters of the project declared that in the event of war with France the enemy could never use the tunnel as a means of invasion, because we could so easily guard our end as to make it impassable, and besides by the simple process of stopping the ventilating engines, a body of troops in the tunnel could be easily suffocated. This was readily agreed to by the military critics, who, however, as we have stated, put forth the argument that our end might be seized by a *coup de main*, and be held, even by a small force, sufficiently long to admit of a column of troops passing through. As to the readiness with which occupants of the tunnel could be suffocated, that might also be expected to tell against the general employment of the tunnel, for in the event of an accident to the ventilating engines, the travellers in at the time would be certainly killed. Another strong argument against the construction of the tunnel was that in the event of our being beaten in a war with France, even supposing no attempt were made to use it against us, we might presume that one of the first conditions of peace would be the placing of a French garrison at Dover, and in that case our power would be gone for ever.

It is evident that the balance of these arguments was very much against the proposed undertaking, but

such was the energy and determination of the Submarine Railway Company, or rather of its chairman, Sir Edward Watkin, that, aided by the comparative indifference with which the nation as a whole regarded the question, they were enabled to secure parliamentary rights for the completion of the work, which indeed had progressed very considerably before the consent of the legislative bodies was applied for. As soon as the consent of Parliament had been obtained, the work was pushed on with great vigour and as no natural difficulties of an insuperable nature presented themselves, progress was very rapid. The boring had been commenced from the French and English coasts simultaneously and each country was to complete half the distance, meeting midway. In June 1884, communication was established between the two parties of labourers, and another thirteen months saw the Tunnel completed and laid with a double line of rails, terminated at each end by a handsome station. Artificial ventilation was provided by means of powerful air-pumping engines. The total cost of this stupendous undertaking was 10,500,000*l*. The English outlet of the Tunnel was protected by the guns and mitrailleuses of Dover, and it was evidently a matter of impossibility for an enemy to emerge from the outlet under the pointblank fire which covered it. Up to this point all had gone as well as the promoters could desire, and the nation, as a whole, was certainly inclined to ridicule the possibility of an attack by means of the new high road, which was opened with grand ceremony on Thursday, July 18th, 1885.

It was a significant fact, that while the progress of the Tunnel works had been gradually bringing nearer the time when England and France were to dwell in perfect amity and brotherly love (according to the list of advantages claimed for it by its promoters) political relations between the two countries had become somewhat strained, partly owing to unsatisfactory commercial arrangements and partly

owing to difficulties which had arisen in connection with Egypt and the East. Certain it is that when the Tunnel finally opened the way for land communication with our neighbours, the political horizon was overcast, and there were not wanting signs of an approaching storm, signs which only temporarily disappeared during the enthusiasm caused by the great event of July the 18th.

It had been confidently expected by the Tunnel party that the public on both sides of the Channel would avail themselves very largely of the new and more convenient means of transit, and consequently arrangements had been made to run trains both day and night with great frequency. For the first few days many persons, whose curiosity and love of adventure overcame their dread of suffocation, travelled by this route, but it was noticed even thus early that the new method commended itself more to our Gallic neighbours than to the British public; perhaps because the French people cared more for "sea-sickness" and less for stuffy air than the English. Unfortunately for the shareholders in the Submarine Continental Railway Company, it soon became evident that as far as passenger traffic was concerned, a very small number of trains daily would suffice for all needs, and it was clear that the dividends would have to come from goods traffic or not at all. Now, owing to the enormous cost of the Tunnel, vast earnings were required to pay even one per cent, and in face of the sea competition it was impossible to charge a high rate of freight, consequently the prospects of the proprietors were far from brilliant—in fact, from the opening of the Tunnel in 1885, to its destruction in 1887, no dividend was paid to the shareholders, although a very large quantity of merchandise was conveyed. Within two months of the opening of the Tunnel it was decided to employ it entirely for goods traffic, with the exception of a couple of trains daily each way, a morning and night mail, and for these there

was barely sufficient demand to justify their retention in the time-tables.

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At the beginning of 1887 it was evident that unless something unforeseen took place, a rupture between England and France was inevitable, though no one in this country expected it would be precipitated as it was by the cunning and uncivilised action of the French nation. On May 11th, 1887, news arrived in London of a dastardly outrage which had been perpetrated in Paris upon English residents in that city, and the correspondence which ensued in consequence showed that warfare was within measurable distance. And now was carried out one of the craftiest pieces of strategy recorded in modern history, and one which reflects little credit on the nation that perpetrated it.

It was only natural in the critical state of international affairs, that Frenchmen should daily quit this country in large numbers, so as to regain their native land ere hostilities commenced, therefore no surprise was excited by the daily rush to the Tunnel station at Dover of large parties of French men and women to avail themselves of the two mail trains mentioned previously, and thus every facility was afforded our enemies for the carrying out of their bold and skilfully planned design.

Simultaneously with the return journey of these large bodies of Frenchmen, a considerable number of French troops had been concentrating in the quietest manner possible at Ardres, a place about twenty miles from the French outlet of the Tunnel, and within easy reach of it, given a good train service, by an hour's journey. Many of the men who had returned *via* the Tunnel, stayed within the neighbourhood of it, where arms and equipment had stealthily been accumulated, and were thus ready to form a reinforcement for the troops by whom the first grand *coup* was to be accomplished.

Sunday, June 19th, 1887, was the day fixed for the attempt, because,

although a good number of Frenchmen could, as usual, and without exciting any suspicion, wend their way to the Dover Tunnel station with the ostensible purpose of travelling, yet, owing to the strict manner in which the day was at that time observed in England, the number of the railway officials on duty would be reduced as far as possible, and the task of the foreigners would be comparatively easy. It is difficult for us, in the twentieth century, to imagine why things generally should have been less thoroughly done, and our national defences, in particular, less carefully guarded on one day of the week than the others, but so it was, and our foes resolved to profit by the fact. Another very strong reason for the selection of Sunday was that on that day English people of the period had a great objection to travelling, consequently, to seize the station in the way intended, there would be, in all probability, only the handful of railway officials to silence.

The booking-office being opened at the usual time, the Frenchmen, one or two women among them as an extra precaution against exciting suspicion, took their tickets and descended to the platform where the train was already under steam, ready to start. It was found afterwards that fifty-four had taken tickets, and some twenty more were present "to see their friends off," some of them remaining in the upper part of the station ready to seize on the few booking clerks and other officials who had not been called by their duties on to the platform below. It was customary when the time for the departure of a train had arrived to close the outer doors of the station, to prevent a rush, and consequent delay, at the last moment. No sooner were the doors closed and bolted on this memorable evening, when a shrill whistle, the preconcerted signal, was heard inside the station, and in an instant every Englishman on the premises, except luckily, the two men on the engine, was seized, gagged and bound; the English end of the Channel Tunnel thus falling into the hands of

an enemy, just as the good folks at Dover, in blissful ignorance of all danger, were preparing for their night's rest. Meanwhile four heavy trains, each freighted with a thousand soldiers, were on their way from the French terminus, and 20,000 more French troops were waiting to follow full of enthusiasm at the thought of at last hoisting their standard on the hitherto inaccessible shores of Albion. The complete plan, of course, was that the small surprise party should seize the Dover station and hold it, without giving any alarm to the inhabitants of the town, long enough to admit of the safe arrival of the train-loads of troops, who would, in their turn, at once attack and occupy the fortifications commanding the entrance of the Tunnel, and thus enable the main body of the invading army to pass through unharmed.

This skilfully planned scheme would have been entirely successful but for the courage and intelligence of George Walsh, the driver of the train which was to have carried the supposed travellers to their native land. The engine being partially inside the Tunnel, the party of four Frenchmen told off to attack its occupants had been unable to approach very closely before the signal was given, and the driver, looking down the platform for the usual signal to start, saw the general attack on the officials, and, simultaneously, four armed men rushing at himself. At once divining what had happened, and retaining his nerve, he struck down the foremost of his assailants and shouted to his stoker to set the train in motion, which he did. One of the three remaining Frenchmen, in consequence of this, lost his footing and fell, but the other two succeeded in getting on the engine, where a terrific struggle ensued, in the course of which Robert Boyle, the stoker, was stabbed and thrown on to the line. Walsh, however, succeeded in overcoming both his antagonists, whose bodies were afterwards found at different distances down the line, cut to pieces by the French train which

passed over them a few minutes later. When those on the platform saw the train steaming out of the station, several of them sprang on to the passing carriages, with the view of making their way along them to the engine and of averting if possible, by stopping it, the catastrophe which now threatened to ruin their plans at the last moment. For it had been taken for granted by the French strategists, that whether the attempt on the English station were successful or not, *both* lines would be clear for the despatch of the trains containing the first body of troops, and for convenience sake two trains had been sent on each line. That they were justified in expecting both lines to be clear, in any case, was natural, because if the surprise party were successful, it would naturally not allow the mail train to start, and if it were overcome by the English and failed, the latter would of course not allow the train to take its departure for a country whose hostility would have been announced by the attack. When George Walsh had succeeded in gaining the victory over his first assailants, it may be imagined he was not prepared for an encounter with fresh antagonists, who soon declared their presence to him by their continual shouts and cries to him to stop the train. However, the difficulty of the step from the front guard's van to the tender of the engine was very great, especially to persons who were unaccustomed to make their way along moving trains, and Walsh was easily able to keep his foes at bay with a long stoking iron. "When they found," said Walsh afterwards, "that they couldn't get on the engine, and that we were going faster and faster, they implored me to stop, and told me, what I had suspected before, that there was another train coming along the line; when I heard this I put on more steam and jumped off into the six-foot way, leaving the Frenchmen on the guard's van. I have a consciousness one of them fired at me, but I remember no more distinctly."

As Walsh lay stunned and bleeding

on the ground, the first of the French trains passed him on the clear line, and a few minutes afterwards it steamed into the English station, where General Miribel and his soldiers alighted in great excitement, for the passing of Walsh's train in the Tunnel had told them, not only of the failure of their manœuvre, but also of the terrible fate from which nothing could save their comrades who were following in the three other trains. Even as they were talking and gesticulating in the station they heard the echo of the awful crash which announced the destruction of their means of retreat, and the death and mutilation of their comrades, whose shrieks and cries were now borne down the tunnel. The empty train, which had gained a terrific speed, had dashed into the front of the two French trains on the same line, the driver of which had no warning of his danger until it was almost upon him, though even if he had been able to pull up, it would only have diminished the force of, and not averted, the inevitable collision, which completely blocked both lines, and brought down huge masses of the masonry of the tunnel. The drivers of the two rearward French trains, one on either line, heard the crash of the collision, and the shrieks which rent the air, but were unable, in spite of their strenuous efforts, to pull up with sufficient suddenness to avoid running into the chaos of smashed carriages, masonry, chalk, and mangled human beings, which blocked their way. The terrific result of this quadruple collision was beyond all powers of imagination, and to add to the general horror, part of the *débris* caught fire, and thus many who had not been killed by the violence of the collisions or the weight of the falling bricks and chalk, were burnt to death or suffocated. It is needless to dwell on the horrors of this scene; suffice it to say that nearly five hundred French soldiers were either burnt, suffocated, or crushed to death, and not more than a very small proportion escaped without being more or less injured or maimed.

General Miribel seeing the hopeless nature of the position in which the disaster to his comrades had placed him, lost no time in deciding on the proper course of action. He liberated the railway officials, and sent some of them to the commandant of the Dover garrison to inform him of what had taken place. He then commanded his men to deposit all their arms and accoutrements on the platform, and ordered some of them to proceed down the Tunnel, with such of the railway officials as were willing to assist them, to render what help they could to the unfortunate fellows whose shrieks they could plainly hear. On the arrival of the astounded English commandant, who had hastened to the station with a troop of men, and a crowd of the now aroused inhabitants following at their heels, General Miribel handed him his sword, with the words, "Monsieur, here are a thousand French prisoners of war for you; you may thank your good fortune that it is not you who are making me such a present."

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The first living man brought out of the Tunnel was brave George Walsh, who ultimately recovered from the severe injuries he had received, and lived for many years afterwards to enjoy the well-earned gratitude of his country. He received a present of 50,000*l.* from the nation, and Parliament granted him and his family in perpetuity a pension of 5,000*l.* a year; in addition to which solid advantages he received the honour of knighthood. After his death in 1907, the Walsh memorial buildings at Dover were erected by the nation at a cost of 114,000*l.*

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It is impossible to describe adequately the mingled consternation and thankfulness which swept over the United Kingdom on the following morning, when the news of the attempt and its failure became general, and in France too, where the plans

had been necessarily arranged with the greatest secrecy, the effect produced was tremendous. The internal state of that country had been for some time past so excited and dangerous, that it only needed a disaster such as had occurred to cause the outbreak of one of those tremendous and bloody revolutions which from time to time upheave all its existing institutions, and plunge the country into the depths of anarchy and confusion.

This outbreak, concurrently with the swift and determined action of Lord Salisbury's government, saved our country from the horrors of a long war, and the advantages we secured by the French treaty of September, 1887, have been since proved to be both permanent and important.

With regard to the Tunnel, which had so nearly been the means of our ruin, it was blown up by the order of the Government a week after the events we have described. Six dynamite mines were simultaneously employed for the purpose, so that the ruin of the stupendous work was complete and practically irremediable. Similar means of destruction were afterwards employed at the French end, in accordance with one of the provisions of the treaty, and now only some three hundred yards of the subway, which form a portion of the premises of the Jardin Sousmarin, remain uninjured.

But one thing more remains to be added. For the destruction of their property the Submarine Continental Railway Company actually demanded compensation, which Parliament, with the full approval of the nation refused to give, for the company had wilfully chosen to run the risk of what had occurred, in spite of the warnings given them before the Tunnel was commenced; and if, for the sake of gain, they had not been unwilling to jeopardise the safety and honour of their country, they could not complain now that their country, in self-defence, had not hesitated to destroy their property.

